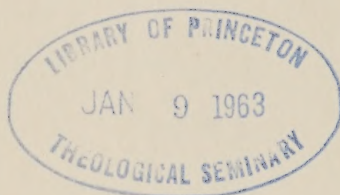



Henry Cary Shurell



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Among friends





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# AMONG FRIENDS

Henry Knox Sherill

# Books by Henry Knox Sherrill

WILLIAM LAWRENCE — LATER YEARS OF A HAPPY LIFE

THE CHURCH'S MINISTRY IN OUR TIME

(*Lyman Beecher Lectures*)

AMONG FRIENDS

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# AMONG FRIENDS

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by  
Henry Knox Sherrill



*With Illustrations*

*An Atlantic Monthly Press Book*

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## Preface

**A**N AUTOBIOGRAPHY is by nature egotistical. Robert Washburn told the story of a war veteran who recounted his exploits to his grandson. Finally the little boy asked eagerly, "Grandpa, couldn't you get anyone to help you?" I hope that in the ensuing pages I have made abundantly clear the great debt I owe to family and friends who have blessed my life. Indeed, one of my chief difficulties has been that I owe so much to so many. It has been obviously impossible to mention all the associates of the Massachusetts years, the Church Missions House, the General Church, Seabury House, the Episcopal Church Foundation, the Ecumenical Movement, Yale, and the Massachusetts General Hospital. But all are remembered with gratitude and affection.

We live in difficult times which are out of joint. I find strength and inspiration in thinking of friends who have had the supreme quality of goodness born of faith in the Christian Gospel. They stand as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, for goodness, truth, and love are eternal beyond and above our temporary vicissitudes.

Mr. Edward Weeks shares no responsibility for the content of this book, but his have been the initiative, the encouragement, the constant helpful and critical advice which have kept me going. One of the happiest by-products of this venture has been that I can count him among my friends.

I am grateful to Miss Beverly Yankee, who in patient and careful typing has mastered my penciled illegibilities.

HENRY K. SHERRILL

*May 15, 1962  
Boxford, Massachusetts*



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My mother

My father

Assistant Minister at Trinity Church, 1917

Chaplain, Base Hospital Six, 1917

My brother, Franklin Goldthwaite Sherrill

Barbara and Harry

Consecration procession entering Trinity Church, 1930

Presiding Bishop, 1947

With General Patton, Regensburg, Germany, 1945

At Boxford with His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1952

Installation as Presiding Bishop, 1947

Presidents of the World Council of Churches, 1954

Yale Corporation, 1950

The family at Boxford on our fortieth wedding anniversary





# AMONG FRIENDS





## The Beginning

**F**LATBUSH in the late 1890's was a charming Dutch village situated about three miles from the center of Brooklyn. It was a community of homes with spacious lawns, and the streets were largely unpaved, with fine old trees arching overhead. The old Dutch families were still in residence with the Zabriskies, the Lotts, the Lefferts, to mention only a few, greatly in evidence. The Dutch Reformed Church was, if any, the established church, but there had been for some years a small Episcopal congregation. The best-equipped houses had gas with Welsbach mantles, but there were no telephones. Telegrams were the only means of rapid communication, and their arrival an event. Even to this day I have never gotten over the feeling that a telegram means bad news.

Between Flatbush and Coney Island were great truck farms, and early in the morning lines of wagons heaped with vegetables would be on their way through town to the Brooklyn market. This was the era of the horse: great drays pulled by magnificent Percherons, buckboards, milk and vegetable carts, interspersed with beautiful private carriages, broughams, victorias — a recent addition, the hansom, and always the buggy. Who can ever forget the firehorses, three abreast, as their driver swung the thundering engine round a corner? Runaways were frequent, and it was

a terrifying sight to see a frightened horse entirely out of control weaving in and out of traffic. The mounted police were trained to overtake the runaway, reach over, grab the reins, and bring the animal to a stop. It was an exciting and difficult task.

Into this semi-rural setting I was born on November 6, 1890. My twin brother had died at birth, a fact which my grandmother rubbed into me later with the reproof, "If your twin brother had lived, he would never have acted so."

I have never been greatly interested in genealogy, but thanks to a distant relative, General Charles H. Sherrill, I have gleaned certain facts about us. The Sherrill family had its origin in Devonshire, and the first Sherrill to arrive in this country was Samuel, who was shipwrecked on the Long Island shore about 1665. One of his sons had the unusual name of Recompense and is my direct ancestor. His son was the first in a long line of Henrys in our family. Henry's wife Jane must have been a lively lady, because the story is related that in the war of the Revolution when some British soldiers attempted to search her home, she drove them away by threatening them with a fire shovel. Her son, another Henry, born in 1753, was a Corporal in the 12th Company of Colonel Josiah Smith's regiment in the Battle of Long Island.

About 1782 this Henry II and his brother Samuel moved from East Hampton to the town of Richmond, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Richmond, in its beautiful valley reaching to the north to Greylock and to the south to Mt. Washington, was then an important stop on the Post Road from Boston to Albany, and here Henry prospered, becoming the owner of a considerable farm and a country store. He built two beautiful colonial homes which are still standing.

My grandfather, Franklin Goldthwaite Sherrill, graduated from New York University in 1846, and from the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1850. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry and that same year married Mary Hooper Williams of Lockport, New York. The young couple went by rail, boat, and wagon to what was then the missionary frontier of Wis-



consin, and there my father was born in Ripon, July 12, 1853. When Grandfather's health was impaired, the family returned to the old family home in the Berkshires, and my father always said that the year on the Richmond farm was the happiest of his childhood. When the family again went west, father was entered at Williston Academy and thereafter was employed by his uncle in a machinery business in New York City. His letters to his mother reveal a lonesome boy of sixteen trying hard to support himself: he writes of earning \$30 a month and paying \$4.00 a week for his room and board. Grandmother must have been having a difficult time with four children at home, and the task of the underpaid missionary was not easy. My father wrote in 1869 to his mother, "I know it's disagreeable going to a new place, but who cares for their criticisms. A country minister seems to be expected to please everybody, work for nothing, and board himself and have a family two degrees above perfection. But it will be all the same a hundred years from now." In another letter in the same year he described a Sunday morning. "I went to Henry Ward Beecher's church this morning. He is a very fine preacher, but I wouldn't care about going to hear him every Sunday. Somehow it doesn't seem like Sunday; more like going to a show. The church was jammed full as usual. The sexton, usher or whatever you call him snappish. Henry Ward very amusing. All together going to church on a horse car and ferry boat didn't make it seem like Sunday."

Of my mother's family I know much less. Her childhood I judge was not too happy. She talked very little about it and after her marriage never returned to Lowville, New York, where she was brought up. Her grandfather was Ziba Knox, who was born in Cavendish, Vermont, in 1797, and according to the obituary notice of his death in 1868 his father, Sylvenus, was a relative of General Henry Knox. My grandmother, Mary Jane Knox, was married twice, first to Samuel Mills and then to William Doig. My mother never knew her father; she was born on September 29, 1855, in Lowville and was given the name of Maria Knox Mills. The story is that shortly after her birth her uncle came

to see the new baby. When he discovered her name, he declared, "I will never call such a pretty baby by such an outlandish name. She will always be my little Prue." She was known after that as Prue Mills, even on the invitation to her wedding.

My grandmother had two intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Beach, who lived in West Bergen, New Jersey. They made a second home for my mother, who spent a great deal of time with them. My father's uncle had a residence near the Beaches, and there my mother and father met and were married by an Episcopal clergyman in the Methodist church in West Bergen, June 29, 1880. They set up housekeeping in an apartment in Brooklyn, and their first child was my brother, Franklin Goldthwaite, who was born July 17, 1883. My father had gone into real estate and the management of estates and was getting on his feet financially, so shortly afterwards he built a home in Flatbush. It was one of those houses typical of the period, not beautiful without but comfortable within. There was a considerable lawn, garden, and stable.

At the time of my birth the household consisted of my mother, father, brother, my grandmother, and Matilda Person, a remarkable Swedish girl who came to be my nurse and who was to remain a beloved and faithful member of our family for sixty-five years. In addition, there was a cook and later on a coachman.

It was a happy family. Father and Mother complemented each other. Father was a great reader, gentle but firm, hard-working, conscientious. Mother was vivacious with a great deal of energy and determination. Each had a sense of humor. My grandmother had a combination of qualities in which worry prevailed. My brother and I as children never went anywhere without warnings of disaster. At the same time she could be very amusing as if she only half trusted her apprehensions. In such a household there was bound to be a good deal of humor and some emphasis upon the ridiculous.

My brother was active, intense, affectionate, and impulsive. One of mother's favorite stories of him was of his being very troublesome one day. That evening she said, "Goldthwaite, you

have not been good today. When you say your prayers tonight, I hope you will ask God to help you to be a better boy." The next day he was worse, so that evening she said, "You did not mean your prayers yesterday." He was partly undressed. To her surprise he fell on his knees and in a loud voice said,

"Oh, Lord, I told you to make me a good boy yesterday and you didn't do it. Try again tomorrow. Amen."

As Ma always added, "I have known no better adult prayers. He took no responsibility."

My grandmother had very little of value in the way of possessions, but they were voluminous, for she never threw away anything. On a rainy day we were permitted to "go through" her bureau drawers. She had told Goldthwaite that when she died he could have all her things. One time she had a severe attack of indigestion and was in great pain. Goldthwaite asked if he could see her to say good night. Mother said that he could do so if he would be very quick. To her horror he leaned over my grandmother and in a hoarse voice whispered, "Grandma, have you made a will yet?"

Grandma replied, "Since I told you that I would give you my things, Henry has come and now you must share alike."

To which he replied, "No. I don't think so. You see I am so much older, I could spend them twice as fast."

My father was confirmed shortly after his marriage and became active in St. Paul's where he was junior warden and chairman of the building committee of the present church. We went to church as a family, and were devoted to the Rector of St. Paul's, the Reverend T. G. Jackson, who was greatly beloved. He baptized me and would in time present me for confirmation and ordination to the diaconate.

Flatbush was a wonderful place for children. There were many open fields where we could play baseball. Our yard was a football field and the hockey rink for the neighborhood. Once a lady calling on my mother said, "Mrs. Sherrill, aren't you afraid your son will be injured playing football?"

Ma's answer was entirely accurate: "No, because there is al-



ways so much more argument than football." Without a referee every play resulted in a long and heated argument, so there was time for only a few scrimmages.

But the great joy in my childhood came when I was six years old. Robert Thomas, who drove for my father, took me one day to a stable in a distant part of Brooklyn, for he had heard that there was a pony for sale. When we reached the stable, out came the most beautiful, graceful, small black pony with flowing mane and tail. As soon as I reached home and told my father about it, he asked the price, and when I said \$100 he made out as if to faint. I thought that there was no hope. But the next night, he whispered something to my mother and they both laughed. Finally Goldthwaite and I heard the news. The pony was in the barn. For eight years Playmate was my companion, and confidant — spirited, smart, mischievous, affectionate. We had many experiences together: I was not strong enough to hold him at first, and I would be dumped out of the saddle while Playmate would dodge in and out of traffic on his way back to the stable. Sometimes in the two-wheeled cart there would be an upset. But it all went in the line of experience and is not to be discounted as education.

When my father thought of a place for the summer he remembered his happy year on the family farm in Richmond, so there for six summers we boarded with two maiden ladies and their married sister. All winter I looked forward to the trip. We would drive from Flatbush to the pier on the North River, the family leading off in the surrey with the black team, someone driving with me in the little pony cart which was dwarfed by the great trucks and horses along West Street where horsecars were still in operation. We had a dog and a cat, and goldfish in a pail amid other items of baggage. The horses would be unhitched on the pier and we would board the Catskill Evening Line for the trip up the Hudson River. No modern liner can compare to the joy and excitement of those annual trips. We could reach Hudson about six o'clock in the morning, and then drive the

greater part of the day the thirty miles to Richmond, stopping at Chatham for an hour to rest the horses.

Even today when I read in the Psalter, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," it is the Lenox range of mountains I see. Richmond was a small farming town of about eight hundred inhabitants, nine miles from Pittsfield and Stockbridge, six miles from Lenox. All the great estates were in Lenox and Stockbridge. We were a simple farming community, as yet untouched by rapid transit or city ways. It took us an hour and a half to drive from Richmond to Pittsfield.

The Boston and Albany Railroad went through the valley and was a never-ceasing source of interest to us boys. There were no telephones and we spent considerable time in the station listening to the staccato of the telegraph. "No. 9 is fifteen minutes late." "An up freight will go on the switch." It was Mr. Clement, the station agent, who told me of President McKinley's assassination and of the Wrights' flight. I can remember the thrill of seeing the Lake Shore Limited swing around the turn on her way to Chicago. There was the steepest grade on the road at Richmond, and I used to go to sleep at night hearing the freights huff and puff. Occasionally one would be in difficulty at night and twelve long blasts of the whistle would call the agent from his home. On Friday nights when my father came up from New York the peculiar whistle of the Harlem at Canaan would tell us that it was time to hitch up the horse to meet him.

The country store was the village club. In the summer evening a gathering of men on the porch would discuss with Yankee shrewdness the state of the nation and of the town. The language was often profane and the stories would not always stand the test of polite society, but this never did us any harm and, as a matter of fact, I learned a great deal of human nature. I spent hours in the blacksmith shop and with the harness maker in West Stockbridge. Our blacksmith was a Scotchman with a broad accent who was in his way a wise philosopher. It was fascinating to watch the shoes hammered out of a straight piece

of metal and then, still hot, fitted to the horse's smoking hoof.

At the time I was growing up, the town had many Sherrill cousins, descendants of Henry Sherrill who had come from Long Island to Richmond. Miss Lucy Sherrill and her twin sisters were remarkable women who ran a splendid boardinghouse to which the same people came year after year. Will Sherrill was the town political leader of great shrewdness who built all the roads. He was a never-failing help. If a horse had an attack of colic or if anything untoward occurred, an SOS would go out for him. It was an asset to be related to so many of the townspeople, for we were not regarded as mere summer visitors.

The Congregational church in which my grandfather preached at one time was the only church, and we always attended there. So long before anyone had heard the word "Ecumenical" I learned to worship outside of the Episcopal Church.

The best definition of work I have ever heard was given by a neighbor who enjoyed poor health which interfered with everything but hunting and fishing. Mother found him one day mowing with a scythe. She said, "It is good that you are able to work."

He replied, "It pains me something terrible."

"Well," she said, "it is good to work anyway."

He leaned on his scythe. "Mrs. Sherrill, I want to tell you something, work is hard work."

Another friend of ours was an unusual woman. She was very large. She could neither read nor write. She had never been anywhere, but she had an innate goodness which seemed to affect the very flowers which she loved. She would suddenly appear at our house with her hands filled with flowers in full bloom which she had pulled up by the roots. Even in the heat of the summer they always lived. Speaking of the new invention, the automobile, she remarked, "By golly, my boy could run one of them things if it warn't for the mudguards."

One day my mother passed her house on the way to make a call up the road. When she came back our friend was curious to



know where she had been. Mother for fun decided not to tell her. The conversation went this way.

"Did you go far, Mrs. Sherrill?"

"No, not very far."

"You've been gone quite a while." Finally, as Mother reached the path to our house, she made one last desperate try. "How be they all where you've been?" Ever since that has been a pertinent question in our family.

Long before it was fashionable Mother took a great interest in New England antiques. My father, mother, brother, and I used to take trips with our horse and surrey. Once we took the boat from New York to New Haven and then drove three days to Richmond, stopping at farmhouses for two nights en route. We spent one night in a farmhouse in Canaan, Connecticut. When we asked about the hour for breakfast, the reply came, "Well, we've talked it over. We had company last week and the week before. We just don't care. We won't have breakfast until six-thirty."

"What time do you usually have it?"

"Four-thirty in the summertime."

Mother in her search for antiques always wished to stop at likely-looking farmhouses. She would go to the door. "Do you know of anyone who has any old-fashioned things?" The next moment she would be in the kitchen or attic and we would come home with china, an old chair, and perhaps a spinning wheel tied on the back of the surrey. Wherever she went Mother always made friends.

There were two Shaker communities near us, the Hancock Shakers in West Pittsfield and the Lebanon Shakers over the line in what was known as "York" state. Their houses and barns had a distinctive architecture which can still be recognized in the countryside. They were celibates who lived in so-called families, the North family or the South family. They called each other Brother and Sister and always used "thee" and "thou." They referred to those outside the communities as "the world's people."

Sister Emma, a head Shakeress, was a good friend of ours. They were thrifty and extremely successful with their stores. Once I recall going to a service on Sunday in Lebanon. The men and the women sat in different sections, and at one point some of them rose and shook their arms in a sort of very dignified dance which I believe caused them to be known as "Shakers."

An antique dealer in Lenox owned the old Henry Sherrill house and farm, and he was so sure that my father would buy it that he asked an exorbitant price. Father made a reasonable offer and was rebuffed; finally he bought some thirty acres of upland land and built, in 1899, a home and stable on a hill overlooking the entire valley. Some of the natives were mystified by this move back from the road saying, "You can't see nothing up in them woods." We had a skilled gardener and all-around man whose shadow I became. Mother said that I did everything but talk like William. He had a harelip. From him I learned how to grow vegetables, an avocation I have followed with pleasure ever since. Father also purchased a farm of over eighty acres up the state road about a mile. All this sounds very expensive and elaborate, but the dollar went further in those days. I went with him when he bought the farm at auction for \$1050.

During the haying season I used to leave for the farm about 6:30 A.M. with William, his father, a Civil War veteran, and his brother-in-law. A good part of the day I would ride a horse rake, which for me was more fun than all the organized summer camps rolled into one. At lunch we would discuss the affairs of the nation. One night Mother asked what we had been talking about at lunch. I told her that we had talked about card-playing. Old Mr. Bocock said that he thought it a sin to play cards. William said that he had played cards, but that he considered it on the whole a bad thing to do, too. Mother asked if I made any comment since we had always played cards. I said, "I told them that I could not agree with their points of view. It was not a sin to play cards — that is if you had a good hand." Mother passed over the dubious ethics; she remarked that she had played with people whose hands made it a sin.

The summer of 1900 was our first in the new home named Westwood. We had a team of farm horses, a little black team, my pony, cows, chickens, and ducks. It was a happy and exciting summer except that my father was not well. Upon our return to Brooklyn he became progressively worse and was in bed throughout the fall. Our family doctor, G. Newton Ferris, was a remarkable man, with the proverbial doctor's beard of the era, gentle, faithful, with no thought of self. He drove a sort of one-horse shay, sent out bills when he thought of it. His waiting room at night was filled with the poor of the community. He was too honest to make false pretenses and would disturb some people by saying, "I don't know about this, I must go home and read it up." But he was an able man and was more correct than the specialists in diagnosing my father's illness as a heart ailment. I appreciate all the progress made by modern group medicine, but I do look back with gratitude to our family doctor who had the time and calling to be more than a doctor. He was an affectionate friend, interested in all that concerned us, understanding, sympathetic. He came often unsolicited to make what might be called a pastoral call. In the years ahead he was to be a tower of strength to my mother.

My father did not improve during October and November. Finally Dr. Ferris suggested a consultation by an eminent physician from Brooklyn. This doctor came in the late evening after I had gone to bed. I was awakened by hearing voices from the parlor. I crept down, sat on the landing of the stairway and heard the specialist tell Mother that my father could not live: it was my first contact with the stern realities of life and of death. My father died three days after Christmas at the age of forty-seven. There was a great outpouring of sympathy and appreciation from the entire community. I was ten years old at the time. All my life I have been conscious of my father's goodness. His death brought new and difficult problems, but as a family it drew us, if possible, still closer together. There are some who think that by various subterfuges children should be protected from contact with death. Conditions, of course, vary, but I am

glad that I was treated as an adult. Heaven became very real to me. Without morbidness and in the Christian faith of my mother, I early learned that we are only sojourners and pilgrims here.

My father had foreseen the inevitable growth of the city of New York out into Long Island, and for a number of years he had worked with Mr. James Lefferts in the planning of new housing in Flatbush on the old Lefferts estate. But at the time of his unexpected death, this development was still in the future. Mother therefore was faced with immediate financial problems. Well-meaning friends advised her to sell our homes for what could be obtained. Further counsel was that my brother, who was then seventeen, should leave school, give up the thought of college, and go to work. This Mother refused to consider for a moment. Father had always regretted that he did not have the opportunity to go to college and had expressed the desire that his sons should have a full education. That was enough for her. She decided that we should make out as we were, and for the next ten years we took boarders into our home, summer and winter. At first a family of three lived with us; they were dear friends and it was a happy arrangement. When they moved to their own home a succession of businessmen followed. It meant extra work for Mother, but she had the help of our devoted Tilly, and she managed to keep in touch with her many Flatbush friends.

That first summer after Father's death, when the time came to move to Richmond, for some reason it was necessary for me to take the pony by myself. It was a great adventure for a ten-year-old boy. Someone drove with me to the boat. My one fear was I would oversleep and so not disembark at Hudson and be carried on to Cocksakie, where I did not know the roads. In the middle of the night I awoke to find that both the boat and my watch had stopped. Fearful that we had reached Hudson, I dressed, only to find that we were way down the river and that it was only 2:30 A.M. So I sat the rest of the night talking with the engineer in the engine room. At six we landed at Hudson. As we



took the pony from the boat, he pulled a shoe, so I had to find a blacksmith, who finally appeared and repaired the damage. Then I drove the thirty miles to Richmond in a pouring rain. We arrived, with Playmate still pulling on the reins, to find my rather relieved mother.

In the spring Mother would write to various people and line up our guests for the summer. In general, all went well. She was a counselor to the young men who were our winter residents, and in the summer we had a happy, even gay, time with people who remained lifelong friends. Occasionally there were complications. We had one aged guest we feared might die at any moment, and another year an expectant mother who left just in time. My brother served as a tutor to various boys in Stockbridge. For me there was a garden to make, ice to bring in from the ice-house, water to pump by hand, and a cow to milk. There is not much romance in the cow. You go down to the pasture bars, only to find the cow out in the field, so you drive her back, tie her up, and start to milk. In the rain the milking was complicated by the effort to protect the milk. Every little while her wet tail would swish around and hit you on the head with that all too familiar bone which adds impact to the cow's tail. The cow's hours had to be regular, which interfered with tennis and swimming. On the whole it was an adjunct to education. But many a time I used to say, "I wish that cow was roast beef."

It was necessary during those summers to have a horse; we had sold our horses, and William, our man of all work, had departed. So each June my brother and I would go to one of the great horse auctions in New York with about seventy-five dollars which had been scraped together. Goldthwaite would bid on every good-looking horse up to the amount we had in hand. Finally for about that price we would purchase an animal which usually turned out to have something wrong, generally pavement-sore feet. I would take the horse back on the boat and ride it to Richmond where we would have it all summer, feed it up, tinker with it, and in the fall sell it to a farmer at a profit. Once we bought a fine horse which turned out to have one weak leg

and another unsuspected handicap. In those days there were few automobiles. But whenever we met one, this horse bolted. Finally after some nearly dangerous accidents we decided that it was no go and I rode the horse to Pittsfield, taking to the fields at the approach of an auto. My brother met me there, and we went to a friend who sold horses. A farmer from Hinsdale came in, was visibly impressed, and wished to buy the horse. We told him of the auto phobia. "Never seen an auto in my part of the country. I'll offer you \$150 for that horse." So back to Richmond went two happy boys. We attended the next auction in New York and came back with a horse with one eye!

One day we had a terrifying experience. We had a wagon with removable seats. I took four people to Perry's Peak for an afternoon of berrypicking. On the way home there was a long downhill stretch, and as we came into it a bee stung the horse and he started to run and to kick. Just as I would seem to have him under control, we would go downhill again and again he would bolt. The test came when we reached the main road. I used all my strength on the left rein to keep him straight toward Pittsfield. But he swerved to the right toward home. We made a sharp turn, the wagon tipped, out came the seats, and all of us shot out on the road. The wheel just missed my head. When I rose, one of my passengers lay unconscious on the road, another was covered with blood, and two, having been thrown over the stonewall, were not to be seen. The horse ran, kicking the dashboard, toward home. Friends in a nearby house came to the rescue, so I ran after the horse, fearing that he would reach home and frighten my mother. Friends had telephoned her of the accident, but so many party-liners were listening on the line that only a partial message reached her. She knew only that we were in an accident. Will Sherrill drove her to the scene with his fast horse and sulky, meeting me en route. I found the horse and wagon in the minister's shed, retrieved the seats, and drove home. Some of the injuries were painful, yet it came out all right in the end. But the blueberries were a complete loss.

When I was fourteen, it was evident that I was much too large



for Playmate. My brother found a purchaser in New York. For the last time and sadly I drove him to Hudson and we took the boat to New York. We knew the people who bought him and that he would have a good home as the pet of a little girl. When the men came to the pier, hitched him up, and drove off, it was impossible to keep back the tears. It was like selling a member of the family.

## 2

### The Decision

FOR SOME YEARS my brother had been attending the Polytechnic Preparatory School on Livingston Street in Brooklyn, a day school with an enrollment of about five hundred boys. In the fall of 1900 my father accompanied me there and I was enrolled in the first grade. I spent six years at "Poly," taking the college preparatory course, which then included Latin and Greek. We had excellent teachers, and the one who influenced me most was H. Austin Tuttle, who taught us Latin and who became a frequent visitor to our home. He was clear and incisive in his subject, strict but fair; keenly interested in the boys as individuals and in their development of character. In his long career at Poly Mr. Tuttle declined many positions of administrative responsibility including, twice, the headmastership of the school. He was dedicated to teaching Latin and wished to keep in close touch with his pupils. One summer I visited him at his sister's home in Salem. With characteristic thoroughness he mapped out trips to the points of historic interest in Boston. I saw more in that week than I have ever seen since, and it was he who first took me into Trinity Church. Many years later, when I was Presiding Bishop, I spoke at a largely attended Communion breakfast for the men of the diocese of Long Island. There in front of me in the audience sat Mr. Tuttle. It was a joy

to ask him to stand and then to tell of his remarkable life of unselfish service.

Poly, in addition to the regular course, laid great stress upon public speaking. Every senior had to deliver two orations, as they were somewhat grandiloquently called, before the entire school. I recall that one of my subjects was "Shall Cuba Be Free?" which seems to prove there is nothing new under the sun. Then I took part in a debate about the regulation of trusts. I also competed in a declamation contest, and played a feminine part in the school play.

Early in my schooling some men came to put coal in our cellar. As I stood watching the operation, the coal dealer said, "Henry, do you like to watch baseball games?"

I replied, "Sure, I do, when I get the chance."

"Well, I'm secretary of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Whenever you'd like to see a game, come to the grandstand gate, and I'll let you in." So I found it convenient to go home from school via Washington Park, situated on the old Gowanus Canal. Brooklyn did not have a good team at the time, but I enjoyed watching famous stars like Hans Wagner, and many others. There were slim crowds. To show how baseball has changed, the two stars of the team were Lumley and Jordan, known as "the \$10,000 beauties" — far less than the waiver price of today.

Goldthwaite played left field on the Poly baseball team and was also the manager. For me, with this proprietary interest, the games with our great rivals, Boys High School and Erasmus, were matters almost of life and death as we shrilled:

*Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax,  
Where, where, right in the neck, Poly!*

My marks in the school were seldom high, but I managed to pass; I entered at nine, and I graduated in 1906 at the age of fifteen. The college entrance examinations I took for two years at the 23rd Street Y.M.C.A. in New York in June, an ordeal not unlike the Inquisition. Thereafter, a crisis arose, for a generous friend of my mother's offered to pay my way through college if

I would go to the small college her husband had attended. I wanted to go to Yale, from which my brother graduated and where I used to visit him on the weekends of the big football games. I realize now more than I could then what this tempting offer meant in the way of financial relief. But, as always, Mother rose to the occasion: "Go to Yale if you wish," she said. Yet the more immediate problem was, What next? for at fifteen I seemed too young to go to college.

One of the young men who spent the winters with us, John Alexander Sharp, was a native of Richmond who had attended the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Connecticut. He suggested that I might go to Hotchkiss for a year, and he wrote to Dr. Buehler, the headmaster, for an appointment. On Washington's Birthday, 1906, we took the train to Millerton, New York, and, to save expenses, walked three miles through the snow to Lakeville, where I was interviewed by Dr. Buehler, a most pontifical man known to generations of Hotchkiss boys as "The King."

Why I was accepted I cannot imagine, for I was too slight to be athletic and had apparently none of the characteristics required for a full scholarship. But in time word came that I was admitted. That summer we spent as usual in Richmond. Finally in September Mother drove me to the station; she put on a great show of gaiety as I started on what seemed like a lonely adventure. I have heard people wish that they were boys or girls again, but I have never had this desire. The emotional crises of youth seem to me more severe than those of later life, for we are without the poise and experience to meet them. At the Lakeville station, I hired a horse and buggy and assumed that the boy who drove me must have been the captain of the football team. I have been to Hotchkiss many times to preach or to speak at commencements, but I never take that same trip without living over the feeling of that first ride.

Hotchkiss is magnificently situated on a high hill overlooking the lake and surrounding lower Berkshire hills. It was and is a notable school with high academic standards made possible by an unusual faculty. Mrs. Hotchkiss, the founder of the school,



had set the policy of having full scholarships for specially selected boys who at the time were expected to work their way by waiting on table, cleaning classrooms, and doing other chores. One of the tasks assigned to me, for there were no electric signals, was to ring a number of bells through the school for rising, meals, and all recitations. I lived by my watch, and it was an exacting job, for one failure would disrupt the whole schedule.

The scholarship boys were a rather remarkable group: one of them was to become a congressman from western Massachusetts, another first marshal of his class at Harvard. They came from the wheat fields of the Middle West, and from the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, among other places. Except for myself most of them were older than the average and more mature; they naturally moved into the leadership of the school. If I were to relive the year at Hotchkiss, I should choose to go as a scholarship boy — even as a senior of fifteen. We were bound by many close ties.

In the middle of the year I had a trying experience. I had been waiting on a table of Upper Middlers who were older than I, more sophisticated, and more demanding. They fell into the habit of ordering me around: "Get some more butter," "Bring me a second." Finally, it came to the point where, to keep my own self-respect, I could not put up with this any longer. One noon I said to the table, "I am here to wait on you, but you will say 'please' or you will have nothing to eat," and I walked out into the kitchen where I stayed while the rest of the school went on with their lunch. The table complained to the boy who was headwaiter and he came back to remonstrate with me. But I held my ground: "I can't do it; it's a matter of principle." Finally a messenger appeared. "Will you *please* give us our lunch?" he said. So back on the job I went. This seems like a small matter now, but it was of great importance to me then, and I never had any further difficulty.

Hotchkiss deepened my religious life. To the chapel came outstanding Christian leaders of many churches. I recall especially Robert E. Speer with his strong but somewhat mournful manner;

Lyman Abbott, with his considerable white beard and his age, appeared like a character from the Old Testament. In addition, there were recent graduates of the school who were active in the Christian Association at Yale. Sunday evenings there was the meeting of the St. Luke's Society, a kind of Christian Endeavor meeting led by the boys themselves in which religion and ethical topics were discussed by the group. Here for the first time I spoke on religion in public. At Hotchkiss in a more personal way than ever before I felt the appeal of Christian service. I had been confirmed by Bishop Burgess in St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, four years before at my own desire, but that came, I should say, under the head of Christian nurture rather than of deep personal experience. Now in long walks along the lakeshore on Sunday afternoons, without saying anything to anyone I began to think of the ministry as a possibility.

That year passed with a good deal of happiness. The outdoor life in the country was wonderful. I caught on a class baseball team, took part in debating and in the work of one of the two literary societies, and made a number of friendships which have remained lifelong.

In September 1907 I entered Yale. For the next four years I roomed with Orrin Tilson, also a Hotchkiss scholarship boy. For our sophomore year, R. A. Holden, the father of the present secretary of the University, joined us. It was in every sense the old Yale, with customs and traditions which have long since passed away. There was no ban on hazing until the college opened. Groups of sophomores used to go through the freshman dormitories calling, "Freshman, open up." If a freshman was unwise enough to do so, he could experience a rather rough hour. I locked myself in my room with the lights out. Across the hall a brighter freshman, who, incidentally, has had a distinguished career as a physician, taped himself in bandages, kept his door open, and sat all the evening quietly reading. The marauding sophomores would come down the hall, see the bandages, ask him how he was getting along, and move on.



The night before college opened, there was a torchlight parade of the student body, singing, snake dancing, and circling the New Haven green, marshaled by seniors who had won their "Y." Back on the campus three sophomores wrestled three freshmen who volunteered on the spur of the moment. Following this, there was a so-called "rush" on York Street between the sophomores and the freshmen which consisted of a pushing, shoving melee. In the midst of all this a sophomore who seemed like a giant grabbed me by the collar and began dragging me after him. I made a sudden lunge, my hat flew off, and I ran down York to Chapel Street. Just then a trolley came along and I jumped aboard and rode out to Yale Field, which was as far as that car went. I stayed aboard, came back through New Haven, saw many students still on the street, so kept on to Lighthouse Point, the other terminus of the line. That was the way I spent the evening, going back and forth, the car filling up in the city, and I being the only passenger at each end of the line. Finally when the streets seemed safely deserted I went back to my room. The next day college opened and all was peace and serenity.

My mother was not given to rules and regulations. But when first Goldthwaite and then I entered college she asked us to promise that we would not drink intoxicating liquors. When we were small children and an intoxicated man went weaving his way up our street, she would say, "Don't laugh. That is *not* amusing. It's a tragedy. That man is probably going home to a wife and children." She had a deep dread of the evils of drunkenness. We made her this promise out of respect for her strong feeling, and neither of us drank during college, though at times there was ample temptation. Having survived the early test, our habits were established. I have always been grateful to my mother for this. It has given me a greater freedom: particularly as a clergyman this course seems to me wise and right, for alcoholism is still a major problem in American life. Since college days I have never experienced any social embarrassment, any loss of good fellowship, and I am confident that I have had as good a time as anyone.

The college of my day was comparatively small, something over three hundred in each of the four classes. There was little intercourse between the Sheffield Scientific School, then a three-year course, and the college. The graduate schools existed but played no part in our lives. They were of questionable quality, for I think that a graduate of high school could enter most of them. The atmosphere of the college was decidedly strenuous. Everyone was urged "to do something for Yale," which, incidentally, meant doing something for oneself. Life was intensely competitive. Some were "going out" for athletics, some were "heeling" for the *Yale Daily News* or some other organization. The whole scene was to a great extent dominated by the society system. At the beginning of sophomore year a restricted number were elected to the four junior fraternities. At the end of junior year forty-five men were chosen for the three senior societies. The latter was the supreme goal of many — a goal which almost seemed to imply success or failure not only in college but in life.

Athletics were taken very seriously. To lose to Harvard or to Princeton was not simply a defeat, it was a catastrophe. I can still feel the thrill of our defeat of Princeton 12-10 in my freshman year, the tragedy of Kennard's drop kick which made possible Harvard's victory the next year, and the glory of Coy's undefeated team in 1909.

We had compulsory chapel and attendance on weekdays as well as Sundays was required, with the allowance of a number of "cuts." The religious value of this has been greatly debated, but I am sure there were great gains outside of the question of religion. The Sunday chapel kept us in New Haven over the weekends, which meant time for long talks and walks. The weekday chapel brought us all together as a college and helped to develop a sense of unity. The freshmen, seated in the gallery, would look down upon the undergraduate greats and watch President Hadley march rapidly down the center aisle between the seniors, who had the privilege of bowing to him. Behind the President was a seething mob. If he had hesitated for one moment, he

would have been crushed. The last minutes before chapel began were hectic with undergraduates streaming across the campus to get in before the doors were shut. I recall seeing a classmate on a bright sunny day sprinting over clad in a raincoat and rubber boots, the handiest things available, for he had overslept and had no remaining cuts.

The classes were very much contained within themselves and we came to know each other well. The result was a genuine feeling of class unity which continues after fifty years. Through the influence of my brother I was elected to Zeta Psi, the youngest of the junior societies in my sophomore year. We were a congenial group and the fraternity became the center of my social life. I enjoyed bridge and billiards and we had two plays a year, which were great fun.

It was a period when for most of us there was more emphasis upon college life than upon education. There were notable exceptions, but for the majority this was true. I majored in English Literature and so had the splendid opportunity in freshman year of studying under Chauncey Brewster Tinker, who was at the start of his illustrious career. Later came his famous course on "Johnson and His Circle." Professor Charlton Lewis was also a magnificent lecturer on English poetry. My senior year I took an advanced course on Milton given by the learned and gentle Professor Beers, who was a considerable poet in his own right. Professor "Billy" Phelps's course on Tennyson and Browning was a lively experience. And I have always been grateful that I had almost a year studying philosophy under Professor Ernest Hocking, then an assistant professor at Yale. My marks were only average — as I recall it, a C for my college course. I always passed, except one course in mathematics which has always been an enigma to me. If our progress to the moon depended upon me, the Patagonians would get there first. The course in freshman mathematics was conducted by Professor Beebe, the inspiration of the college song, "Oh, Professor Beebe, why won't you let me be?" I managed to squeeze by solid geometry and trigonometry,



but advanced algebra was a complete enigma. I never could understand the graphs or make them, and I never even went to the final examination.

Sunday mornings the notable Christian preachers of the time came to the Yale Chapel, and they would speak to a smaller group of us informally in the evenings in Dwight Hall. John R. Mott was in his prime with his vision of world Christianity, and with the authority of his personality, he made a lasting impression. Among the younger Yale graduates was Henry Sloane Coffin, a brilliant preacher of spiritual power and of wit. He was to play an influential part in my life. Dwight Hall was the center of the religious life of the college, and it did me an immense amount of good. The association with men from different backgrounds and ecclesiastical traditions was broadening. There was a strong missionary emphasis because of Yale's interest in China. The Bible classes and the prayer groups were deeply sincere. I am aware that there were many undergraduates who never crossed the threshold of Dwight Hall. Nevertheless religion had a strong position in the college as a part of the accepted and established order.

Early in my freshman year I went down to lower Chapel Street to St. Paul's Church of which the youthful and attractive Reverend James DeWolf Perry was the rector, and for four years I taught a Sunday-school class there under his direction.

At the end of my junior year I decided to study for the ministry. My decision did not come as the result of any dramatic experience. The religious atmosphere of our home and the deep conviction of my mother played an important part, though I cannot recall discussing the matter with her. The influence of the St. Luke's Society at Hotchkiss and of Dwight Hall had more than a casual effect and the words of preachers such as John R. Mott and Henry Coffin gave a relevance of the Gospel to contemporary society which I could not forget. Ecclesiastical concerns were of no significance to me at the time. But there grew upon me gradually the conviction that the world needed Christ. Nothing else seemed to me as important and so my life cen-

tered upon this thought. For a long time I kept this to myself. Some of my contemporaries early in college announced their intentions to enter the missionary field and then changed their minds. I did not wish to make a premature decision. But so far as I can recall, I never seriously considered any other vocation. So, naturally and undramatically I came to feel that my life, whatever it was, must be devoted to furthering the cause of Christ. My mother was instantly encouraging and from Goldthwaite, who was then twenty-six, I received this heartening note:

DEAR BROTHER:

This morning when Mother showed me your letter that you felt the call to the Christian ministry, I felt a pride that my brother should give his life to the service of God. It makes me feel like working all the harder to make money to furnish the base for your work. I like to think of all the clergy and workers as on the firing line while the rest of us who have to work in business life give the ammunition for their work in the shape of dollars. I hope that I can always supply the ammunition for your work wherever you are. Mother is pleased.

With lots of love,

F.G.S.

His youthful desire to help me financially was by no means all, I may add. All through my ministry as long as he lived, he was a sort of silent partner. I regularly sent him all kinds of people who needed advice, jobs, and help of one kind or another. To these he gave consideration and an unordained pastoral ministry. One other comment on my plan to enter the ministry may be recorded. When my mother told our outsize neighbor in Richmond, she said, "Well, by golly, we've all got to earn our living somehow."

I had no knowledge of seminaries and I thought that since my family lived in New York it would be natural for me to go to the General Theological Seminary. I talked this over with Mr. Perry and he urgently advised me to go to the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. The Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes, an Episcopalian clergyman and Secretary of the University did likewise, so through them I landed ultimately in Cambridge.

My senior year at Yale a group of us roomed in Connecticut Hall, the only remaining building of the Old Brick Row. Our room was directly over the Dean's office. Dean Jones was a wise, kindly man, but with a deep, somewhat explosive voice. We often heard these rumblings from below as he remonstrated with some undergraduate. Some years later I gave the Commencement address at Hotchkiss after which Dean Jones, who was the president of the Board of Trustees, came up to me: "Well, Sherrill, how have you been able to keep on preaching these ten years?"

"The answer is a lot simpler than you realize," I replied. "My senior year I lived over your office and enough material came up the radiator pipes to last me a lifetime."

"I will say no more," he concluded.

In the spring of 1911 I took part in the DeForest Oratorical Contest. We had a Chinese, Y. S. Tsao, in our class. Sophomore year he won the Declamation Prize and junior year he won the prize in oratory by an address on the Far East. Many thought that he won because of his knowledge of the subject, but in senior year he defeated the rest of us with an address entitled "Yale Spirit." That removed all questions. He won decisively on our own ground.

When I return to New Haven now I like to walk across the Yale campus, the only remaining part of the Yale of my undergraduate days. I seem to hear familiar names shouted from dormitory windows or the glee club singing on the campus of a spring evening. It is not difficult to be critical of the Yale of fifty years ago. I can readily believe that many of my friends, including myself, might not be admitted today. We were an innocent, complacent generation. But the college reflects the conditions of the times. We were living in the era before the cataclysm of 1914, when there was a prevalent belief in the established moral underpinning of society. In general the outstanding leaders of the undergraduate world were young men of character and often of genuine religion.

I graduated in June of 1911 at the age of twenty after four pleasant and wholly undistinguished years.



# 3

## Episcopal Theological School

IT WAS with considerable uncertainty of mind that in September of 1911 I took the old Fall River Line from New York to Boston. With the exception of our local parish in Flatbush, I knew very little of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At home our parish was extremely limited in its point of view. I do not recall the visits of any outside preachers of note. We were told little or nothing of the life and work of the church at home or abroad. This was before the day of the multiplicity of acolytes and servers, and I had never taken part in a public service, in fact I had never worn a vestment. As to what lay ahead in three years of theological school I had only the vaguest idea. At least this may be said, I was unhampered by uninformed opinions and prejudices. So often theological students coming from an ecclesiastical background feel that they know it all and that for them a theological education is entirely unnecessary. In contrast I knew little and was conscious of that fact.

The Episcopal Theological School had been founded in 1867 by a generous layman, Benjamin Tyler Reed of Boston. It was unique in the Episcopal Church in that there was a lay Board of Trustees and that it held no official connection either with the General Convention or with the Diocese, though for many years the Bishop was chairman of the Board of Visitors. The School

had been fortunate in securing a small but brilliant staff of teachers: Dr. A. V. G. Allen had made a great contribution in the field of church history; Dr. Steenstra and Dr. Nash were pioneers in the new understanding and interpretation of the Bible, with an intense devotion to truth no matter where it might lead.

There was the oft-repeated story of Dr. Steenstra, who excused himself from a gathering on the ground that he must prepare his lecture for the morrow. Someone objected, "Why don't you give last year's lecture?"

The sharp answer came, "Because I do not believe in it any more."

The battle over the critical study of the Bible was largely fought and won in the Episcopal Church in the latter part of the nineteenth century. We have our own forms of fundamentalism, but not in regard to the verbal infallibility of the Bible. As Dean Hodges used to put it, "We prefer to believe that the Bible is the Word of God not the words of God." However, it will not do to underestimate the severity of the struggle which to many conservatives seemed to undermine the foundations of the Christian faith. For this reason even up to the time of my entrance many bishops, who have the power by canon to decide the choice of a seminary, refused to allow their candidates for the ministry to attend the Cambridge School. The result was that the School had always been small in numbers, but had attracted many able young men for the very reasons to which some of the bishops objected. Already a notable group of alumni were serving in important positions in the church.

Physically, the School had a small number of buildings situated in a beautiful location on Brattle Street: the chapel, a refectory, a lecture hall, Lawrence Hall in which we lived, and a library soon to be added. Another dormitory, Winthrop Hall, was rented to students in the Harvard Law School who also ate in the refectory—an economical alliance of the Law and the Gospel.

The Dean of the School was the Reverend George Hodges,

who had succeeded Bishop Lawrence in 1894. He had come from the rectorship of Calvary Church, Pittsburgh. He was a small man accustomed to joke about his homeliness, but possessed of a keen expression with penetrating and twinkling eyes. He was a prolific writer of popular religious books, a prodigious worker, and always laconic in the extreme. A student would go to the Deanery to consult him. The Dean would keep on writing until his visitor was seated, then give a tolerant and sensible decision, and before his caller had reached the door he would be hard at work again. He taught pastoral care and preaching. In the latter course a student preached to his own class or to the entire school. The next day the class would criticize the sermon and there would be concluding comments by the Dean. To a student who took a glass of water into the pulpit and imbibed several times, he remarked, "The less medicinal assistance you have in your preaching, the more effective it will be." His own preaching was not oratorical, but he had the gift of holding the attention of his hearers. "The most remarkable thing about St. Matthias was that there was nothing remarkable about him." I am sure that I have quoted Dean Hodges more than anyone else. I remember his witty introduction of Bishop Lawrence: "The Bishop and I are like the memorial window in a Philadelphia Church and the statue of William Penn outside in the square. The window remarked, 'William, they see through me, but they look up to you.'" I look back upon Dean Hodges with gratitude and affection.

The Professor of Theology was Dr. Drown, a graduate of the School, strongly influenced by Dr. Allen and by Dr. Nash. He was an admirable lecturer, with wide knowledge in the fields of philosophy and theology, and in addition he had a deep religious experience which made theology alive and relevant to us and our time. His teaching gave us, in the words of the Book of Common Prayer, "the confidence of a certain faith in the comfort of a reasonable religious and holy hope." His sister Amy lived with him. Their home was open to students; Dr. Drown was interested in all that concerned us; gentle and humorous, he had

conviction and courage. If duty called, his small white mustache could bristle as he spoke with vigor and authority.

Dr. Kellner, the Professor of the Old Testament, was a friendly man, a good scholar, but he had the singular method of dictating his lectures word for word, even to punctuation — “A with a bracket, B comma” and so forth.

To succeed Dr. Allen, the School had recently called the Reverend Henry B. Washburn, the Rector of St. Mark's Church in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was already giving evidence of his great ability as a scholar and teacher of clarity, judgment, and understanding. His lectures gave us a vivid picture of the continuity of the church, and he was particularly able in drawing clear-cut portraits of the great figures of the past in a way which made them live as human beings and not simply as candidates for a stained-glass window in a church. His greatest contribution to me was the gift of his friendship. Mrs. Washburn and he welcomed us to their home and I visited them in the Catskills in the summer. Outwardly he appeared serious, even stern, but soon there appeared a contagious sense of humor. It was impossible to be with him and fail to be influenced by the strength of his character. He exemplified the uprightness, the conscientiousness of his Puritan ancestors. For more than fifty years he was an indispensable guide and friend.

The Reverend H. E. W. Fosbroke had recently come to the School from an entirely different background than the other members of the faculty. Brought up in the “Catholic” tradition of the church, he had been a teacher at Nashotah House, the most “advanced” seminary of the church so far as churchmanship was concerned. There, almost on his own, he had struggled through the problem of truth and the interpretation of the Bible. Dr. Drown had heard him lecture at a theological gathering in the Middle West and was surprised to find himself deeply impressed.

In the different environment of the School, Dr. Fosbroke, though always with sympathetic understanding, was true to his convictions. A lecturer of meticulous intensity and often fire, he



seemed to personify one of the prophets. Much of the new approach to the Bible was negative in character. It emphasized what was not true. Dr. Fosbroke faced the results of Biblical criticism with reality, but he always gave a positive note which made the critical approach of greater spiritual significance than the old conception of verbal infallibility. He was a shy man of great reserve. Not all students knew him well. I broke through his reserve by playing tennis with him, and I spent many evenings in his home in intimate conversation. He too, as will be apparent, was to remain a close friend of a lifetime.

The returning graduates of the School were wont to talk, as is the custom of all graduates, as if the greatness of the School was in the past. But this was an excellent faculty.

It has always been a cause of deep regret that I studied under Dr. Nash for only a few weeks in October of 1912, for he died the following month. My first year he was on sabbatical leave but remained in his home on the School grounds. I still cherish the memory of dinners in their home. The family was large and lively. Dr. Nash was deeply impressive in his vitality, vision, and almost incredible knowledge.

My first afternoon in Cambridge, Charles Deems, a senior and president of the School's St. John's Society, asked me to go to tea at the home of Mrs. Allen, the widow of Dr. Allen. She was then in her thirties and had been Dr. Allen's second wife. A striking-looking woman, especially in her widow's veil, she possessed great intelligence and wit combined with positive opinions. Her home was always open to the students and many of us took full advantage of her hospitality. For almost fifty years she was to be a devoted friend to succeeding generations of students.

When I write of the student body it is difficult not to mention them all. Our class was exceedingly small. I think of Dwight Hadley, the most constant of friends, known to us as Friar Tuck; I. Harding Hughes, called "Israel" when we discovered the meaning of the I.; Daniel Magruder with his impressive mustache, "the Count"; Gabriel Farrell from Dartmouth. In our second year, Appie Lawrence, Jack Suter, Carl Peck, Charles Findlay, and



Will Roberts joined us from a year at Union Seminary in New York. Appie and Hannah Lawrence had been married the preceding June and their home was to be a happy gathering place. In the class ahead my closest friends were Thayer Addison, an able student so efficiently organized that I could have set my watch by his coming and going, with a wonderful sense of humor which always included himself; and Bill Wood, charming, thoughtful, and delightfully absent-minded. Norman Nash, a true son of his father, was in the class after me. Malcolm Peabody entered the School two years behind, after a period of teaching in the Philippines.

The School was a family including the faculty. We worshiped, studied, and played together. The faculty made it a practice to be home Friday evenings, which meant a talk with Dr. Drown, a family gathering at the Hodgeses', or a hilarious evening with the Washburns. We had a school baseball team for which Appleton Lawrence pitched and I caught. We played other seminaries on the Cambridge Common and once a year traveled to Groton and Southboro to meet the teams of Groton and St. Mark's schools. It was somewhat humiliating to have the boys beat us, but we were limited in material. We had a right fielder who, to avoid an error, played so far out that he would have caught a home run on the first bounce. But it was all good fun. We had masquerade parties. I recall wearing one of Mrs. Hodges's dresses on such an occasion. There was a yearly play in which we "took off" the faculty and each other, and once at the Washburns we put on a skit portraying the Kellner family on an archaeological expedition. All this certainly sounds different from the popular conception of a theological school.

But I would have no misunderstanding; there was an underlying deep purpose. We worked hard. We were privileged to take courses at Harvard and I studied one year under Professor George Herbert Palmer in his famous course, Philosophy 4. The chapel services were the center of our life with admirable addresses by the faculty and by outside preachers. The St. John's Society met frequently with talks by able men from all walks

of life. Beneath the outward surface were informal prayer groups and long serious discussions. Most of us had Sunday work in the parishes of the Diocese. In my first year I helped the rector of St. Paul's Church, Newton Highlands. On Mondays we would discuss the state of the church with the assurance that when we were ordained, the church would be saved.

In my middle year, Dr. Drown agreed to give me a course on Frederick Denison Maurice, then being rediscovered. For the nonclerical reader I should say that Dr. Maurice was an English theologian of the nineteenth century who wrote many books, the best-known being *The Kingdom of Christ*. He was a social reformer who cared deeply for the unfortunate. Charles Kingsley was among those who were moved by him. In recent years his views have received increased attention and study. One afternoon Dr. Drown came to my room; he seemed somewhat embarrassed and finally asked if I would mind if Mrs. Allen joined us in class. So for several months the three of us met. I would read a paper, Mrs. Allen would follow suit, then we would have a discussion and I would go home. This procedure created great interest in the school community as I continued to chaperon the course. Finally after one of the sessions, when I had gone, they became engaged. With some of the other students I was an usher when they were married in the chapel by Bishop Lawrence. I could not find an adequate picture of Maurice, so I borrowed an engraving owned by Mr. Washburn, took it to Harvard Square and had it photographed, and gave them the excellent reproduction as a wedding present.

One of the most remarkable leaders of the church was Bishop Charles Williams of Michigan. He came almost every year to preach at Harvard. As he stayed with the Drowns, I saw a great deal of him. A thickset man with a great head set squarely on his shoulders, possessed of humor and power, he was a notable Christian reformer and prophet, which brought him into conflicts with some of the conservative businessmen in Detroit. He was a strong and vivid preacher. Once he asked my opinion of a student in the seminary. I replied that he did a great deal of

talking and no work. Bishop Williams added, "That is just what I thought. I told him that he had lots of steam but all of it went out the whistle and none of it was connected with the wheels." Many years later I went to Detroit to speak. A layman met me at the train. As we were driving along, Bishop William's name was mentioned. Before anything further could be said, I told the layman, "Be careful what you say because I had great admiration and affection for him." He concluded happily, "I was going to remark that I wish his sermons could be republished, for he was far ahead of his time."

In January of my senior year a great student missionary conference was held in Kansas City. As president of the St. John's Society, I, with Lew Whittemore, the Secretary, was chosen to represent the School. Thayer Addison was then in Oklahoma and joined us. It was an inspiring experience with thousands of young men and women in attendance. John R. Mott was in charge, aided by a notable group of leaders of the church and the missionary cause throughout the world. I must admit that the platform of the convention, considering later developments, was on the optimistic side: "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." William Jennings Bryan addressed an evening mass meeting on the curious topic "Against Atheism." I do not suppose there was an atheist in the great auditorium. His great gifts of voice and delivery were apparent as was also his limited theological background. "An atheist tells me that there is too much mystery in religion. I reply, 'My friend, you cannot explain the simplest fact of nature. Why is it that a red cow eats green grass which gives white milk which makes yellow butter?'" That reason for belief in God is all that I can recall of the oration.

It is impossible to exaggerate what the School did for me. In all of my previous education, I had been younger than my classmates and in the press of intellectual, athletic, and social life had felt largely submerged. The companionship of students and faculty gave me an assurance I had lacked up to that point. Because I could see the relevance to my future life in the courses taught, there were new interest and urgency. I had suddenly be-



gan to mature in every way. My decision to enter the seminary was the result of deep feeling rather than great knowledge. In the course of my college years, as we studied the theory of evolution under Professor Keller, doubts as to the validity of the Christian Revelation came to me. While I did not discuss these with my mother, I knew that to discontinue religious observances would distress her, so I kept on and thus escaped the mistake of many who, on the ground of sincerity, lose the essential means of grace. It became clear to me that methods, even billions of years, were not vital. The important point is "In the beginning God —"

The development of the higher criticism of the Bible has also created questions. It was a great experience to come to a place in which were men who were devoted to truth and consecrated to the cause of Christ. The teaching and our seminary life had to do with the essentials of Christian faith and not the periphery. There were a directness and a simplicity in our life for which I have always been grateful. The School gave me a reason for the faith I held

Lastly the School gave me a deepened sense of the church. The study of church history, of theology, especially the course in which we read all the books of F. D. Maurice, made me conscious of the great tradition which was ours in the continuing life and thought of the generations of Christians. My experience of the church had been largely parochial. Many missionary bishops and others visited the School: John Magee, a graduate of Hotchkiss and of Yale, had graduated from the seminary the year before I entered, but he was still in the United States before going to China. No one of us escaped walking with him around Fresh Pond as he brought us the challenge of Christian missions. My fellow students were of varying backgrounds: Thayer Addison had taught in China after his graduation from Harvard; Norman Nash had been on the staff of George Foster Peabody; Malcolm Peabody had taught in the Philippines. My horizons were constantly being enlarged. From this vantage point school elections do not seem important but I realize now that my election as president of the St. John's Society, really the student body, meant

a great deal in my growth and development. I came to the School somewhat of an uncertain boy. I left certain of my calling. Above all there was the gift of being among friends, faculty, and students with whom the deepest experiences in life were shared. Here was indeed a beloved community.



# 4

## Assistant Minister

AS ONE looks back it is possible to see certain turning points in one's life which seemed quite insignificant at the time — for instance, that evening at the close of my first year in the seminary when I dropped into Dr. Drown's house. Present was the Reverend Edwin J. van Etten, who had graduated from the School the year before and was now assistant minister of Trinity Church in Boston. He was cordial to me and asked if I would come to Trinity to help him with the Church School and the choir Bible class. As I recall it, I was to receive five dollars a week. I agreed and thus by chance there began a lifetime association with Trinity, Boston, and Massachusetts.

Edwin van Etten was a charming, effervescent person with a keen mind, a fine sense of humor, and was the most eloquent preacher of any young man I ever knew. He had great enthusiasm and was volatile in his moods, which added to his charm. It was exhilarating to be with him. At his instigation Trinity Church had purchased a house on St. James Avenue from funds secured by the sale of St. Andrew's Mission in the West End, and this home was used largely as a center for boys and men. Trinity had also established a home for the aged on South Huntington Avenue and a day nursery in East Boston.

Trinity House had a small kitchen and gymnasium in the basement. There were three floors for parish activities. Van Etten had a suite of rooms and lived on the top floor.

The guiding genius of this establishment was a remarkable Englishwoman known to all as "Ma" Hunter. A wonderful cook and manager of unfailing humor, nothing was too much trouble, even to the sudden call for fifty suppers for the choirboys. She had a strong character and a concern for all who came within her purview. During the next two years my extracurricular hours were spent largely at Trinity House or the Parish House. Van and I argued about everything, sometimes taking different sides of the same question on alternate days. One day we took the train to Beverly and walked from Beverly to Gloucester. The next day Mrs. Hunter said, "Well, you boys had a great discussion on the train yesterday." When we asked her what she meant, she replied, "Oh, I had a friend on that train who said that all the people in the coach enjoyed your loud discussion as to whether clergymen should marry."

My teaching in the Trinity Sunday School, as we called the Church School then, began under somewhat difficult circumstances: the Parish House was inadequate and my class, composed of some exceedingly tough boys in their teens from the South End, met in a partially furnished basement. My task, difficult at best, was complicated by two unforeseen factors — first, the girls in the choir came into the room after the opening service to remove their choir vestments. I defy anyone to hold the attention of a group of boys when such an operation is going on in the same room. After their departure we had a few minutes of quiet. But there was a Silent Mission at Trinity composed of deaf-mutes. Their service followed the Church School. But they came early and would stand in the room talking in their sign language. Under these conditions even St. Paul himself would have found it difficult to expound the story of his journeys effectively.

When my senior year in the seminary arrived, the question

was, What next? At that time, as is true today, there was a shortage of clergy, so each one of us had innumerable calls as assistants in parishes throughout the country. Dean Hodges liked to have this matter settled so that he could cross our names off the list. But none of the invitations appealed to me. Finally one day he said, "Henry, what are you waiting for — to be chosen Archbishop of Canterbury?"

I said, "No, I want something which really interests me."

The one call which deeply moved me was to become missionary of our church at Logan, Utah. I had come to know the Bishop, the Right Reverend Franklin S. Spalding, on his visits east, and he became and still remains something of a hero to me. A former Princeton football player, he was tall and spare, with a penetrating mind, skeptical of conventional ways and phrases, and a remarkable combination of fearlessness and personal humility. He was a Christian Socialist and had a passion for social reform. In those days missionary bishops largely raised their own funds through sermons, addresses, and personal solicitations. Bishop Spalding's social views did not make his task any easier. I recall his telling me of a call he made upon two old ladies of great wealth in New York City. One of them said, "Bishop, we do not think that we can support you, for we understand that you are a spiritualist." I fear that his explanation helped not at all. Another time he told me of a large dinner he was invited to address. Someone came to him and said, "Bishop, there are millions of dollars represented here." After an elaborate meal he spoke of his work among a largely Mormon population. The next week he received a check for twenty-five dollars from his hostess and that was all. As he describes it, "Not as much as would be sent a lecturer to entertain the guests."

There was something about him which aroused my sympathy, stimulated my mind and stirred my conscience. When the call came to work with him I was in a quandary. It was one of the most difficult decisions I have ever made. I talked with my friends, members of the faculty of the School, of course with my

mother and brother. At last, after several weeks of painful wrestling, I was persuaded that I could be more useful in a city parish. I think that the real point was that the urge to be with Bishop Spalding appealed to me rather than a call to that particular field of work. I wrote a letter of declination, and in his own hand the Bishop replied in a letter which I kept for years.

"This is a small and difficult field," he wrote. "I drove a number of miles last Sunday to hold services in a shack. I was there before anyone else, lighted the fire in the stove, swept out the place. A little group came who thought I ought to thank them for the privilege of speaking to them. I spoke on one's duty to one's neighbor. A drunken woman interrupted and said that one should look out for oneself. As I tried to straighten her out, I recalled that two months before I had preached the same sermon in Grace Church in New York where everything was beautiful. All I can say is that God calls some of us to do this work. As for myself, I love it and would not be anywhere else."

I was touched that he wanted me, and I certainly felt the impulse to work under Bishop Spalding. That September he was tragically killed by a speeding motorist while crossing the street in Salt Lake City.

In the meantime Van was receiving many calls. He told me that if he left Trinity he would recommend me as his successor. Eventually he accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, New York, and one morning I received a letter from Dr. Alexander Mann asking me to become assistant minister of Trinity Church at a salary of \$1500 a year and rooms. Not for the last time in my ministry, I was given a cheering word from a friend: "You don't mean that you are going to try to take Van Etten's place?" I replied that someone had to; the position could not well remain vacant.

In the Episcopal Church candidates for the ministry are under the direction of the bishop of their diocese. Canonical examinations, very similar to examinations for the bar, are held before ordination. Since I was a candidate from the Diocese of Long Island, it was necessary to return to Brooklyn for these tests. As it



turned out, my lifelong friend from Flatbush days, Will Roberts, later Bishop of Shanghai, and I took all the examinations the same day. We were nervous because the Diocese was considered to be so much more conservative than the School. Particularly I was troubled by the examinations in Greek at sight given personally by Bishop Burgess, who so far as I was concerned seemed formidable indeed and somewhat skeptical of my qualifications. I had studied Greek in preparation for Yale, but had not continued with it in college, so my knowledge was limited, to say the least. But the Lord must have wished me to pass. The month before in our New Testament course we had been required to write out a translation of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The only sermon I had ever preached was based on the ninth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. On the appointed day, Will Roberts and I in a company of candidates from other seminaries were herded before the Bishop. He opened the New Testament at random and asked me to translate from the third chapter of Romans—which I did as if I had written it. Will Roberts did likewise, for he was a good Greek scholar. The candidates who followed stumbled and stuttered, and I thought to myself that the cat would be out of the bag on my second and last round. Again the Bishop opened the Bible and this time asked me to translate the ninth chapter of St. John! (Years later an examining chaplain of the Diocese of Long Island told me that they still talked in Long Island of the proficiency in Greek of the students of the Cambridge School.) Accordingly, I was ordained to the diaconate on June 7, 1914, in the Cathedral in Garden City. I had some fear that Bishop Burgess would not release me to Massachusetts, but thanks to Bishop Lawrence's request, he did so and on July 1, 1914, I became canonically resident in the Diocese of Massachusetts, where I have remained to this day.

I spent the summer with my mother in the Berkshires, except that I went to Boston for the services at Trinity the second Sunday in August. The new Robert Treat Paine Memorial pulpit was in the process of installation. I preached from a sort of scaff-



folding and thus was the first person to preach in the present pulpit of the church.

In September of that year I moved into Trinity House and began my ministry. Dr. Mann was still on vacation on Cape Cod and I was to conduct the services and to preach twice a Sunday for three weeks. It was a terrifying ordeal. I rose very early in the morning on Sunday and worked on the final touches for my sermon. When the morning service was over, again not for the last time, I thought that I had said all I knew. Still before me was the afternoon service. I dare say those talks had one thing in common — they were the shortest sermons preached at Trinity in decades.

Trinity Church has always seemed to me a great parish for many reasons, but especially because it has been made up of all kinds and conditions of people from the Back Bay, the South and West Ends, in fact from all over Boston. It attracted a large body of students, and visitors from all over the world who came because Phillips Brooks had been Rector — although by then he had been dead twenty-one years. A great proportion of the parish remembered him vividly and his presence was constantly felt. In his day Trinity had been a preaching center and the parish work was simple by modern standards. Dr. Donald, who succeeded Phillips Brooks, was an able man and preacher, but he felt the burden of his predecessor. In my observation there are two ways of meeting such a situation; one way is to ride the wave and the other is to buck it. Apparently Dr. Donald with all his good qualities attempted the latter. It was a heartbreaking task, in fact an impossible one. Mr. Chester, the sexton for many years, told me that Dr. Donald once said, "Chester, I wish that a hole would suddenly open up so that I could go back underground to the Church of the Ascension in New York."

Dr. Mann at a later day had it easier, for he rode the wave, referring frequently to the great man who had been his predecessor, much to the joy of the older parishioners. Dr. Mann had come to Trinity in 1905 at the age of forty-five, in the prime of

life, strong as an ox. The story used to be told that in Orange, New Jersey, he had converted a man by knocking him out in a boxing contest. He was a muscular Christian who especially loved the game of golf, at which he was not too proficient as I occasionally beat him. We had a standing joke that if he lost at golf we had a gloomy sermon on the next Sunday. If he won, we had a cheerful message ending in a poem. I used to tell him that my job, in deference to the congregation, was to lose.

Dr. Mann's great contribution was to reorganize an extensive parish, notable for its services and preaching, into a seven-day working unit. We had a large number of organizations for men, women, boys, girls, mothers, students, the aged—in fact, for almost everyone. As a preacher, Dr. Mann would be considered old-fashioned today. He preached to the dot of twenty-eight minutes. The first twenty-five minutes were given to the Biblical setting: where the people were, who they were, what they had been doing, to infinite details. The last three minutes were devoted to a very helpful application. Once I said to him (this is revealing of his relationship to his assistants), "Why don't you surprise us by giving three minutes to the setting and twenty-five to the application?" He laughed and said that he would, but he never did. The young organist would wait until the sermon was well under way, note the time of beginning, and slip out for a rest, returning exactly at the twenty-seven-minutes point. I used to tell him that if he tried that when I was preaching I would stop the sermon. At the best, Dr. Mann's sermons were splendid: in them was a confidence, a breadth, a quality, which could be deeply moving.

I have said that his sermons would be somewhat out-of-date today. But that is not meant as a criticism. His were sermons which were completely based on the Bible. At the present time it seems to be considered unwise by many to have even a text. The congregation is immediately plunged into some current problem. As my brother once remarked of a certain rector, "If I stole his Sunday morning newspaper, I do not know what he could preach about." Of course the Gospel must be relevant. But

first of all there must be the Gospel. This Biblical emphasis is one of the great differences between European and American preaching today. Dr. Mann's language was simple and untechnical. It is interesting to read sermons from the point of view of style. Canon Liddon, for example, drew thousands by his preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. If his sermons are read today they become almost incomprehensible: his language is so involved and artificial. Phillips Brooks's sermons are as helpful now as when they were preached. On the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of Trinity Church in 1927, at the evening service, I read his sermon preached in 1877 on the evening of the consecration service. It was as simple and direct as the day it was spoken.

But to return to Dr. Mann. The best thing about him was himself. He was wise, infinitely patient, and generous. He let his assistants have their heads. If we made mistakes, he took the responsibility. If we did well, he gave us the credit. The Rectory was always open to us. I had Sunday morning breakfast with the family. He was ready to give us any amount of time as he listened to youthful programs, sometimes with puzzlement, sometimes with protests. He was never wholly at home in New England. He was a Western New York churchman, a graduate of the General Seminary, but loyal to the core to Bishop Lawrence and to the Diocese. His pattern of thought was more conventional and conservative than then current Massachusetts temper. I never heard him say or do anything which was petty or small. I remember I once came into his study to find him deeply hurt; he showed me a letter from a parishioner which was unfairly and biting critical of him. I blew up and said, "I would write her a good hot reply."

"No," he said, "here is my reply." And he read a letter which expressed his gratitude for the parishioner's interest in the welfare of the church.

So Alexander Mann made his mark upon me. Today I do certain things that he taught me almost fifty years ago. His broad spirit has been an example which I hope I have been able to fol-

low. We did not always agree, for I was of another generation and of a different theological background. He had something of a reputation of talking people down, so we would argue and sometimes he would shout at me with his admonition, "Now listen to me, son." I have often told young clergymen who were considering an assistantship, "Never mind the parish, look at the rector." Some clergymen use their assistants as errand boys and view them critically and formally. Such was not true of Dr. Mann, and I am constantly grateful that I was able to start my ministry with him.

The senior assistant was the Reverend Reuben Kidner. He had been associated with Trinity Church since the days of Dr. Brooks, first in charge of St. Andrew's Mission in the West End, and then as an associate in the great parish. He was a small man with a white beard, twinkling eyes, and a benevolent expression. His gifts at first sight were small. He was not an interesting preacher, was gentle rather than forcible, and was no organizer. Whenever I started a new organization, he was sure to say, "I move that there be no constitution." What then was his gift? It was that he loved people. Never have I seen a better illustration of St. Paul's words, "the greatest of these is love." For forty years he moved in and out of the homes of people, usually the least fortunate, interested in their problems, trusting them and loving them. He had the ability to see something to praise in even the most unpromising.

I am anxious not to give a false impression of him in what I am now to relate. He was a naturally spiritual man, everywhere the same whether in church or not. He recalls to me a sentence written by Dr. Roland Cotton Smith, who said of his childhood in the Rectory "that he learned to pray in the house and to play in the church." There was something of that quality in Reuben Kidner. As we were walking up the aisle in the processional he might whisper to me, "Henry, who is the woman in the big hat behind Robert Treat Paine?" We sat side by side behind the organ during the sermon. Sometimes he would say, "Bully! Good!"



Or another time he would kick his feet up and say, "Don't believe a word of it."

We used to have a special service in October to welcome the student population. One year Dr. Faunce, the President of Brown University, preached a remarkable sermon on the provocative question "Is Goodness Interesting?" Some ten years later I met him and recalled the occasion. He said that as he went to the pulpit he was overcome by emotion as he remembered having heard Dr. Brooks preach while he was a student. He continued, "I passed a little clergyman on my way to the pulpit. He started to speak to me. Thinking he had a message from the rector I put down my head and was startled to hear him say, 'Doctor, what kind of a ball team have you got this year?'" I knew who that was.

Mr. Kidner had a quizzical humor which could be quietly devastating. We were in the robing room and Dr. Mann was looking over the Psalms for the day. Suddenly he said sententiously, "I tell you these Psalms are wonderful," as if he were addressing a congregation. Mr. Kidner: "Oh, g'wan, who told you?" Dr. Mann looked somewhat deflated.

We came out of church after a Good Friday service. Mr. Kidner was greatly moved and said, "I think that I can never use the word 'sacrifice' again. I do so little." The first Easter I was at Trinity Dr. Mann asked me to preach in the evening. I feared that Mr. Kidner would be hurt. Before the service he saw me looking at some notes and was surprised that I was to preach. After the sermon as I took my seat beside him he whispered, "Bully," and his face was radiant because he thought that I had done passably well. He had the gift of losing himself in others. So from one point of view he lived an insignificant life, serving as an assistant for more than forty years; when he died a great congregation filled the church, thanking God for what he meant to them. In some ways he was the most successful clergyman I have ever known. I pray that a little of his spirit may have rubbed off on me.

The sexton and the parish undertaker was Charles E. Chester,



a charming old gentleman who had also been at Trinity since the days of Phillips Brooks. He and Mr. Kidner were old friends, but there was a gentle needling in their relationship. For instance, Mr. Kidner would say, "Chester, the only people who will be damned at the last day are sextons. Look at you. When you ought to be down on your knees asking God's forgiveness for your many sins of omission and commission of which we are so conscious, you are seeing that the wind does not blow on somebody's bald head. When you ought to be singing God's praises, you are looking at the furnace. When you ought to be listening to my sermon and applying it to your life, you have retreated into your office and gone to sleep. Oh, Chester, do try and see if you cannot get some religion into that gospel-hardened old heart of yours this Lent!" To which Mr. Chester would reply, "Why do you preach the same old sermons we have heard for forty years?"

My work at Trinity was varied. I was superintendent of the Church School and had a great deal to do with the work with boys of which the director was Richard Ranger, a most devoted and able layman. I preached alternate Sunday afternoons in the church, on the other Sunday taking the services at the Old Ladies' Home, of course assisting at many other services. By any standards we had a good Church School. Miss Sarah Ginn, an effective public-school teacher was my right-hand helper. We had a number of paid teachers augmented by an unusual staff of volunteers. Miss Helen Paine, a sister of Phillips Brooks's junior warden, had taught a class of young women for many years. She was an elderly lady of dynamic personality and powerful convictions. She was alternately encouraging and disconcerting. If she liked what I said, she nodded vigorously in all directions. If she disapproved, she moved her head from side to side with a quizzical expression, expressing doubt in no uncertain terms.

The difficulty with all parish church schools is the lack of time, and in addition there is the problem of enlisting parental cooperation. So I formed a Parents' Association, which held a number of well-attended meetings every year, and in the spring

there was an exhibition of the schoolwork which brought out some hundreds of parents. One Sunday morning Dr. and Mrs. Henry Washburn and their two small sons appeared. While I was in the seminary I had often played bear cave with the boys: they would put a rug over some chairs and crawl into the improvised den. When it was too dark, they would call, "Joshua, the sun," and I would turn on the electric light. When they entered the parish hall that Sunday morning they shouted, "Hello, Joshua," which created considerable puzzlement. As soon as the service was over, I took them over to Trinity House to the infant class. Miss Ransom, the teacher, was telling a story about a little lamb. Bradford (now the famous naturalist) listened for a few moments and then spoke up: "That isn't anything. You ought to have seen the porcupine which was in our house this summer" The lamb could not compete with the porcupine, and the children gathered about him. Miss Ransom, to gain control of the situation said, "Children, let's sing a hymn." To which Bradford replied, "No hymns, let's have a good Harvard song."

I worked with the boys in the choir, in their Bible class, in various clubs, and in their summer camps, and my handicap at the outset was their natural affection for Edwin Van Etten. One Friday afternoon the seminary students who taught the choir Bible class told me that three of the boys had broken up the class by their misbehavior. I talked with the ringleaders and told them that since they could not behave in the Bible class they could go home and not stay for supper. They sat for a while outside the dining room not believing that any punishment could come to them. Finally when I insisted that they go, they filed by me with tears in their eyes.

The first boy said, "I am going to write Dr. Mann a letter."

I replied, "I am sure that he'll be glad to hear from you."

The second said, "I will write to Mr. Van Etten."

To which I replied, "It will give him great pleasure."

The third soliloquized as he passed me by the door, "To think that *this* is Mr. Van Etten's successor." But in the end I think that I won them over. I had an inkling when during a morning serv-

ice one of the boys signaled to me. I thought that he had a message from Dr. Mann and leaned forward. Whereupon he placed a large juicy chocolate in my hand. On the whole I appreciated the confidence, though it did present me with a disposal problem.

A crisis arose one day when the boys were boxing in the gymnasium. The champion was an overgrown boy who challenged me to box with him. I had never worn the gloves so I was not too anxious to put what prestige I had on the line. But a clamor arose and in the end to preserve my position I had to go through with it. The boy advanced upon me bobbing and weaving in professional style. I swung one desperate punch which by good fortune landed on his nose. Blood spurted out. Ma Hunter, our housekeeper, had to bring ice, and I had to see his parents to try to explain the situation. They were dubious, but fortunately I was never challenged to box again.

I was young and looked it. One night I went out to mail a letter while it was snowing and so turned up my coat collar. A man stopped to ask the way.

"Boy," he began. Then he saw my clerical collar: "Excuse me, Father." It was a rapid transition.

The cloth adds stature to one's youth and I well remember the day when "Pa" Hunter, Mrs. Hunter's husband, who acted as our janitor, reported to me: "The ashman says that he won't take away our ashes unless we pay him extra." I replied that since the city paid him, I did not see why I should. A few mornings later while I was eating cereal in the little kitchen in the basement, Mr. Hunter encountered the ashman in the back alley.

"You had better get off that cart. This is the Cardinal's house and he wishes to see you."

The ashman remonstrated that he did not wish to see the Cardinal. But Mr. Hunter insisted and suddenly they both appeared in the kitchen. Mr. Hunter, bowing with the greatest dignity, said, "Your Eminence, let me present the ashman." He was a little man carrying a derby hat covered with ashes. He genu-



flected, whereupon I rose to the occasion and said, "Why don't you take away our ashes?"

"I will, your Eminence," said the man.

Pa Hunter: "The audience is concluded."

They backed out bowing very low. All I can think is that the little man was so bewildered that he took in neither me nor the surroundings. At any rate, our ashes were taken promptly thereafter.

Another of my responsibilities was to conduct a Sunday evening conference for men. This included the ushers who acted as recruiters and a number of students from the neighboring institutions. We discussed some religious topic, then had one of Ma Hunter's bountiful suppers at the modest cost of fifteen cents a person. After the supper the group would gather about the piano and sing from an old songbook. This was in the summer of 1914, just after the First World War began, and one evening when the men had departed, Ma and Pa Hunter, who had both been born in England, appeared greatly agitated with their eyes flashing fire. When I asked the reason Ma declared, "Those men sang 'The Watch on the Rhine.' I had all I could do to keep Pa from pulling the electric light switch. Instead we stood and sang in the kitchen, 'God Save the King.'" So anyone passing by must have been astonished to hear "God Save the King" from the basement and the German national anthem from the third story.

This was a period of considerable unemployment, and at such times there are always large numbers of perpetual mendicants who try to cash in on the situation. I was then too inexperienced to distinguish the truly needy from the professional beggar so I turned all comers over to our Parish Visitors, two women of unusual character. Miss Mitchell was a New England old maid, straight as an arrow, but with a heart of gold; Mrs. Groves, who conducted a mothers' group, was a kindly, motherly woman, slightly bent. They always sat in the mornings facing each other from two flat-topped desks. When a mendicant would ask me for aid, I would suggest that he tell his story to the Parish Visitors.



Rather unwillingly he would stumble before them. If Scylla did not get him, Charybdis would. The conversation would go something like this: After he had told his story with due emotion, Mrs. Groves would say, "Where do you say you live?"

"The corner of Columbus Avenue and Washington Street."

Miss Mitchell: "Those streets do not meet."

"Oh, I meant 600 Columbus Avenue."

Mrs. Groves: "I know that neighborhood well. That is a vacant lot."

Miss Mitchell: "You are a strong man, perfectly able to work. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to ask aid of a church. Walk out that door!" As he did, my problem was solved. But if there was real need, those two women were tireless in good works.

The war was soon to engulf us all. It is impossible to explain to the present generation the shock which the German invasion of Belgium was to us in America. We had been brought up in a nineteenth-century atmosphere with the belief that the world was growing better and better. We thought we were living on an escalator of progress: all that was needed was more science and education. But that illusion disappeared with the capture of Liège. We had a peace service on a Sunday afternoon in the autumn of 1914 with Bishop Lawrence, Dr. George Gordon, and Mr. Samuel J. Elder, a Boston attorney, as spokesmen. Dr. Mann at that time was for neutrality. I can well recall a sermon he preached on the text from the Psalms, "Yea, and I had almost said even as they; but lo, then I should have condemned the generation of thy children." Dr. Van Allen, Rector of the Church of the Advent, was a very large man with a high-pitched voice and a witty but caustic tongue. He was for immediate intervention, so he and Dr. Mann debated the issue for a meeting of the Episcopalian Club. Dr. Van Allen declared oratorically that he "would be glad to shoulder a musket and go to the front if necessary." As one looked at his physique, this did not seem the complete solution to the problem.

Bishop William Lawrence, who was to play such a decisive

part in my life, ordained me and other classmates, including his son Appleton, in Trinity Church on May 9, 1915. It was the day after the sinking of the *Lusitania* and he prefaced his sermon with a rigorous comment on that shocking disaster. A few days later I celebrated the Holy Communion in the small chapel with my mother and some Trinity and seminary friends present. Despite the countless services since, I shall never forget the inspiration of that day.

Boston then was an outwardly uncomplicated city with little of the modern traffic and congestion. Some people still went to the Symphony or to business by horse and carriage. Business, professional offices, and apartments had not invaded the Back Bay made up of comfortable brownstone houses. I remember in 1915 my mother and brother wished me to purchase a Model T Ford, but I hesitated for a long time, fearing that the ownership of a car might put me out of touch with many of the people of the parish. Yet it did help me cover the ground. Our children and parishioners came from every walk of life and from every part of Boston, and calling was a steady part of my work, up tenement-house stairs and into rooming houses, as well as the calls on the apartments and mansions of the Back Bay. The latter were something of an ordeal. No one may believe this now, but I was exceedingly shy and would stand for some minutes getting up courage to ring the doorbell. The Fuller Brush man was an example to me. I would think, Here is the salesman who is thrown out of nine places out of ten and still keeps knocking on doors. Can I do less for the Gospel?

The maid or the butler would appear.

"Is Mrs. So-and-so in?"

"I do not know but I'll see." Then came the long wait while I imagined the lady in question was debating whether to see me or not.

The experiences of a young deacon are new and sometimes disturbing. I am sure that in the first marriage service the groom was less nervous than I. My work ranged from escorting a drunk-

ard to the South End Mission to the care and commitment of an insane Chinese government student. It always amuses me when people occasionally suggest that a clergyman sees little of life. Funerals in a tenement apartment were an opportunity to draw close to people, but also something of a problem. There was the inevitable quartet who, started by a pitch pipe, wished to sing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." How well I remember spending a Sunday afternoon driving in a small coach jammed with three other people, over cobblestones from Cambridge to the Oak Grove Cemetery in Dorchester. It was so cold that my teeth chattered during the service at the grave. It was not unduly prolonged. Later the daughter made this her only comment: "We like Dr. Blank's reading of the service. He reads so slow."

All clergymen are subject to nightmares in which the place cannot be found in the prayer book, or the vestments are missing and so on. Once I lived through such an actual experience. While I was a deacon there was a young people's service at the Unitarian Church at Audubon Circle. The pastor, the Reverend Mr. Maxwell, who was a sort of high-church Unitarian, asked me to preach and to read the lessons. As this was my first service outside of our fold, I was exceedingly nervous. The service was from the Book of Common Prayer. When the Psalm was ended I went forward to read the first lesson at the lectern. I had never seen one like it. There were two Bibles opposite each other on the lectern, which swung on a pivot. As the Bible nearer me was open at the Gospels, I concluded that the Old Testament was on the other side, so to find Isaiah I took hold of the lectern to turn it about. But the lectern was blocked in that direction, and I had now to turn it three quarters around in the other direction. But then I found that the division was not Old and New Testament but Genesis to Second Chronicles, so Isaiah was on the outside again. There was nothing to do but to begin where I could, so I seized on a chapter of Kings. By this time the perspiration was standing out on my face. But the worst was yet to come. The script was Old English and I could not tell the *f*'s from the

s's. I stumbled through a very few verses which made little sense. Here endeth the first lesson. I spent the time during the chant in working over the second lesson, but by then I was so confused that instead of reading "the king cometh," I read "the king foameth."

After the service I said to Mr. Maxwell, "That is the meanest trick I ever had played on me."

He replied, "I did not think of it when I asked you, but I certainly enjoyed it, for when I first came here I read, 'riding upon the soul of an ass.'"

One of the established institutions at Trinity was the Library Committee which reviewed books for the Parish Library. The chairman was Dr. Mann and the secretary, Miss Heloise Hersey, the founder of Miss Hersey's school for girls in Boston; she conducted our Bible class for women after the Sunday morning service. Miss Hersey was a woman of great intelligence and charm; her home was always open to me and her advice and friendship through the years of invaluable help. The parish librarian was Miss Florence Snelling, gentle, firm and a poetess in her own right. The rest of the committee was made up of literate Bostonians of decided views so that the discussions were animated and at times even heated. Our liveliest member was Mrs. Bell, whos witticisms have become a Boston legend. As I remember her she was a little old lady with a determined and surprising bass voice. Once in reviewing a book she said, "Mr. Chairman, this book was so dull, so exceedingly dull, that as I read it I kept thinking I must have written this myself." Another time her comment on a book about mountain climbing was, "I found it very interesting as it shows what men will do when left to themselves." The last time I saw her was in her Chestnut Street home just before I left for France. She described, as only she could, the troops leaving for the Civil War. This Library Committee was a great boon to me as a young clergyman. It made recent books available and I of necessity had to read to keep up with the committee.



It was a formative experience for a young man to be placed in close touch with the leaders of the Christian world who visited Trinity. Bishops Page of Spokane, Brewster of Western Colorado, Atwood of Arizona, Hulse of Cuba, Thomas of Wyoming, and Kinsolving of Brazil came and told of their life and work. The latter was especially appealing as with Southern oratory he described dramatically his joy while making his visitations, lying at night under the stars with his head on his saddlebags. Dr. Arthur Lloyd, Secretary of the Board of Missions, spoke fervently of the missionary's task, as did the presidents of St. John's University, Shanghai, and of St. Paul's, Tokyo — Dr. Pott and Dr. Riefsnider; and to address our students came Dr. Bliss Perry and Dr. Fosdick — both of whom spoke with great effectiveness. Bishop Lawrence came often for various services. Especially I recall his appeals for the Church Pension Fund and for the amount of money needed to equip the chaplains in the armed services. He was at the peak of his powers in his late sixties. An unusually handsome man, he stood erect with a natural simplicity and dignity. He was not a florid preacher, for he talked rather than orated. He was most effective when he presented a particular cause with clarity and conviction. He gave way to no flights of imagination, but as he spoke out of his own long experience he was deeply moving. Dr. William Temple, later to be Archbishop of Canterbury, was a quiet speaker with a remarkable combination of theological depth and practical application. Bishop Brent preached to us just before he left for France and the army: he impressed as he always did in later years with his spiritual, almost other-worldly quality. Such contacts made a young assistant cognizant of the world mission of the church.

We had an example of a different kind of preaching when Billy Sunday came to Boston. He conducted a series of meetings in a great tent on Huntington Avenue next to the Y.M.C.A. building. Although modest in comparison with the campaigns of present-day evangelists, there was a great amount of publicity, and large crowds turned out for the meetings. The sponsoring

clergy sat in a group on the platform and were models of some kind of humility as Billy flayed them in no uncertain terms. (The Episcopal Church did not officially take part in the campaign.) The music was sometimes banal, but on the whole inspiring. Of Billy Sunday's sincerity I had no doubt as he leapt about the platform as if he were about to repeat his baseball exploits and slide into second base. His taste at times was questionable, to say the least, but he was vital and picturesque. It is strange how certain sentences have remained in my mind. Speaking of a certain group he was condemning, Billy Sunday said, "Those people do not stand any more chance of getting into heaven than a jack rabbit does in a den of boa constrictors trying to teach them the value of a vegetarian diet." At another time he declared, "You ask me if going to church by itself makes a man a Christian. I reply, no more than putting a wheelbarrow in a garage makes it an automobile." President Eliot had recently written an article on the religion of the future. I seem to recall that Billy Sunday's comment was, "President Eliot would need an airplane to get up to hell."

After the campaign a considerable number of cards were sent to Dr. Mann signed by attendants who had given Trinity Church as their preference. Many of them were from devoted parishioners who could not fail to stand for Christ when asked to do so. The campaign otherwise had little effect upon our parish life.

It is difficult to assess spiritual results. What I missed in Billy Sunday, as I do in most of the professional evangelists of today, is the note of compassion. So much of the preaching is denunciation and often cold, metallic denunciation. Admittedly there is much to condemn in the modern world. This is an obligation on the preacher, but the Gospel has an all-pervading note of compassion for people. "God so loved the world that He gave . . ." Jesus wept over Jerusalem, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." The great Christian message is that despite our weakness and failure, "Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Boston gradually took me into its confidence. There is an outer shell of reserve in many New Englanders, particularly of the old school, but once this has been penetrated the newcomer is welcomed with warmth and affection. The fact that I had gone to Yale rather than "The College" in Cambridge was not a hindrance; in fact, I think it even became an asset since it opened up so many opportunities for good-natured banter and rivalry.

One of the elders who befriended me from the outset was Mr. Edward W. Hutchins, then the junior warden of the church, a distinguished Boston lawyer of positive convictions and with the formal manner of a generation long passed. He was a senior partner of Hutchins and Wheeler, whose fathers had been partners before them. Mr. Hutchins used to tell of a letter he received from his father while he was in college (need I say Harvard?). The letter was signed, "Your affectionate father, Hutchins and Wheeler." Underneath Mr. Hutchins's outward manner were humor and warmth. Mrs. Hutchins was a gentle, lovely woman, meticulous to the last degree, and very devoted to the Boston Symphony, to the Baldwinville Hospital, the Home for Aged Women — and to her flowers in Castine, Maine. The Hutchinses lived in an imposing house on the water side of Beacon Street overlooking the Charles, and they opened their doors to me with unusual hospitality. Sunday evenings after the men's conference was over, I would always go to them. Mrs. Hutchins would save dessert for me, then the three of us would go upstairs to the chimney corner where she would read aloud, generally stories by Sarah Orne Jewett or O. Henry. This was an example of the kindliness of so many people. Never tell me that Bostonians are cold.

Christmas meant a series of parties from the Home for the Aged to the Neighborhood House in East Boston. For the children's service on Christmas Eve there was a tremendous tree in the church, and there was sung with great joy a song which would not be approved today because of a lack of religion and musical quality, "Oh, You Beautiful Tree." Then the clergy



and the choirboys took chartered buses and visited the Children's Hospital, where the Sisters of Saint Anne then on duty welcomed us. The boys sang carols in the wards. Then we went on to the homes of a number of shut-ins, ending up with one of Ma Hunter's oyster stews at Trinity House.

In the summer of 1916 I received a letter from Dr. F. A. Washburn, Director of the Massachusetts General Hospital stating that a Red Cross hospital was to be established from the personnel of the hospital with the idea of possible service on the Mexican border. Bishop Lawrence, he wrote, had suggested me as the chaplain. After talking it over with the Bishop and Dr. Mann, I went to the hospital, signed the roll — then again became immersed in parish work. In April 1917, after our entry into the war, I happened to meet Dr. Jason Mixter in the corridor of the hospital. He said, "We may be called out any day now,"

I said, "Who?"

He replied, "The hospital of which you are chaplain." Friends of mine had gone to Plattsburg, yet the possibility of transporting an army to Europe seemed remote. But now it was our turn to go and I resigned my position at Trinity Church. Dr. Mann said, "I do not want to buy a gift for you. I will give you the little cross I have had on my desk for years." So it has gone through many experiences and stands before me on my desk as I write this.

He wrote with characteristic generosity in the parish calendar a statement which cheered me as I embarked for the unknown:

Trinity Church makes a real sacrifice for the country in letting Mr. Sherrill go. Modest, straightforward, clear-headed, and efficient he is eminently fitted for the important work of chaplain of a Hospital Unit, but how surely we shall miss him. May God bless and keep him wherever he goes is the prayer alike of the people of Trinity whom he has served so loyally and the Rector who feels that in losing him he is losing a younger brother.

Dean Hodges used to say, "An ounce of taffy is worth a pound of epitaphy." It proved so in my case.

So ended my first affiliation with Trinity. The experience gave me an insight into Christ working in the lives of men, women,



boys, and girls. I have no recollection of sermons I preached, but it was good to be pushed to do the best. No one could stand in that pulpit and give a suddenly improvised "talk." The Parish Library forced me to read. The greatest influence came from my associates and from the people of the parish.

# 5

## Base Hospital Six

IT WAS with considerable misgiving that I entered upon this new life as Red Cross chaplain of the Massachusetts General Hospital, to be known henceforth as Base Hospital Six. The war for many of us had an atmosphere of unreality so far as our participation was concerned. I knew nothing of military life and, with the exception of two or three acquaintances, most of the members of the unit were strangers. There was no time for training and I had little idea of what I could or should do. As I think now of the clinical experience and instruction given institutional chaplains, this fact is all the more evident. At least I was not held back by too much knowledge. In addition, I was younger than most of the officers.

Dr., soon to be Major, Washburn had been for a number of years Director of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He had experienced military service in the Philippines. At first sight he seemed stern and forbidding. He stood straighter than an arrow, with ruddy complexion which could become crimson under sufficient provocation. As I look back I realize the strain he was under with an entirely green unit. We did have a few days at Fort Strong in Boston Harbor, when the enlisted men did a great amount of marching under the direction of a recent graduate of West Point.

On June 3, 1917, there was a memorable service of farewell arranged by Dr. Mann at Trinity Church, which was crowded to the doors and out into Copley Square, for we were among the first contingents to go. It was a deeply moving occasion for us all. Bishop Lawrence spoke and for the first time I addressed the unit.

The succeeding weeks became embarrassing for we did not go, and everyone assumed that we had done so. I was continually meeting people whose greeting was "Haven't you gone yet?" One friend said, "I have been praying for you for two weeks thinking you were on the water." Another cheerful soul remarked, "Some of these units ought to be sunk. This country needs waking up." I feebly rejoined that I would just as soon someone else served as an alarm clock.

Finally orders came for the unit to entrain for New York. Major Washburn had kindly allowed me to go ahead to spend a day with my mother and brother, so I missed the absurd secrecy of the unit's journey through the basement of the South Station and into heavily curtained cars. I joined the others on the Cunard steamship *Aurania*, and on July 11 we set sail. As we went down the harbor, the nurses in their cloaks lined with red were plainly visible, the Kaiser must have learned that we were on the way.

On this first Sunday I began my special task with an early service of the Holy Communion and a later service attended by all but the Roman Catholics, who had their own Mass. I roomed with Henry Marble, a surgeon. As the unit had gone along Atlantic Avenue on their way to the South Station, he had suddenly realized that his pajamas had been packed in the wrong bag. He slipped out of line and darted into a small store, but all that he was able to purchase was an old-fashioned nightgown with flamboyant wide red trimming. On the morning of the first service I went up to the lounge where the congregation had assembled, and which was the only place I could vest. I put on my cassock, surplice, and stole to find another vestment still over my arm — namely, Henry Marble's nightshirt! I hastily tucked it

under a cushion and the service proceeded. Major Cabot had enrolled a choir which sang at all services, including the Roman Catholic. They spent considerable time rehearsing, which was soon to raise a minor problem. A committee waited upon me to say that it was bad enough to have to go through the submarine zone without having also to hear over and over "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

In the light of subsequent events in the world and of what others have experienced, ours was an insignificant crossing of the Atlantic. But it was not pleasant, for we were unescorted. The ocean looked vast and cold. About midway we began to zigzag to escape any possible torpedo from a submerged submarine. Shortly before we reached Cobh, then called Queenstown, we sighted a speck on the horizon. The question was, Friend or foe? It took considerable time to approach. Finally we made out the welcome sight of an American destroyer, which convoyed us into Queenstown Harbor. Shortly after its appearance the destroyer fired several shots for a reason we never knew. Apparently there were submarines about, for we were held a day in port. Larry Oliver, one of the jolliest and most energetic of our doctors, had the idea of fishing, so he purchased hook, line, and bait from one of the Irishmen. I came along later to find him sitting on an upper deck with his line draped over the railing. "Not a single nibble," he said. I looked over the side to find that his line was not long enough to reach the water. The next day, in company with another transport, we were convoyed by two destroyers to Liverpool.

Off the boat we went onto a troop train and proceeded through the English countryside. It was my first sight of England and I was greatly excited. But as a matter of fact I never put my foot on English soil. We spent ten minutes at Oxford where I walked up and down the platform and then we went directly to Southampton where we boarded the British hospital ship, *Warilda*. All the next day we were anchored off the Isle of Wight. As evening approached we were ordered to put on life belts and to stand on deck as we threaded our way through the



British mine fields. Once in the open channel we were ordered below and about two o'clock in the morning we reached Le Havre. That the trip was not without some element of danger was proved by the fact that both the *Aurania* and the *Warilda* were torpedoed and sunk shortly afterwards. A few days were spent at Le Havre, and again we entrained. All this time we had no idea of where we were headed and at every stop rumors flew thick and fast. We learned that we were to take over a French hospital which occupied a former *petit lycée* in Talence, situated about three miles from Bordeaux. It consisted of a large main building and a number of barrack wards. The grounds were extensive and attractive with some beautiful trees. The population of this French hospital was a heterogeneous lot — Russian, French, German prisoners, Annamites, Senegalese, and Algerians — and they were evacuated with the French Medical Unit. The whole place was indescribably filthy, especially the grounds, with mangy dogs in abundance. The nurses never forgot their first night, for though tired from the long trip, they had to scrub the floors and the walls of their barracks before they dared go to sleep. A rat bit through an ear lobe of one of the men on an ensuing night.

But before long we were all in residence, with Major Washburn determined to make the Petit Lycée as hygienic as the MGH at home, which, as all who were there can testify, required some doing.

The military life was new and strange to all of us, and inevitably created difficulties and problems. I have mentioned the task of cleaning up and keeping clean. Then there was the difficult matter of military discipline. We had a high-grade personnel. Many of the men were college graduates, a notable exception being the top sergeant, a soldier of fortune, older than the rest. His conversation — expurgated — ran, "Hey, youse guys, has the bugle went yet?" Once he told me that he enjoyed talking with the French "pheasants."

Major Washburn was understandably strained as the whole responsibility was on him. There were countless matters and people

to correct and he was never one to shirk duty. The day of greatest potential was that of the weekly inspection when the Major and his staff went over the entire establishment with the most critical eye for detail. It was like facing a weekly Day of Judgment. Under these exacting and constant examinations the morale of even the best of the enlisted men began to weaken, for, like the rain, the judgment fell upon the just and the unjust. As I was the recipient of the feelings of many of the men, I finally made up my mind to have a talk with the Major. It took some courage — perhaps “nerve” is a better word — as I knew him then in only a formal way. So I went to his room, where I found him in bed with a cold, sitting up as stiffly as he walked the corridors.

“What do you want, Chaplain?”

I explained my point of view, stating that the best men were discouraged because they received call-downs while the guilty took to their heels. I recall saying, “You are destroying the morale of the unit,” to which he answered very shortly, “I do not agree with you.”

“Well,” I concluded, “you are the commanding officer. I am only the chaplain. But I think that I know the men better than you do. I thought it my duty to tell you. Good night.”

I thought that here was the end of my service with the hospital. The next day was inspection. The Major and his staff appeared in the adjoining post office, and I could hear denunciation of the conditions. Jason Mixter was officer of the day. As they both entered my little office the Major motioned Jason to come nearer and in the sternest manner whispered so no one else in the next room could hear, “Captain Mixter, you and I know that this place looks like a pigpen, but I wouldn’t dare tell the Chaplain so or he would come up to my room again tonight and give me hell.”

After that I went to him with everything. No one could have been more considerate. Always in church, he supported all that I tried to do. I came to admire him, for if he was strict with others, he was equally so with himself. Through the succeeding years I have been constantly grateful for his friendship. Respect turned to deep affection. Long after, when I had an operation

at the MGH, F.A.W. was sitting by my bed when I came out of ether.

The whole hospital had a weekly inspection; the kitchen and the men's quarters were put to the acid test daily. Fred Irving, later the distinguished Boston obstetrician, was the company commander. All who knew Fred Irving will recall his high spirits, his wit, and his explosive reactions. This is the sort of thing that happened. In this kitchen there was an old French oven which was used as a repository for articles difficult to explain in an inspection.

The Major: "What is in that oven? Put your hand in."

The cook pulled out a bottle of hair restorer.

"Put your hand in again."

Out came a half-eaten chicken.

"Again."

There appeared an unwilling pair of overalls.

So one day Fred came into my office. "I can't stand it any longer. I'm a surgeon, not a company commander. I'm going up and tell the C.O. that I'm going to quit this business."

I said, "Fritz, you forgot one thing, you are in the Army."

"I don't care," and off he went to find the Major. Some time went by before I saw him again.

"How did you come out?" I asked.

"I went to see him," he replied, "and for ten minutes I blew up and then ran out of breath. The Major said, 'Are you through, Fritz?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Well,' he concluded, 'let's go across the street and have a drink.'"

I asked, "Are you still company commander?"

"I guess so, it didn't come up again."

My responsibility was varied. I was postmaster and am quite willing to agree with the Major, a poor one. The climax was reached one day when he found two telegrams in the mailbox. As the hospital increased in size the mail was no small task; at the peak great truckloads would arrive. Scores of the patients would appear eagerly hoping for word from home. Once in a while a man would receive twenty or thirty letters, but 99 per cent were

for soldiers who had already left. The disappointment was pathetic.

I was chief censor and had to read all the outgoing mail of the unit with the exception of the officers. Later on I turned this task over to the convalescent officers. The censorship rules of the A.E.F. so far as we were concerned were absurd. Here we were far from the front and none of us had the slightest knowledge to pass on. But it had to be done, so I waded through countless letters. Some of the unit did not like this but they need not have worried, for after the first ten I was dead above the neck.

Then in the first months I was sort of a recreation officer. I was anxious to keep the unit out of the city of Bordeaux, so we formed a baseball league and for many a Sunday afternoon I played or umpired. The chief hazard was that many of the French people came and insisted on standing behind the catcher as foul balls went to the right and left of them.

The Major gave me a ward which I set up as an enlisted men's room. Trinity Church people had given me funds for such a purpose. There were places to read and to write and a gramophone. The men were not always too careful in cleaning before inspection, so I used to go early in the morning to sweep and to dust. One day I had everything in order. I turned my back to greet the Major and his aides. When I turned around I could not believe my eyes. There was unmistakable evidence that a bird had flown through the room. The cavalcade halted at that point. The Major pronounced, "A recent accident," and on they went.

In the last war and today chaplains are not asked to undertake all these extra activities.

Of course my main task had to do with the Christian ministry. When we first reached Talence I held services in a beautiful pine grove where a rustic altar was built. I think that these services were longer remembered by the members of the unit than any others. The services brought strength and inspiration. I tried to preach briefly and simply with reference to our daily work and to our adjustment to a new life in a foreign country. There were



a number of French Protestants in the Bordeaux area, some of whom joined with us. These services kept before me and the others my central task. There was a Roman Catholic chapel on the grounds where a gentle and charming French curé celebrated Mass. Later on, in the colder weather, we moved the services to the esplanade which ran along the side of the main building. But the sacred often became intertwined with the secular, even the bizarre. The *pompiers* always came on Sunday mornings to pump out the cesspools. Their cars drew up in front of the Lycée, so we had one large hose running through the congregation with the noise of the pumps constantly in our ears, not the only sense to be involved. There is one thing about army life, you are prepared for any eventuality which may occur in your later ministry.

Major Richard Cabot, Chief of the Medical Service, was a most unusual person who defies analysis. He was so many things: brilliant in his contributions to medical science and practice; kindly and good beyond question, deeply religious in his own way; infallible in the certainty of his own judgments; humorless; undeterred by opposition, yet eager to be liked. It was somewhat comical to see him go to war with a violin in one hand, a brief case in the other. So far as I was able to observe he played only two pieces; one was "Humoresque," the other I have forgotten. These he played on every possible occasion, and I have no doubt would have done so with equal aplomb had he been asked to solo for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He gave splendid current-events lectures with great clarity and supreme authority. Many were disappointed when he came back from a visit to the front that he did not announce the exact date upon which the war would end. He led a chorus with great vigor standing on a soapbox, often on one leg, as he pounded the other in midair with his hand. He held soirees for the nurses in a darkened room of a neighboring summer house, reading from the plays of Lady Gregory with a lighted candle perched on one knee while the nurses gathered about sitting on the floor with admiration and some awe. I went once, but it was all too much for me. He played baseball. In all these ways he did more than anyone else for

the nurses and the enlisted personnel and was rightly admired and loved, particularly as he discounted all military matters, such as saluting. This was somewhat hard on the other doctors, who were forced to play the military game. For me he was both a help and a difficulty. I appreciated all that he did for the unit, but could not help but be conscious that in certain ways he could preach more effectively than could I. In fact he told me that! But as I pointed out to him I had the responsibility and his would have been a different gospel. He really felt that anyone who said the Apostles' Creed was unconsciously but nonetheless false to the truth. I once told him, "If you ever formed a church, there would be only two members. You and Mrs. Cabot." As I look back, I realize that he added both to my education and to my fortitude.

The latter part of October on a Sunday afternoon all the senior officers left the grounds for one purpose or another. A number of us thought that it would be a good time to polish our leather puttees and shoes. We still had the old uniforms with the large hats and leather puttees reminiscent of the Spanish-American War. We sat on the floor with a can of polish in the middle, with our shoes and leggings off, and sang at the top of our voices a number of college and popular songs. Suddenly an orderly appeared in the doorway.

"General Pershing is here and desires to see the commanding officer."

If he had announced the arrival of the Kaiser, there would have been less consternation. Major Washburn, I should say, had gone that afternoon to see if he could rent an adjoining property owned by a Madame de Colin. Howard Means, the adjutant had the responsibility to greet the General. In the meantime, there was much purposeless rushing about by the rest of us. If a window was open we closed it and vice versa. I recall looking down over the banister of the upper hall. There stood General Pershing, the perfect figure of the cavalry general, immaculately dressed and polished, straight as an arrow with a colonel as his aide. His great Locomobile car stood at the main entrance. The

Lieutenant advanced upon him making the best salute he could.

General Pershing asked, "Where is your commanding officer?"

Lieutenant: "Out in the woods with Madame de Colin."

Pershing: "What did you say?"

Lieutenant: "She is a very old lady, sir."

Suffice it to add that Major Washburn appeared and the General seemed pleased with the progress of the hospital.

That fall and winter were somewhat depressing. The war was not going well. We were among the first of the American contingents to arrive so we had comparatively few patients. The doctors and nurses were engaged in unaccustomed tasks, to say the least. I note in Dr. Washburn's later report the following assignments in the first months: O'Neil, policing the grounds; Clark, building latrines; Leland, painting; Aub, screening; Binger, meeting vessels; White, installing dispensary; Irving, shower baths; Moss, fire protection; Mixter, exterminating vermin. In addition it was bitterly cold — not in temperature, but that damp penetrating cold that went right through you. I would sit in my office, my hands purple with the cold, unable to write — and outside roses were in bloom. We had no heat except in one room with an old-fashioned wood stove. There the officers would congregate in the evening and cough into each other's faces while the moisture ran down the walls. The only time I was warm was after an hour in bed at night and then largely due to a hot-water bottle Bill Moss and I persuaded an obliging nurse to heat for us.

We tried to keep up familiar ways. The Massachusetts General Hospital always observes Ether Day in celebration of the first public demonstration of the use of ether. So we had our Ether Day anniversary in France. With us in the unit was a charming and able Georgian, Dr. William Moss. He was asked to speak at this dinner of the officers. He did so with an elaboration of the prior claims of Dr. Long of Georgia to the discovery of ether. This was a unique anniversary in the long history of the MGH.

We had our Thanksgiving and Christmas. How good it seemed



early in the morning to hear the familiar carols sung by the Cabot Choir throughout the hospital. On the day before Christmas there was great activity in preparation. Late that evening I was in my cold office and I do not think that I have ever been so homesick in my life. Just then there was a knock on the door. A man handed me a little package which had just arrived by mail. In this were several kinds of candy and then this note; "We miss you. We are proud of you. God bless you, William Lawrence." No present ever came at a more opportune time and I have never forgotten the lift it gave me. It was so characteristic of the Bishop, both in generosity and in brevity.

This cannot be a history of the hospital but only of my modest part in the operation.

As the number of United States troops increased and as they went into action, our patient population rapidly increased, the peak being reached in October, 1918, when we had 4319 patients under our care. This meant an expansion of wards and other buildings with long, wooden, enclosed connecting corridors. A convalescent officers' rest home was established in a nearby town. The officers of the unit had moved from the Lycée to a château near at hand. In time a large Red Cross hut was added, in which we held Sunday services. A unit of doctors, nurses, and men largely from North Carolina joined our ranks. A number of casual doctors were assigned to us, a few of whom were of more than doubtful value, one saying that he had not practiced medicine for ten years and only volunteered so that his son would not be drafted. A helpful Y.M.C.A. secretary and a Red Cross officer were added to the staff and were a great help in my field. But for the great part I was the only chaplain, aided by the French curé.

In the meantime, the army population grew in the Bordeaux area. There was a much larger hospital than ours and a great artillery center not far away. Toward the coast was a naval aviation training unit. Whenever they had a fatal accident, which was all too often, I was rushed over for the funeral. I was often



asked to take a plane ride but under the special circumstances felt that discretion was the better part of valor.

On Sundays I had three services with a picturesque congregation, most of them in dressing gowns, some on crutches or even in wheel chairs. As regiments arrived in the neighborhood we borrowed the regimental bands for concerts. Some of them were extraordinarily good with distinguished musicians as leaders. It was a sight to see hundreds of patients sitting about the grounds in all sorts of costumes losing temporarily the reality of the present in the beauty of the music.

The religious work of the chaplain was not confined to Sundays, for the most important part was visiting through the wards with special attention to the very sick. It was a deep pastoral experience, a meeting with all sorts and conditions of men. They came from every part of the battlefront, from the service of supplies, or off the transports just arrived from the United States. They were from every part of our country and from every possible background and occupation. They were of every faith or no faith. Within our walls were all the component parts which go to make up American democracy. Yet they were alike in this particular. All were in need, not only of medical attention but also of friendship and, whether they knew it or not, of the strength and comfort which only God can give. In general it may be stated the knowledge of Christianity and of the Church with notable exceptions was lamentably weak. During these many months I went from ward to ward — measles, mumps, meningitis, influenza, and we had one case of leprosy. I prayed thousands of prayers and only once did a man fail to say "Thank you, Chaplain, that helps." Amid all the crudity which war accentuates, I became convinced of the truth of the familiar statement, "Man is incurably religious." Many times I failed, but with so many opportunities no one could miss them all.

The nurses were beyond all praise. Not only did they carry on an impossible load of professional work but they did so many extra second things — decorating the wards for Christmas, mark-

ing a birthday, caring for the individual. They were my eyes and ears. A nurse would say, "I think a man in my ward needs you." I recall one occasion when a nurse sent me such a message. I went to the bedside of a patient who was dying.

"Chaplain," he said, "I am so homesick that I can't stand it any longer. I didn't want to tell the others, but I thought that you would understand. I would like to hold your hand."

So I held his hand and he talked of home, until finally he quieted down and in the morning he was gone.

Another time, just before a Sunday morning service, I had word that a dying patient wished to be baptized. I rushed over to the ward, found the most attractive boy, recently married. After a short but moving talk in which he told why he desired to take the step, I baptized him. By the end of the church service he had died. His nurses had great resources of serenity but on this occasion, those who had cared for him were near the breaking point.

Those with poison-gas burns suffered the most. I do not know how I happen to remember an older soldier. He had been a blacksmith in Vermont. He was so thin that his arms looked like matchsticks. Finally it was decided to send him home because nothing apparently could be done for him. He was triumphant. As I said goodbye, his parting words were, "I'll be all right. I'm getting rid of these darn doctors. When I get home, I'll have a good bottle of patent medicine by my elbow, have apple pie for breakfast, and look at them hills."

When the convoys arrived, the work load on all was very great. A telegram would arrive: "EXPECT CONVOY OF 450 PATIENTS AT 3 A.M." Down would go the ambulances to the Bordeaux station; the men would be lifted out on the station platforms on stretchers until their turn would come for transportation to the hospital. They might have been on the train several days and often were in their battle dress. Because of our distance in time from the front, our deaths from wounds were comparatively few in numbers.

The epidemic of influenza took the greatest toll. This struck

without warning, and was particularly severe upon the physically strong and those who had just arrived on transports. There were days when I had time only for the dying. We had one ward — I think I recall the number 16 — filled with the hopelessly ill. It was a tragic sight as the dead were moved out and the dying moved in. A soldier on this ward said, "Chaplain, I don't like this ward. I have been asked to be taken out. Every night they take out a number and leave me." That evening he too was taken out.

A Brooklyn friend had given me a crucifix. It does not do to underestimate outward and visible signs. What do you do when a man cannot hear or understand a prayer through weakness? The crucifix in his hand he could see and it would bring the strength and peace of the Crucified and the Risen Christ. So he would die holding the Cross and the next day the nurse would return the crucifix.

During this epidemic, we would load a great truck with caskets and I would ride to the local cemetery in Talence. A long trench would have been prepared. I would read the burial office, then came the three volleys and taps. A number of French women of the village would come and weep, saying "*Les pauvres*" over and over. One day it was raining. As I stepped to the side of the grave for the service, the trench collapsed and I was thrown in, buried above the knees. At once the weeping gave way to laughter. The French cemetery keeper reached in and pulled me out, shouting "*Pas encore, monsieur.*"

The question has been asked as to the effects of this experience of death and of suffering. The first answer which occurs to me is that we were all going through this together. It was no more difficult for the chaplains than for the other members of the unit. Not to be compared to the actual battlefield, nevertheless it was a part of the war in which we were all engaged. Then, of course, none of the families of the patients were there. We lived in a small world of our own. I was aware of this when a French civilian died in the hospital as a result of a hunting accident. His family was there to be strengthened and comforted. In addi-



tion, I am confident that the majority of people under stress do what has to be done. Lastly, the simple fact is that one can become accustomed to almost anything. It does not mean hardness but it is a merciful protection given by nature to make painful work possible. This was brought home to me with a sort of shock. A chaplain from a regiment recently arrived in the Base Section came to me about the reported death of one of his men. I took him to the morgue where there were several bodies awaiting autopsies and in addition the body of a civilian which had been in the water for several months. As this was a routine visit to the morgue for me, I was surprised when the chaplain gave one look around and said, "Do you mind if I wait outside?"

When I reached home my mother thought that I had grown hard. After seeing so many young men die, it took some adjustment to feel sad at the death of old people. In my long ministry, I have seen much of death. Always there has come the conviction that this is not the end but an incident to life. Here one moment was a young man with interests, hopes, and fears; the next moment a body to be autopsied and taken to the Talence cemetery. That cannot be the end, was my overwhelming belief, much more than a vague hope or a stoical resignation.

There were a number of invaluable reservoirs of strength and inspiration. The fellowship within the unit was very real. We lived in a beautiful countryside and nature can be a great restorer. Some of the men and I, when we had a few hours off, used to visit an old ruined medieval castle situated in a cow pasture. In the fall the most wonderful blackberries grew in profusion in hedgerows along the roads. If I could get out with a pail for a while, I could forget the hospital temporarily, for it seemed like the Berkshires all over again.

But my main relaxation was due to the proximity of a wonderful French family, the Marquis and Marquise du Vivier, who lived in an interesting and historic château about a mile from the hospital. They had three sons in the French army, a young son in boarding school, and a charming daughter, Fernande, who was six years old. They were Protestants and often at-



tended our services. Kind to all the members of the unit, they made me a member of the family. The Marquis was in the wine business, had studied in England, and was a most charming and interesting friend. The Marquise was a handsome woman and one of the finest I have ever known, intelligent, thoughtful, and lovely in every way. It is difficult to describe adequately what it meant to me to be able to slip away for an hour and to be once again in a home for tea, perhaps a walk in the woods, friendly conversation. Fernande and I became warm friends and that little girl helped me to regain perspective. I had Christmas dinners with them. Once I came down with influenza. The commanding officer gave permission and the du Viviers took me for a week to their other fine home, Malleret, where they bred race horses. An old retainer would bring me breakfast in bed and light an open fire. Then would come a walk through the vineyards or the pasture with the Marquise. In the evening after dinner, we played cards. I was greatly run down and it is not too much to say that they saved my life. We were bound by many ties as one of their sons died of pneumonia in our hospital.

Then too there were the rare occasions for a furlough. Paul White, Henry Marble, and I took a trip to the Riviera. After a day's trip by rail, about midnight we reached a rail junction, Tarascon, which brought back memories of a French story we had studied at school. There seemed to be no trains for Marseille until about a fifth-class French troop train pulled in crowded with rather ancient bearded poilus. We were pressed into a small compartment, Henry Marble sitting between two Frenchmen opposite Paul and me. All three fell asleep with their heads on each other's shoulders. The sight of Henry's face filtered through French whiskers entertained Paul and me all the way to Marseille.

When we reached Marseille, there was snow and ice on the ground and a thunderstorm in process. Slipping and sliding we carried our luggage and finally roused a hotel night watchman; then we went to Nice, and by a small railroad to the perfumery center of Grasse. There we learned that a miniature

railroad went through the back country to Arles. We spent two days on that little train, at every stop being the cynosure of all eyes as the people had previously seen no Americans. In Arles, Nîmes, and Carcassonne, we inspected old ruins of the Roman occupation. I still remember the comfort of the beds our last night of furlough in Toulouse. Then back to reveille, the wards, and daily routine.

In the spring of 1918 Major Washburn, Jason Mixter, and Howard Means left us and were sent for service in England. As they were among my closest friends, it was a great loss. The new commanding officer was different in every way from Major Washburn. He and I were in frequent conflict as I attempted to stand up for what seemed to me to be the best interest of the hospital's personnel. The attitude of the enlisted men of the unit underwent a rapid and somewhat amusing change. In the early days there was much talk of what they were going to do to the Major when all returned to civilian life. After he left, they realized that while he was strict, he had their fundamental interests at heart in the way of food, clothing, and quarters.

In the autumn of 1918 I was transferred from the status of a Red Cross chaplain to that of a chaplain in the Army. Armistice Day came and that night I went into Bordeaux, where delirious crowds were singing and marching.

Several times it seemed that I might be ordered elsewhere but each time, due to pressure of the unit, the plans were changed. Finally on January 14, 1919, I was ordered to duty at the headquarters of the First Army. One night Bill Moss asked me to have dinner with him at the famous French restaurant, the *Château Rouge*, in Bordeaux. There to my surprise were gathered the remaining officers of the original unit and in the course of the evening they gave me a wrist watch which I still cherish.

It is with considerable diffidence that I wrote of my modest experience in the war, especially when I think of the greater contribution of literally millions of others. I spent the time hundreds of miles from the front. But for many reasons I would not have had it otherwise. Here was the opportunity to live with a remark-

able group of physicians and surgeons, many of whom have risen to national, even international, fame. Many of the nurses came to occupy important positions in the nursing profession. Among the enlisted personnel, a considerable number have been successful and useful men. There has been a bond between us which the passage of years has not erased. So far as the ministry was concerned, the opportunity was very great. Instead of chasing a lot of healthy soldiers about, I had what essentially was a captive congregation who were in dire need of the Christian religion. Ten years in a parish would not have given me as much experience of human nature, the best and the worst, for I was quite aware of both aspects. There were so many examples of high spirit. Once I went into a ward to find the patients singing, led by an amputee who, lying on his back, was using one stump as a baton. During all the succeeding years, Base Hospital Six has remained a permanent influence upon my life and ministry.

Bishop Perry of Rhode Island, my old friend from New Haven days, was the chief of Red Cross chaplains and he came for my last Sunday at the hospital. We went together to Paris and the following day he was kind enough to show me many of the interesting sights in the city. I took one of those dilapidated French way trains at which we scoffed then and which are so familiar to us now at home. At 3:00 A.M. I alighted at a deserted, dark station in the rain. There was no answer at the hotel nearby. So I sat in the station until the hotel opened, and reported for duty.

To my great joy I was assigned as an assistant to Chaplain Herbert Shipman, the Senior Chaplain of the First Army, who was the Rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City and after the war was to be Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese of New York. At one time he had been the greatly beloved chaplain at West Point and the author of the Cadet Anthem, "To the Corps." He was gentle, unassuming, vague enough to be utterly charming, and I lost my heart to him at once.

I took up quarters in a deserted paintshop with a Jewish rabbi and a Roman Catholic priest. Our task was to hold services for scattered units in that area in whatever location we could find



— an old hall, a dilapidated mill, or a barracks. The work was not heavy as compared to Base Hospital Six and to be with Herbert Shipman was a refreshment in itself. The idea of most soldiers was to avoid the brass. His idea was to sight a general — “Hello, Bill” “Hello, Shippy” — and they would throw their arms around each other.

Once he went to Chaumont in his car. He had to take it to an army garage for repairs. When the work was completed, the sergeant in charge said, “Chaplain, you can’t take this car without special permission.”

“Oh, my dear fellow,” Chaplain Shipman replied, “I haven’t time to get that; I am due back in Bar-sur-Aube for a service.”

“Sorry, you can’t take it.”

“Have you a telephone here?” He called up General Davis, Adjutant General of the A.E.F. “Bob, this is Shippy, will you please tell this sergeant to let me have my car? Sergeant, someone wishes to speak to you on the phone.”

The sergeant almost collapsed when he heard, “This is General Davis, Adjutant General. Let Chaplain Shipman go home.”

For some time a furlough had been due me. There were several possible choices — Belgium, Italy, or England. I figured that sometime I would see London and Rome, but never again would Belgium be as it was, immediately after the German occupation. So early one morning I took one of the first through trains to run after the Armistice from Paris to Brussels. Ordinarily it takes only a few hours to make the trip, but we were on that train from eight in the morning to ten at night as we took our slow course through the former British front. Utter devastation was visible at every hand. For some reason the battle of Lens had remained in my mind, for it had been a key point in the British defense. But there was so little left of the mining town that I could not tell where it was as we crept along. After a short stay at Brussels, I visited Antwerp, Malines, Namur, Liège and one of the first points of entry of the Germans, Dinant on the Meuse River.

I saw General Liggett only once. His chauffeur died of pneu-



monia and I had the funeral on a rocky hillside. Just as the service with a small firing squad was to begin, a great car pulled up and out stepped the General. He seemed like the kindest of men and insisted upon driving me back to the paintshop. It was a triumph of the rabbi and the priest to appear in style with the Commanding General.

Toward the middle of February Chaplain Shipman said, "I think I ought to get back to the Church of the Heavenly Rest."

Again I asked, "How do you work it?"

He called up General Connor, Chief of the Service of Supplies; "Bill, I think that I ought to be going home."

"All right, Shippy, there will be a stateroom on the *Leviathan* for you at Brest."

So off he went, leaving the warmest memory in my mind and heart. I happened to see him only once again, although we corresponded from time to time.

I was in bad physical shape as I had never thrown off the Bordeaux influenza. I was greatly underweight and had a hacking cough twenty-four hours of the day. About the first of March orders came to proceed to Saint-Aignan, described by Senator Lodge in the Senate as Saint Agony. There was no transportation available to meet us when we arrived in the late afternoon. So I struggled, coughing my head off, a mile or more through the mud to the billeting office in the village, only to be told that there were no billets available. Finally I found an attic room over a store. All that one could do was wait until a list was posted each day of casualties ordered to debarkation points. I was determined not to get medical attention for fear that I would lose the chance to go home. At the end of a frustrating week I took an overcrowded train and stood most of the way to Brest. We were located in a large building, one of many connected by duckboards in a sea of mud. If you had stepped off the boards, I am certain that you would have disappeared. Each noon a list of those to depart was read. This done, there was nothing to do but wait for the morrow. After an interminable week my name was read out to go on the cruiser *Montana*, which had just conveyed President

Wilson on his way to the Peace Conference. Late that afternoon some two thousand of us embarked by lighter to the cruiser and we set out for home. The Navy was not happy to be used as a troopship. As a matter of fact there was not much room. Some thirty of us were quartered in a storeroom right over the propeller, sleeping on three-decked beds screwed to the wall. But nothing made any difference, for we were on the way home. After eight days of a rough voyage we entered New York Harbor.

No one who has ever been in any war can forget the emotion of reaching home. We all stood on the deck. I looked around as we passed the Statue of Liberty and there was not a dry eye. Soon we landed on the Jersey shore. For once there was no red tape and we were free to go immediately. I went to Manhattan and called up my brother, who was at that time the manager of a large office building at 165 Broadway. I can hear now his eager voice: "Where are you?"

"In a telephone booth at the foot of your building."

Down he came and we went home to my mother, who had a caller who, much to my mother's annoyance, made no move to go. But finally we were alone and as usual the Sherrills talked together and constantly. The next day was a happy one. We motored to Camp Dix in New Jersey and I was discharged from the Army. Thus ended my insignificant but for me eventful service in World War One.

# 6

## The Church of Our Saviour



ON MY RETURN to Boston in the spring of 1919, I received three calls: the Episcopal Theological School asked me to become an instructor; Dean Rousmaniere wished me to be the first canon appointed to the St. Paul's Cathedral staff; and the wardens and vestry of the Church of Our Saviour, Brookline, called me to be their rector. The position at the Cathedral did not attract me, as I felt that the time had come to be completely on my own. Nor did I feel that by nature or inclination I was equipped to be a teacher, but Dr. Drown was so desirous that I come that he asked me to make no decision until I had talked with him. When we met I told him that I must be out in a parish dealing with all sorts and conditions of people: "God forbid that anyone should teach in a seminary who is not willing to pay that price."

I went to Boston and had a long talk with the wardens of the Church of Our Saviour at the summer home of the senior warden, Dr. Thorndike, at Millis. As we motored back to town, I said that I would like to see Bishop Lawrence at his house in Readville, so they waited outside while I went in to see the Bishop. As I entered, the Bishop greeted me with, "Well, Sherrill, you have three strings to your bow. What are you going to do?"

I replied, "That's what I have come to ask you."

"Well," he said, "I'm in a difficult position. I'm deeply interested in the Cathedral and the School, and the Church of Our Saviour is a Lawrence family parish." He went on to speak of the three opportunities in a most impartial way. It looked as if he was not going to give me any definite advice. But he concluded, "I usually am careful not to advise in such a situation, but I'll just say this: I said to Mrs. Lawrence at breakfast this morning, 'I think that if I were Sherrill, I'd go to the Church of Our Saviour.'"

"Good," I said, "that coincides with my own opinion; knowing that you approve, I will go to Brookline."

The Church of Our Saviour was built in 1868 as the gift of Bishop Lawrence's father, Amos A. Lawrence, and his uncle, William Richards Lawrence, in memory of his grandfather, Amos Lawrence. The Rectory was the gift of his mother. At the time I became Rector, there was the lovely church seating about four hundred, including a side chapel, a choir room, a parish room, and the attractive Rectory, all connected by a cloister. There had been three previous rectors, my immediate predecessor being the Reverend Dr. Reginald Heber Howe, who served the parish for forty-two years. Dr. Howe was a devoted pastor, but — a risk that occurs in our churches — he had been there too long, especially as in his last years he was greatly depressed by the death of his wife and was far from well. At his retirement the parish had been reduced to a comparatively small group. The senior warden was Dr. Augustus Thorndike, a distinguished retired surgeon. Judge Philip S. Parker was the junior warden, a tall, handsome man who was for years a pillar of the Diocese. The congregation was conservative, addicted to familiar methods and ways, but wonderfully cooperative and understanding. There could not have been a better nucleus upon which to build.

My brother was well established in business in New York and he and my mother made their home in Brooklyn Heights. In the light of my situation, it was decided that he would move to an apartment and that Mother would keep house for me in the Rectory. In September, accompanied by our faithful Tilly, we



moved into residence, and on October 5, 1919, Bishop Lawrence instituted me as Rector.

Brookline in the Longwood area was a community of homes with a number of unchurched people in the neighborhood and some students. I made parish calling a steady part of my day's work, and the congregation began to increase rapidly in numbers as did the Church School. The old parishioners were delighted to make newcomers welcome. Each Sunday was a fresh adventure. I had been happy at Trinity, but it made a great difference to have my own people and be able to speak to them Sunday after Sunday. My mother had a wonderful time making new friends every day. The parish gave us a reception. Mr. Frederic Cunningham, the Bishop's brother-in-law, came along and cheered me by saying jovially, "I do not think that I am going to like you — you keep me awake."

Of course, there are always in every parish those who are not too happy. One layman, shortly after I had started, asked me to lunch. He finally came to the point.

"I think you are too young to be our rector and I do *not* like the opinions you express in your sermons."

Somewhat taken aback, I answered, "You knew how old I was when you called me. Anyway, time will take care of that. I hold no brief for my preaching except that it is my own and can never be anyone's else's."

He grew no happier as time went on, but he didn't approach me again directly.

Now my Base Hospital experience began to help. This was before the present era of general cooperation between clergymen and physicians. Some doctors were inclined to view the visit of a clergyman to a patient as an intrusion, which I would never admit. I remember staying two days in the home of a dying parishioner. It is often perplexing for a clergyman in time of illness and death. You have to feel your way tactfully. Some families want you to do everything, others nothing, and all you wish to do is to help. I recall a hard-bitten lawyer whose wife was a parishioner.

He was articulate in his lack of faith. When their daughter died and I had the committal service at the grave, he stood at first erect and then bent almost double in hopeless grief. There was no way I could reach him. The opposite experience came when a little boy of the parish was drowned. The children he had been playing with were saved. Late at night we waited for the body to come. Finally when the group arrived, the father of one of the rescued boys was among them. Instantly my bereaved parishioner took his hand and said sincerely, "I am so glad that your boy was saved." Here was the witness of Christian strength and unselfishness.

With the increase of numbers, financial support grew for both the parish and the general work of the church. It was apparent that the one parish room was insufficient. We must have a parish house. This meant a capital funds campaign. A great deal depended upon the reaction of Mr. Henry S. Howe, a successful merchant and a classmate of Bishop Lawrence at Harvard. It was determined that I was the one to approach him. (We had already met: shortly after we had arrived in Brookline he called upon my mother, and when I came in the room he exclaimed, "But you're only a boy!") I made an appointment to see him at his office. As I recall it, he had a desk in a large room surrounded by a sort of fence. Evidently something had gone wrong in the office, for he greeted me abruptly: "You are a minute late." I told of the need for a parish house, whereupon he replied that he was not interested. I blew up.

"Mr. Howe, you know that we need this addition. You are more able to help than anyone in the parish. Without your interest we cannot go ahead. I cannot stay in this parish under such conditions."

I banged his gate and went home. Shortly afterward the telephone rang and a secretary said, "Mr. Howe wishes to speak to you."

I thought that we had better start packing. Instead Mr. Howe in the gentlest voice said, "Mr. Sherrill, I have been thinking

over our conversation. You were perfectly right. I was wrong. I would like to give so-many thousand dollars."

I write this in no criticism, for once aroused Mr. Howe showed a remarkable spirit of generosity. The next year he redecorated the church with great care, with an additional gift of \$10,000. Later on when I was elected Bishop he said that he would like to give me an episcopal ring. It is one of my idiosyncrasies that I do not care for episcopal adornments, so I thanked him, but declined. Bishop Lawrence spoke to me.

"Mr. Howe is hurt because you did not accept the ring."

I said, "Bishop, I am sorry. You yourself do not wear a ring; why must I?"

He answered, "Why don't you suggest that he give you your seal?"

So I told this to Mr. Howe and he had Mr. Charles A. Coolidge design a seal which I used constantly as Bishop. This will illustrate why I like the forthrightness and the understanding of New Englanders.

Dean Rousmaniere and I had become close friends. He was a man of quiet dignity, but with a great sense of humor. He had come to St. Paul's Church, Boston, from Grace Church, Providence. When the Cathedral was established, Bishop Lawrence appointed him as the first Dean of the Cathedral, where he had a remarkable ministry with the church filled twice each Sunday. He had a beautiful voice and read the service more effectively than anyone I had ever known. Coming from a Quaker background he knew the value of quiet. His class on Personal Religion was attended by many from all over the city and the weekly literature had a national circulation. Mrs. Rousmaniere was a charming woman who loved fun and was of strong convictions, as was their niece, Mary Rousmaniere, who lived with them. The Rousmanieres had no children and enjoyed youth. So I was often in their home. The Dean's affectionate friendship did much for me in every way, particularly in the area of personal religion. We spent many hours in his study reading aloud. Until his last

long illness we saw each other or wrote at least once a week and sometimes more often. The Dean quite rightly felt that my reading could be improved, so he arranged for me to take voice lessons for a considerable period of time with an unusual woman, Mrs. Mary Sleeper Ruggles, who later became a teacher at the School. I make no claims that I was one of her "star" pupils, though she persisted, used to come to church, and then give me a thorough going over afterward.

In the Presidential campaign of 1920 feeling ran high. With the exception of a few families the whole parish supported Harding and Coolidge. I was a firm believer in the League of Nations and so was for Cox and Roosevelt, much to the dismay of many. Once I got into an argument with Dr. Mann on the subject at the Trinity Rectory. It ended by his leaning over the rail at the doorway shouting at me, "Listen, son . . ."

I had met Governor Coolidge only once at a dinner given by Judge Parker for the Brookline town officials. Between the Governor and me sat John E. Peabody, a parishioner and a brother of Dr. Peabody of Groton School. He was a delightful conversationalist and would introduce one subject after another ended by the Governor's laconic "Yes" or "No." Finally Mr. Peabody whispered to me, "I cannot think of anything else to say."

Then he began on a new track: "Governor, did you know that goldfish breed in Howes Pond in front of my house?"

Coolidge brightened up at this information and they had an animated discussion on goldfish until it was time for the Governor to begin his speech in his nasal Vermont twang: "Gentlemen, it is very interestin' to be here this evenin' to talk about the Town Meetin'. . . ."

As I look back on my voting record I am sure that I have been wrong many times. It has been a puzzle to me to find so many people so certain of their political judgments — but I have always been glad that I did not support Senator Harding.

During the Presidential campaign of that year, I witnessed a remarkable feat of oratory by Newton D. Baker, the Secretary of War. There was a great mass meeting in Symphony Hall in the



interest of Cox and Roosevelt. President Eliot presided. He was then, of course, an old man. His voice was not strong, and he was closely confined to his manuscript. The crowd became very restless. When Mr. Baker, a small man, was introduced, someone in the gallery led in "Three cheers for Harding and Coolidge." Mr. Baker said a few words which were greeted by jeers, but as he persisted the interruptions grew less and less. Finally there was complete attention. Mr. Baker had complete control of the situation as he discussed the League of Nations. At the close he received a tremendous ovation. Never before or since have I seen a speaker so completely win a hostile audience.

Shortly after I came to Brookline I was asked to preach at the ordination to the priesthood of a young deacon, DuBose Murphy, at the Church of the Epiphany in Dorchester. Bishop Babcock had the service. There were so many clergy present that a wooden bench was placed in the chancel. Dr. Washburn and I were shown to the improvised seat. In the course of the service when everyone stood, I tried to rise but could not to do. Something pulled me back. I tried several times and gave up.

Dr. Washburn, standing very straight, every inch a Puritan, whispered sternly, "Aren't you going to stand up?"

I whispered, "I can't."

At last I got loose and the service continued. A little later at the proper moment I rose, but Dr. Washburn remained seated.

"Aren't you going to stand up?" I whispered in mock seriousness.

"I can't" came the answer.

At the close of the service we walked out together. Following the closing prayer in the choir room, Dr. Washburn said, "I am going back to examine that man trap." This turned out to be the explanation: the bench was made of two parallel boards. When we both were seated our weight opened a crack. When one rose, the crack closed on the surplice of the other and the only way he could be freed was for both to be seated and then rise together. At the end of the service this happened, else one of us would have remained a prisoner.

In 1921 the Reverend Malcolm Taylor, Secretary of the Episcopal Province of New England, began organizing a conference for young people of the New England states. He and I visited St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and through the kindness of Dr. Drury, the headmaster, were given the use of the school buildings and grounds for a ten-day period the latter part of June. This conference was continued over a number of years and was so successful that many of the dioceses decided to hold similar conferences on their own. For two of the first three years I was the chaplain. We had a fine faculty and a splendid group of young people. Quin, the young Bishop of Texas, known to all of his friends as "Mike," was a welcome faculty member; he was a fine pitcher, in addition to his other unusual qualities, and I had the privilege of catching him. We kept faculty prestige high by regularly beating the teams of boys. Bishop Parker, who was the Bishop of New Hampshire, was a devoted, kindly man who, having taught at St. Paul's School for many years, understood young people well. This was fortunate, for another member of the faculty was the Right Reverend Arthur A. C. Hall, the Bishop of Vermont. Bishop Hall was an Englishman of venerable age, ruddy complexion, and the most decided views; an old-fashioned High Churchman of the type which rarely exists today, he was an Anglican through and through. Bishop Hall had at one time been Father Superior of the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Boston. He had been a friend of Phillips Brooks, whose election as Bishop caused great controversy. Bishop Lawrence, in his autobiography, writes that "he had been recalled to Cowley (England) because, so it was commonly understood, though not voting for the election of Dr. Brooks, he had signed his testimonials. This recall had aroused much indignation and he had left many loyal friends in the Diocese."

I have always understood that because of this discipline of Father Hall, Bishop Brent, then a postulant of the order, had left to become vicar of St. Stephen's Church in the South End. "God works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." While in England Father Hall was elected Bishop of Vermont. When

he came to the Concord Conference in 1921, he was a handsome old man with something of the beauty of holiness in his expression, but somewhat formidable to say the least. He and I had constant minor disagreements. We had a service at sunset along the shore of the lake. Bishop Hall thought that it was proper to sing hymns only in church. For the short chapel service in the morning we did not insist that the girls wear hats. Bishop Hall would come to me with protests. As we were in New Hampshire I would go to Bishop Parker, who had the authority. Although in many ways a disciple of Bishop Hall, he would overrule the gently expressed but nonetheless firm protests. At the end of the Conference there was a meeting of the faculty to plan for the next year. Because of these disagreements I did not go, thinking that my absence would avoid further difficulty. I was writing letters in my room when there was a knock on the door. In came Bishop Hall.

"Mr. Sherrill, we have just been discussing the chaplaincy for next year. Because you and I have had disagreements, I asked the privilege to tell you that we wish you to come back next year. Furthermore, I have decided that I know very little about young people."

We threw our arms about each other. For the rest of his life we were bound together by ties of affection. The last time I saw him was on a cold winter day. We met in the Public Gardens. He had on a crimson muffler which set off his silver-white hair and his red cheeks. He had just sent me his latest pastoral charges in the first part of which he had laid out the liberals in the church, and in the second part he had severely criticized what he considered to be the superstitious practices of certain Anglo-Catholics.

I said, "Bishop, thank you for sending me your pastoral. I enjoyed the last part so much better than the first."

He smiled. "Yes, yes, I now have destroyed any vestige of popularity I may have had in any section of the church."

In the fall of 1920, a young couple, Mr. Allan Dexter and Miss Margaret Harris, came to see me as they desired to be mar-



ried at the Church of Our Saviour. Shortly afterward I went to call on Miss Harris at her home on Lee Street, Brookline. Two dogs tried to drive me away, but I persisted and made the most important parish call of my life. Margaret was occupied, so she told her younger sister Barbara, aged twenty, to go down to see me. I learned later that she objected, "I don't want to see any old minister." But she did come down. At the wedding she was a bridesmaid. We saw each other occasionally during the winter, and all the time she was in my mind.

In the spring matters speeded up. A parish is always interested in the matrimonial prospects of its unmarried rector. With my parishioners all about, many of them in homes overlooking the Rectory, I was conscious of this friendly but constant scrutiny. We solved this by attending Red Sox baseball games and by taking long rides into the country. On one of these in Manchester, where we were later to spend ten happy summers, we became engaged in June. When we returned to her home we broke the news to her family, who were most cordial, and the parish seemed delighted. Bishop Lawrence wrote Barbara a note: "A little bird has told me the news. Welcome to the noble army of parsons' wives." At least he did not word this, "The noble army of martyrs." Barbara spent the summer with her family at Squam Lake; I spent my vacation with my mother in Richmond, except for a brief visit to New Hampshire. On the hottest possible day, September 6, 1921, we were married at the Church of Our Saviour, Dr. Mann and Dean Rousmaniere officating. As we had invited the whole parish the church overflowed. A reception followed at the Harris home. We went off in a car covered with confetti with a tin can tied on behind. Our own car we had parked at a friend's house. So we changed and started for a honeymoon at the Harris summer home on Squam Lake.

Barbara's father, George B. Harris, was in the investment business. Both he and Mrs. Harris were from Salem, where Barbara was born, on May 23, 1900. In the family were a son and four daughters. Barbara had attended the Winsor School and the



Masters School at Dobbs Ferry, New York, from which she had graduated, being greatly influenced by the great founder and headmistress, Miss Masters. Mr. Harris had graduated from Harvard in the class of 1886; Jose, her brother, had played on the Harvard football team in 1917. From this Barbara never has recovered. She always has to cheer for Harvard! Mr. and Mrs. Harris were hospitable, and many large and happy family gatherings were sponsored by them through the years.

My mother rejoiced greatly from the beginning. Also, she did not wish my brother to live alone, so she and Tilly returned to New York. Sometimes people would annoy Mother by asking, "Which is your favorite son?" She always replied, "The absent one," so I moved now into that category.

The parish welcomed Barbara with open arms. A reception was given us in the Parish House and a stream of callers ensued. Even in those days it was difficult to obtain help and we had a succession of "characters," most of whom lasted but a short time. Barbara met all these new situations with poise and unselfishness. We had agreed that she would not take official positions in the work of the parish though she was always an active and interested participant. Her task was to have a home open to one and all; this she has done to perfection. Through the years she has made our home, in the words of the marriage service, "A haven of blessing and of peace."

Of course there were minor differences of opinion. At our first Harvard-Yale football game she danced up and down with a fur-coated Harvard rooter when Harvard scored a touchdown! On Christmas Eve I returned home to find her entertaining a little old woman who had been with her for an hour telling a tale of heart-rending hardship. I talked with the woman and was convinced that she was a faker, but finally gave two dollars and took her address, promising to look her up. When she had gone, Barbara's eyes blazed.

"You were not kind to that woman. On Christmas Eve with all those questions and such a small gift!"

When I tried to find the woman later, I learned that she had given a fictitious address. I was also delighted to learn that she had stuck Dr. Mann for a larger sum of money.

Our life was greatly enriched when Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell and their three children became near neighbors of ours on Monmouth Street and parishioners of the Church of Our Saviour. Sir Wilfred spent the summers in Labrador. In the winter he made various lecture tours in the interest of the Labrador Mission or of the League of Nations, of which he was an enthusiastic supporter. In between times they were in Longwood and we saw them constantly. I had no connection with his work except in the way of deep interest. Our relationship was one of personal friendship.

Sir Wilfred, I need not stress, was a remarkable man, strong in his convictions, courageous, and determined. But he also had great simplicity, a deep concern for people, a keen sense of humor, and was delightfully absent-minded. He took his cause seriously, but never himself. There was always in him something of the eternal boy. His faith in Christ was central in all that he did and said. He had little use for the nonessentials in religion. His faith was real and direct. Sometimes he would startle a dinner companion who had held forth at some length. He would finally break in with a remonstrance: "I do not think that Christ would like to have you say that." This had no suggestions of cant. His sincerity made it clear that he took Jesus seriously, and that he regarded Him as germane even to a dinner conversation. In his effort to raise funds, he would often say simply, "I have done all I can. If God wants us to have this, the way will open." He was in no sense an orator. His addresses were not always well organized. He talked as if in conversation, and his own character made the unforgettable impression. Sir Wilfred could be righteously indignant. The suggestion that the people of Labrador should be moved somewhere else, to a more salubrious climate, would bring sparks and a heated reply.

Anne Grenfell was much younger. Sir Wilfred used to tell me,

"The bond which really unites you and me is that we married wives so much older than we are." She was also much taller than he, a fact accentuated by her often wearing a hat with plumes. Wilfred loved to sketch. His letters were margined by these drawings — a procession of bishops as penguins, his ships on the Labrador coast. He always pictured himself as a little fisherman in high hip boots, Anne as a tall figure beplumed. One of his best sketches was of himself in boots standing on a highboy struggling to button her up in the back. Anne was enthusiastic and though born in Chicago, more English than he. She shared his deepest convictions, and unselfishly and sometimes authoritatively watched over him and his appointments. Wherever they were, there was drive, vivacity, and humor intermixed with discussions concerning the purpose of God and the welfare of man.

Wilfred enjoyed playing squash. We often played at the Harvard Club. Since he was twenty-five years older, I was unwilling to admit that I had had enough. Perhaps because he was older, he would keep on until, finally exhausted, we would lie down on the floor of the court to regain our breath. Once in April the four of us went on a day's picnic to Plymouth. As we stood on the shore Wilfred suddenly said, "Henry, let's go in swimming."

"I said, 'Nothing doing, I wouldn't go into that ice water.'" Anne backed me up. Finally he compromised by taking off his shoes and stockings, rolling up his trousers, and wading.

His absent-mindedness was proverbial, and no one enjoyed the accounts of his misadventures more than he. I remember a conversation after I had resigned as Rector of the Church of Our Saviour and he had just returned from a trip to the Middle West.

"Henry, I met just the man to succeed you."

I said, "Who is he?"

"I don't recall his name."

"Where does he live?"

"I can't remember."

"What do you know about him?"

"Well," came the supreme answer, "he plays a dandy game of squash."

After we had all left Brookline, they would come to visit us in Boston. Sir Wilfred's health had begun to fail. One day and night there was a sale for the Labrador Mission at the Copley Plaza Hotel. I went over just before dinner to find Sir Wilfred besieged by a crowd of autograph seekers and looking worn and helpless. I barged in, took him by the arm, and said, "You are coming home for dinner and a rest."

When we were in the car he said, "I want you to understand that when I am on my boat in Labrador, I'm the captain, but here I can't control matters."

Anne Grenfell died before him after a long and painful illness, bravely trying to plan a future for him and unselfishly thinking of others. Shortly before his death, Barbara and I motored to their home in Charlotte, Vermont, to see him. We found him far from well. His close friend, Dr. Harvey Cushing, had died several days before. Thinking that Sir Wilfred must have known this, I spoke of Dr. Cushing's death. Wilfred was greatly shocked, for he had received a letter from him that morning. It must have been one of the last letters Dr. Cushing wrote. We were glad that we could be with Sir Wilfred at that particular time.

In the last letter I received from Sir Wilfred he restated his Christian faith. "These days of challenge are unquestionably needed. Out of it will come a new spirit, sanctified and made unquestionable and unanswerable, not by the infallible but by the fearless and unconquerable." Then, referring to Anne; "I have no more doubt that we shall meet again and recognize each other than that you whom I can't *see* have been helping me carry this load." Wilfred and Anne make Heaven seem very real, "as they go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in God's heavenly kingdom."

In the spring of 1922 Bishop Lawrence asked and received consent for the election of a Bishop Coadjutor for the Diocese. Of course there was great interest and concern within the Dio-



cese. A large number supported the Reverend Dr. Charles L. Slattery, D.D., the Rector of Grace Church, New York. Some desired the election of Dr. Mann; others, made up chiefly of the clergy of the missions of the Diocese, were enthusiastic for Bishop Babcock, the Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese. For Dr. Slattery I had admiration and a warm feeling of friendship. My mother and brother were parishioners of his, and I had heard a great deal from them of his remarkable ministry. But Dr. Mann had made me a member of his family. He was one of the outstanding clergy of our national church and had been a wheel horse in the Diocese. Bishop Babcock was a good man in every way, but he was over seventy years of age, only a year younger than Bishop Lawrence. Under these circumstances, I decided to support Dr. Mann. Dr. Slattery, a graduate of the Episcopal Theological School, was the overwhelming choice of the graduates of the School. One of the older graduates wrote me that I was disloyal to the School, which was absurd. Dean Rousmaniere, who was away from Boston for some weeks preceding the Convention and who was a leading supporter of Dr. Slattery, wrote me asking that I make no decision until his return. I replied that I was, of course, sorry to disagree with one of my dearest friends, but that I intended to vote for Dr. Mann. Accordingly, when the Convention met, I was one of the seconders of Dr. Mann's nomination.

It was an exciting convention. In the election of a bishop the clergy and the lay representatives of the parishes vote separately. To achieve an election there must be a majority of the votes cast in both orders. On the first ballot Bishop Babcock had the lead in the clerical vote, Dr. Slattery in the lay. We then adjourned for the lunch hour. When the meeting reconvened, Dr. Drown stated that he wished to ask Bishop Lawrence two questions: One, if Bishop Babcock were elected Coadjutor would the Bishop ask for the election of a Suffragan? To which the Bishop answered, "No." Two, what would be the situation if the Suffragan were elected Coadjutor?

Bishop Lawrence, who had relinquished his salary to the Coadjutor, replied: "Bishop Babcock would have my present work;

I would have to take his. He would have my present salary; I would have none."

Then a layman arose. "Bishop Lawrence, if Bishop Babcock were elected, would it increase or lighten your burdens?"

Bishop Lawrence gave his final answer: "I should think that it would be patent to every member of this Convention that it would increase them."

Bishop Babcock, who had unwisely allowed his friends to present his name, then withdrew. Dr. Slattery was elected on the second ballot, with Dr. Mann second.

Barbara and I at once went to the Trinity Rectory to tell Dr. Mann of the result. We found him and Mrs. Mann seated before the fireplace in the study.

I said, "Dr. Slattery has just been elected."

Dr. Mann's only comment was, "The Calendar is about to go to press. I just have time to write a tribute to Slattery."

He sat down and wrote a generous greeting to the Bishop-elect. Dr. Slattery was consecrated on October 31, 1922, in Trinity Church.

Shortly afterward Dr. Mann was elected Bishop of Pittsburgh, and was consecrated there in the Cathedral on January 25, 1923. Bishop Lawrence was the preacher and he and I shared a compartment on the train. After dinner the Bishop characteristically said, "I wish that you would read my sermon to see if you have any suggestions." Needless to say, I did not have any, but this reveals the Bishop's objectivity and his attitude toward a young clergyman.

Edwin van Etten and I were Dr. Mann's attending presbyters. Neither of us knew anything of a bishop's robes and our task was vest him at the proper time in the service. We did our feverish best while he stood patiently. Suddenly Bishop Ferris came over and whispered to me, "You have his cuffs upside down." Despite our ineptness the service continued.

On November 14, 1922, we were made happy by the arrival of a son, Henry Williams, named after my father, as in the early

morning hours Mrs. Harris, my mother, and I waited. I saw Fred Irving, my old friend of Base Hospital Six days, start down the long corridor. When he got within hearing range he shouted, "Henry, you're a mother! It's a boy!" Soon after, I baptized Harry in the Church of Our Saviour. It is true that appreciation comes from experience, for, ever since, the baptismal service has had new significance for me.

Things had gone comparatively well at the Church of Our Saviour. Attendance had increased. One Sunday the church was so crowded that a member of the vestry arriving late could not get in. I instituted a Sunday evening service preceded by an organ recital and followed by a social hour in the Parish House. I have always regretted the decline of the Sunday evening service in the church at large, for there are many people who because of their responsibilities cannot attend church in the morning. In response to "The Church's Call" (the Diocesan name of a nationwide campaign) we had gone well over the greatly increased giving asked of us, and the parish budget had doubled.

I wish to pay tribute to Dr. Howe, my predecessor, who lived a few doors away and regularly attended the services. Never did he interfere. Although I told him that he could do anything in the church he wished, he was most punctilious in every way. The only comment of his which I recall was in regard to the gift for candles for the altar. At the same time I had given permission for a notice on the Parish House door concerning a tennis tournament in the neighborhood. Someone asked Dr. Howe how things were going in the church. In a deep solemn voice he replied, "Things are changing, changing very rapidly indeed. Now we have candles on the altar and [changing to a high falsetto] tennis in the cloister."

Sometimes for no particular reason the church seems determined that a clergyman must move. Perhaps there was a shortage of clergy. I had been only a short time in Longwood when I was called to Trinity Church, San Francisco, to succeed my old seminary friend Charles Deems. Then the inimitable Bishop Irving Johnson of Colorado spent a day with us asking me to be-



come Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Denver. A committee from St. Anne's, Brooklyn, issued me a call. These opportunities offered no difficulty of decision, for I was only getting under way in Brookline. But in March of 1923 Edward Ryerson and James Houghteling of St. James's Church, Chicago, and Harper Sibley and Thomas Spencer of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, appeared at about the same time and invited me to become rector of their respective churches. These were calls which had to be considered seriously. St. James's Church was an important church of great standing in the Diocese of Chicago, but facing a difficult situation because of changing conditions within the city. St. Paul's was an ideal parish with a fine and growing membership. The previous rector had been Dr. Goodwin, who had gone to Williamsburg, where he became the guiding spirit of the great restoration by Mr. Rockefeller.

Bishop Brent, then the Bishop of Western New York, wrote me, saying among other things, "St. Paul's Rochester is no ordinary opportunity. Social service, religious education and every department of the church's life is in active operation. Let me further say that if you come to this Diocese you will come to a brotherhood of the clergy which is unbroken by differences and unified by a common purpose. I join with the people of St. Paul's in expressing the hope that you will feel that God has called you to undertake work with us."

I was greatly touched by a letter from Dr. Murray Bartlett, President of Hobart College and a former rector of the parish. He had been wounded as a Y.M.C.A. worker in the war and had spent many weeks as a patient in Base Hospital Six. He wrote, "It is my belief that you are the leader these people are looking for. What the parish needs is a man with a strong personal and sympathetic touch. The people are eager for such a man, and they will follow him anywhere. I know that you have this qualification from my own experience in Bordeaux where you did more to brace me up mentally and morally than you will ever know."

So I took the trip west and spent a day in Chicago greatly at-



tracted by Messrs. Ryerson and Houghteling. Then on to Rochester where Mr. Spencer showed me about. My decision was not helped by the fact that so many of the laymen involved were clearly outstanding. When I returned to Brookline I was in a quandary.

In the meantime, after Dr. Mann's departure for Pittsburgh, the Trinity vestry had appointed a committee to advise as to the choice of a rector. This committee had been working for months. William V. Kellen had gone on a scouting expedition to the Middle West, hoping to turn up another Phillips Brooks. On my return from my trip I talked with Mr. Hutchins, now senior warden of Trinity, as an old and dear friend. He asked me to make no decision without letting him know. After a week I told him that I must decide, that it was not right to keep St. James's and St. Paul's waiting longer. One afternoon shortly afterward the telephone rang with the message that a committee from the Trinity vestry wished to see me. In came Mr. Hutchins, Robert Treat Paine, and Charles Mason. Mr. Hutchins said that they had come to ask me to be rector of Trinity Church. Mr. Paine in his enthusiastic way added, "We want you to come home." That was enough for me in the light of my love for the parish. It appears that they had held a sudden meeting of the vestry, wiring Mr. Kellen to come home. Harper Sibley wired me that St. Paul's, Rochester, took full credit for my call to Trinity.

The next morning before breakfast I received a special delivery letter from Bishop Lawrence in his own hand:

DEAR SHERRILL,

A committee of the Vestry of Trinity Church has just been in and notified me that you have been unanimously elected Rector, and I want to be the first to tell you how gratified I am at the choice. I know that you will be appalled at the responsibility and shrink from it. On the other hand, I am confident that you will meet the situation in such a devoted, simple and direct way that you will have all the people with and behind you and that as the years pass you will grow in strength and ability as well as leadership. I shall be glad to have one so sympathetic to my point of view to counsel with and you may be sure of

my loyal support. All this is to say how glad I shall be if you accept. May God guide and bless you through this and all other experiences of your life.

Yours sincerely,  
WILLIAM LAWRENCE

Immediately after breakfast Bishop Slattery called and for an hour urged me to decline Trinity and to go to Chicago. I have never felt critical of him for this opinion. I was young and untried, and Trinity was a key parish in the future of the Diocese. But I was greatly disturbed. The moment he left I called Bishop Lawrence on the telephone. "I want to see you."

"When?"

"Now."

"Come in."

So I told Bishop Lawrence of Bishop Slattery's call. He replied, "If he thinks the matter over, he will change his viewpoint. Go to Trinity."

Letters poured in from the people of the Church of Our Saviour and of Trinity and from many others. Bishop Slattery on second thought wrote with characteristic generosity: "I am sure that you have made the right choice." One friend advised me not to accept, as I could never preach like Phillips Brooks or administer like Alexander Mann. Dean Rousmaniere sent me an affectionate letter with the wise admonition to "remember that you are not called upon to be or to be like Phillips Brooks but simply to be the very best that you can make out of Henry Sherrill."

Bishop Slattery once said that it was like dying to leave a parish. That is absolutely true. Always there are people you hoped to reach or tasks planned for another year. Then suddenly the end comes and these will never be realized. Despite the opportunity of the future, the last weeks are not easy, for there is an inevitable atmosphere of sadness.

It is even more of a problem when a rector moves to a parish almost next door. In my last sermon, in fairness to my successor, Henry Ogilby, I stated that fond as I was of the parishioners of the Church of Our Saviour I did not wish to see any of them in

Trinity Church. In succeeding years when any did appear, the excuse given was, "We have a friend visiting us who wished to attend Phillips Brooks's church."

So ended almost four happy years.

# 7

## Rector of Trinity

TRINITY CHURCH was founded in 1733 and the first building of wood was erected on Summer Street. In 1829 a stone church was built, also on Summer Street, where Filene's store now stands, and this edifice was destroyed in the great Boston fire. Under the leadership of Phillips Brooks, who had become Rector in 1869, the great venture was then made of moving uptown to Copley Square, where the present church, designed by H. H. Richardson, was consecrated on February 9, 1877. That evening in his sermon Dr. Brooks touched on the future: "The church has new standards, new ambitions, new ideas of work. This is the modern notion of a church, not luxury, but work. God help us to cast off everything old and avoid everything new which can keep us from doing perfectly that great work which we can hear our Lord calling her to do for Him."

Bishop Lawrence instituted me on Trinity Sunday, May 27, 1923, as the twelfth Rector of the parish. In the service of institution the senior warden gives the Rector-elect the key to the church. The actual key to the church was small and unimpressive. With characteristic thoughtfulness Mr. Hutchins had had made a large silver symbolic key which he gave to me tied to the little one. Bishop Lawrence in his sermon unconsciously echoed the note struck by Phillips Brooks: "Trinity Church when



it has come in contact with a new generation has not stood still. It has studied the situation and under the leadership of the Rector it has moved forward. Now you are entering a new era under your new Rector. He is a young Rector. Do you realize that he is almost exactly the age of Phillips Brooks when he became Rector? Let us keep in mind that the future is as great as the past of Trinity on the condition that the people of the parish are willing to sacrifice themselves. What we believe in we put our life in. We will put into it that which costs us real sacrifice. Trinity has been the bulwark of the Diocese. But let us look at Trinity with a new eye, seeing that there are larger things to be done, that there is broader scope to our endeavor."

The wardens and vestry of the church were a remarkable group of men. My old friend Mr. Hutchins was the senior warden and the junior warden was Robert Treat Paine, who loved every stone in the church and gave constantly of himself. Among the vestry were an associate justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, three distinguished architects, businessmen of ability, lawyers, and a surgeon, Dr. Jason Mixter, my roommate of Base Hospital Six. The Rector customarily presides at the meetings of the vestry, but Trinity had an old charter which provided that the senior warden be the chairman. This was in many ways an asset, and gave me the opportunity to be an advocate rather than having to be more restrained as a moderator.

Our first meeting was held in Mr. Hutchins's law office, though usually we met in a home and in the evening, and very soon it became clear that we were facing a critical situation in regard to the support asked of Trinity for the work of our church at home and abroad. In the current year it appeared that we were almost \$30,000 behind our pledge, which came as a shock to me. Mr. Hutchins announced this fact and then added, "We have decided to let this year go and to concentrate our energies on reaching the full amount next year. Dr. Mann left in January, and our new Rector has come in May. This deficit, therefore, is the responsibility of neither."

I spoke up almost immediately. "It is not a matter of whose

responsibility this is, whether Dr. Mann's or mine. The question is what happens to the salaries of the missionaries in the field?"

Mr. Hutchins said, "This has been decided."

To which I replied, "This has not been decided so far as I am concerned. The parish has a right to know the facts. Next Sunday I propose to appeal to the congregation, if necessary, over the heads of the wardens and vestry."

There were a few moments of silence. Then Mr. Hutchins reached in his pocket, took out a piece of paper, wrote on it, passed it by me to Mr. Paine, and so it was handed on to the members of the vestry. I had no idea what this meant and the thought passed through my mind that they were being polled on my resignation.

When the paper was returned to Mr. Hutchins, he announced, "We have just subscribed so-many thousand dollars toward the needed amount. Gentlemen, there is a balance in the Treasury. I would like to have a motion that this too be added." It was carried. Then Mr. Hutchins, in his courtly manner, bowed to me and concluded: "Mr. Rector, we hope that next Sunday you will ask the congregation for the balance to make up the full amount with the entire support of the wardens and vestry."

I have always felt that the future of my leadership of the parish hung in the balance of those first minutes of my initial meeting. I pay tribute to the understanding and support of those older men. The next Sunday I asked for the full amount and the money was given. We were on our way.

An amusing incident arose on that Sunday of my first sermon. I preached to the point that Christianity must not be an aside in life, but must be in the center of the mainstream of human affairs. After the service a lady approached me.

"I don't think that I am going to approve of you as my new Rector. You preached against sisterhoods."

I assured her that sisterhoods were not in my mind at all, but to no avail. She continued to reiterate that she was certain to be unhappy with me.

"I agree with you," I finally said, "and tonight I will mail you a

letter of transfer to the Church of the Advent" — which was near her home.

She was absent for a few weeks, but evidently missed her family pew and Trinity friends, for back she came with an unusual letter of transfer from Dr. Van Allen: "Rev. and dear Brother: I enclose a Letter of Transfer for Mrs. ——— who for the moment has been a Communicant of the Church of the Advent." She remained thereafter a cordial but quiet communicant.

The staff of the church was composed of the Reverend John Ridout, who had been an assistant to Dr. Mann and minister-in-charge during the interim. The two wonderful Parish Visitors, Miss Mitchell and Mrs. Groves, who had taught me so much when I was an assistant, were still serving. A splendid deaconess, Miss Theodora Beard, had joined the staff some years before. Miss Elsie Gillis was our efficient parish secretary, and Francis Snow, capable and devoted, was the organist. Harold Miller had succeeded Charles E. Chester as sexton. He was a tall, lean, Maine Yankee, who had been Mr. Chester's assistant for many years. I had always heard that he had secured the position by writing in the words of the Psalmist, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness." He watched over the church and the Rectory with loving care and was not enthusiastic about changes. He had a key to the Rectory and would turn up silently upon the most unexpected occasions.

I was exceedingly fortunate in being able to enlist the help of the Reverend Arthur O. Phinney, a graduate of Harvard and of the Cambridge School, who had been on the staff of Grace Church, Lawrence. This was to begin a happy association of many years with Arthur and Lucille Phinney as fellow workers and friends. He was especially interested in the Church School and young people's work and took over entire charge of those departments with energy and imagination. The Reverend George Gibbs, who had been engaged in missionary work in the West, completed the staff. Kindly, with real pastoral concern, he was especially valuable in parish calling.



It seemed to me from the outset that we must know the people on our rolls, not simply as they came to church, but in their homes. I had no personal confidence that by my preaching alone the parish could either be maintained or built up. So we all went out into the highways and byways ringing doorbells, climbing apartment and tenement-house stairs. We had a weekly meeting of the staff in the Rectory study. I led off with an account of my calls in the week and then the others followed suit. If any of us fell down for any reason, Elsie Gillis, who kept the records, would pointedly ask, "Is that all?" This weekly conference gave us the necessary follow-up. Here was a family with children who ought to be in the Church School — referred to Arthur Phinney — and so on straight through the lists.

House-to-house visiting is a vital aspect of the work of the ministry; it is the outreach of the church. Many of the people who need the church the most are at times unconscious of that fact. They will never come to a parish house or a rectory to discuss their problems. After we had made our calls, even if the parishioners were not at home, the majority would turn up the next Sunday and say, "We are glad that you have not forgotten us, even if we have seemed to forget the church." Many clergy rightly stress that they are available for emergencies. But in times of stress no one wishes to confide in a stranger. Regular and persistent calling is the only real preparation for the crises which inevitably come to every family. It is a difficult thing to do. In the afternoon I could think of many other concerns which at the moment seemed more important. But I started on the road and would come home rejoicing and uplifted. Naturally in the early years of Trinity I had periods of uncertainty and of depression. So often I found people of the simplest backgrounds carrying with Christian fortitude greater burdens than any I personally had ever been called upon to face. The result was that I lost my own troubles in theirs. My parishioners did much more for me than I could ever do for them.

I am told that times have changed and that with the modern tempo of life and the new housing conditions, home visiting is



impractical. I do not believe this for a moment. It is a rationalism of the unwillingness of many to undertake an apparently pedestrian task. I realize that there is great pressure upon the clergyman of today to have the institution of the parish move forward in all of its organization and activities. In the past twenty years, I have traveled the length and breadth of our church. Everywhere I have heard the same complaint from the laity — that they do not see their clergymen in their homes. It apparently makes no difference whether the parish be large or small. If I were to suggest a means of spiritual revival in the church, it would not be the creation of new organizations or slogans, but to have every clergyman call every day resolutely and persistently. I belong to an older generation, but it strikes me that too many clergy are too concerned with themselves. Perhaps there is too much introspection encouraged in the training of our clergy.

Who, generally speaking, are the clergy? They are men who are supposed to have heard the call of God to give themselves in the cause of their Master to the service of their fellows. They enlisted to be leaders, to be carriers and not occupants of stretchers. "Are ye able to drink of the cup of which I drink and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" To the best of our ability we must reply, "We are able." It is easy for any of us to give way to self-pity. But the clergyman dares not indulge in such luxury. The lot of perhaps the great majority of people is hard, with too little food, shelter, health, and opportunity. Think of the hopeless future of literally millions of refugees in the world today. What right have any of us, unless mentally ill, to feel sorry for ourselves? Our consciences should trouble us that we do so little to share the world's suffering and need. I think of missionaries who go to foreign lands, many of them isolated from the close fellowship of the church. We cannot be David Livingstones or Bishop Rows, but in our own field we can have something of their faith and courage. To find his life, the best thing any clergyman can do is to lose it in the lives of his people. This is not done by uttering broad generalities about

sheep but by knowing individually each of his own flock, not just by name.

One of the immediate problems for me was the preaching, for I could not help but be conscious of the great tradition of the Trinity pulpit. For better or for worse, I had never committed my sermons to writing. In France as a chaplain it was essential to "talk" directly to the men without a manuscript. I had heard the advice that a young preacher should write out his sermon even though he did not intend to read it in the pulpit, but I found this impractical because I was bound by a partial and disturbing memory of the written page. To speak without a manuscript means that one has to live constantly with a sermon until it is delivered. Sometimes a book or an article would ignite a spark, often the idea would come from a parochial experience and I would wrestle with it the rest of the week, producing an outline which I took into the pulpit. For years a secretary took down these sermons in shorthand and typed them out. I know of no more Lenten discipline than to read in cold blood on Monday what you have said publicly the day before. This certainly was a cause for great humility.

I was greatly helped by a remark of Bishop Lawrence. Bishop Tuttle, the Presiding Bishop of our church, was totally deaf. Bishop Lawrence told me that when he preached in Bishop Tuttle's presence, he always had a copy made especially for the Presiding Bishop to follow. This made me think of Miss Abby Loring, a devoted parishioner who was also stone-deaf, so for years just before the service I wrote out a summary of my sermon for Miss Loring, and the sexton would give it to her to read while I was speaking. In making the digest for her, I was forced to clarify once again my own thoughts.

I remember the wife of a rector coming to see me about a serious moral problem. We talked this over at length. As she turned to go she said, "Don't you dare use me as an illustration in a sermon." In listening to certain preachers I have often been puzzled at the number of apt conversations they have had. Ser-

mons must be from experience but must never involve confidences. I was conscious in preaching of the greater knowledge some of my parishioners had on many aspects of life. A mistaken illustration based on lack of information can ruin the presentation of the soundest ethical principle. As Dean Hodges used to put it, "When preaching in the country, take your illustrations from the city; when in the city take your illustrations from the country. It's safer."

At any rate, I worked hard at it, trying to preach direct sermons within the scope of my experience. As each Sunday passed, I wondered if there would be anyone present the next Sunday. There always was.

One reason for the lack of response to sermons is that they are apt to be too general. People long to be told ways of the spiritual life which they themselves can practice. I almost hesitate to mention several requests I made: they are so simple. I think one of my most fruitful suggestions, which came as a casual remark, was to ask the families of the congregation to join in the Lord's Prayer at their Christmas trees before the presents were opened. After Christmas a lady came to say, "We had the happiest Christmas ever in our home."

I said, "How was that? Were all the children home?"

She replied, "For the first time as a family we joined in prayer in our home."

Another woman whose husband rarely crossed the threshold of a church told me, "I was embarrassed when we came to the tree, remembering what you requested, when my husband said, 'What's the matter with us? Aren't we going to do as Mr. Sherrill asked?'" So the testimony continued. In one way it was pathetic, in another a judgment upon the vagueness and generality of much of our preaching.

This led me at the beginning of Lent to suggest certain definite things. I asked each member of the parish to take fifteen minutes for prayer and meditation every day. An able lawyer said to my surprise, "I have been told a good deal about prayer, but no one ever made it definite before." Then, secondly, I suggested that one

way to keep Lent was to do the unnecessary but kindly acts we thought of but never got around to doing, such as a letter of condolence or a call on a shut-in. Finally I asked the congregation to read five books — and I gave enough of a summary of the book to arouse interest: one year, for instance, I mentioned *What Christ Means to Me*, by Wilfred Grenfell; *Concerning the Inner Life*, by Evelyn Underhill; *Our Father's Business*, by Thayer Addison; *The Ethical Teaching of Jesus*, by E. F. Scott; and *George Hodges*, by Julia Hodges. We established a bookstall in the main vestibule where such books and others were immediately available. It got so that an important bookseller would ask what books I was going to recommend so that a sufficient supply might be on hand.

I do not claim that these simple programs ushered in the Kingdom of God, but the response was amazing and encouraging.

In December of my first year at Trinity I received an unusual letter from Bishop Lawrence which I want to quote at length:

MY DEAR SHERRILL:

I had the privilege of worshipping in Trinity Church yesterday morning, and it was a privilege, for it was extremely gratifying to me, not only to find the church filled, but filled with a congregation that were evidently so keenly interested throughout the service and the sermon. Hearty congratulations on the hopeful outlook. To me it was quite striking to repeat, the keen attention of the congregation all the way through. The sermon was excellent, really excellent, straight, simple, and had the ring of sincerity.

Having said all of this, which is true, I am now going to make some suggestions and even criticisms, for I know that you want them in order to make an excellent thing even more excellent. I am going to begin at the very beginning of the service and go through.

Trinity Church is, as we all know, sombre from every point of view, and therefore needs brilliancy in music and voice. On this account the choir is put in a very difficult situation, especially at the opening of the service. The cross aisle in front is so narrow that the boys' voices are almost lost to those in the back half of the church, with the result



that the congregation pick up the processional hymn one by one all the way from the first to the second verse of the processional.

In other words, in order to overcome the heavy aesthetic atmosphere of the church, strength and brilliancy are needed—and I should imagine that melody would also carry through the church. Mrs. Lawrence, who objects to my criticizing you, but who happens to overhear what I am saying at this point says, "The present organist selects much brighter and pleasanter music than the former one."

Now as to reading, I listened perhaps too much as a critic and too little as a worshipper, but being interested in you and Trinity, I thought that a part of my duty. The tendency of your reading is towards the minor key, a bit depressing, and as years go on, unless you know just what you are doing and are able to listen to your own voice, the general effect of your reading will be liable to depress the congregation. I have the impression that you are trying to fill Trinity Church instead of trying to make some one person who is at the furthest end of the church hear you. If, for instance, when you are facing the congregation, you have your eye on one person in the back pew and talk directly to him, in a pleasant conversational voice, you will be likely to make that one person hear, and that means that the whole congregation have heard; whereas if one makes an effort to fill a whole church, one's voice is farther down in one's throat and is not thrown directly out.

I should say that you do not use your diaphragm enough, and that you make your throat muscles do some of the bellows work that your diaphragm ought to be doing, and that always tends somewhat to the nasal note. Fundamentally, you are right, that is you have got no affectations of the sonorous voice and all that, but I believe that with some skillful training you could improve your voice for Trinity Church one hundred percent in a month or two.

What I would suggest, therefore, is that you get a good voice culture person to come into Trinity Church for perhaps one or two Sundays when you do not know it, and make her own observations. It may be that they will not be what I have said but she ought to have the ability to show you definitely and by practice what to avoid.

You are of course at liberty to read this letter to any of the others, and even to Mrs. Sherrill. She may jump on me, but you can tell her that Mrs. Lawrence has been a persistently keen critic of reading,

style and sermons — and I mean by that an adverse critic; and I have always been grateful that for the first ten or fifteen years of my ministry I was from time to time under a good elocutionist or voice culture person. The congregations get accustomed to a man's voice, and it is very difficult for them to look at things from the outside point of view.

Of course in going around among the parishes, I notice the limitations of clergy everywhere, but do not speak of them, for I do not want to give the impression that I am making visitations in order to criticize; but I have thought that sometimes I should like to get all the clergy of the Diocese, or certainly the younger half together on a Monday morning, and give them a piece of my mind and experience. Please remember that I would not criticize if I did not think that you were worth it.

I remain with kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM LAWRENCE

That is a splendid illustration of real episcopal pastoral concern and friendship. I was deeply grateful.

After many years have passed, the details of organization seem less important than the contacts with people. But we did have a comprehensive program with departments touching every aspect of church life at home and abroad. Some years before, Mr. Hutchins had given us land for a camp at Bow Lake, New Hampshire. On this, necessary buildings, including a chapel, were erected. At Trinity itself, it soon became evident that the Parish House was inadequate for the increased demands made upon it. Under the direction of Charles A. Coolidge, the noted architect and a vestryman, a new floor was made by running steel beams across the hall in which Phillips Brooks had given his lectures for many years. Another of our successful projects was an annual parish supper, which brought together all sorts and conditions of people in a happy family gathering.

The parish prospered financially as the number of givers increased. We initiated an Every Member Canvass with volunteers who would visit all the homes of our parish. This was more than

a financial survey, because I asked that canvassers write on the back of their cards information helpful to the staff. So back would come the cards: "Baby unbaptized." "Children not in Church School." "Has never been called on." Then the staff would take over.

Some people resented being called on, others desired it. We opened the campaign with a letter from me and a budget from the wardens and vestry, and it was stated that if a response was not received by a certain date, someone would call to give further information. One Sunday morning just before the service a distinguished lady appeared in the robing room with flashing eyes.

"Mr. Sherrill, I wish to protest, a man had the effrontery to call me up three times for my gift. Doesn't the church think that my pledge is good? I gave that man a piece of my mind."

I replied, "Why didn't you send your card back by mail? If you had, no one would have called. I should like to know the name of the canvasser. It took a great amount of courage to call you three times. I should like to thank him for his unselfish service to the church and apologize for the treatment he received."

She looked at me sternly and then capitulated. "You are perfectly right, and I want to tell you another thing — my pledge in the future will be the first one sent in." Here again is an illustration of the integrity of New England character.

The Sunday before the yearly canvass I always preached a sermon in which I tried to present the financial figures of the budget in terms of human need and life. Someone was certain to come up afterward and say, "I am sorry that you did not preach a spiritual sermon this morning." The misuse of the word "spiritual" is somewhat of a perplexity. The material and the spiritual are inextricably intertwined. If it is unspiritual to deal with the subject of money, then the church should have nothing to do with money. But I maintain that the use of money is a moral and ethical concern, both in how it is made and how it is spent. By itself it is nothing, but such choices are implicit: money can be used for evil and selfish purposes or for the service of others,



and the spread of the Gospel throughout the world. The giving of our means is a very definite way of showing how much we care. A discouraging feature of the ministry is the lack of financial support, for it is indicative of a misconception as the importance of the church. The amount of a gift is not as significant as the willingness to share. I always said that our largest gift in these terms was from a girl who gave ten cents a week from a meager salary and with great responsibilities at home. I do not apologize for asking for the financial support of the church or for other great causes. To give prayerfully and sacrificially is a part of the vocation of the Christian.

As was to be expected we had intermittent financial crises during these years. The sandstone of Trinity is porous and the whole structure had to be waterproofed. Again, it may be a surprise to people who do not know the Back Bay to learn that the church stands on hundreds of wooden piles. If you look through an opening in the cellar floor, the appearance closely resembles a ferry slip. Suddenly the water level receded, exposing the piles to disintegration. If this had continued, the whole church would have settled. To protect the piles above the water level would have entailed a staggering expense. But due to the indefatigable and able work of Mr. Paine, the cause of the drainage outside of the church was discovered and corrected.

At another time the rear organ went to pieces. Just before Christmas I had a space available in the weekly calendar so I wrote a few lines to say what a welcome gift a new organ would be. A few days later I was looking through a number of Christmas cards. At the bottom of the pile I almost missed a small envelope. Enclosed was a note from Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge: "I would like to give the new organ provided my name is not known." I gave a shout of joy which brought Barbara to the top of the stairs. I persuaded Mrs. Coolidge to allow the source of that gift to be announced.

Sometimes we received unexpected resources. Mr. Josiah H. Benton was a successful lawyer and book collector who had been a trustee of the Boston Public Library for many years. When he



died in 1916 he left a considerable sum of money to the library, but in order to be certain that his gift would benefit the library instead of the city, he stipulated certain conditions which the city found it impossible to meet. He further directed that in any year in which these conditions could not be met, the income should be given to the Rector of Trinity Church to be used for the poor of Boston. The will had been in friendly litigation for a number of years. At length Justice Crosby ruled that the income should be paid to the Rector of Trinity Church for the purposes stipulated by the will. As there was accumulated income, all at once I was faced with the distribution of thousands of dollars to the poor of Boston. Mr. Hutchins decided that this money must be given to individuals, not to organizations. This could have involved great expense and organization, but a plan was worked out whereby the Family Welfare Society, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Roman Catholic Charitable Organization would write me a list of deserving poor with, in each case, a full description of the particular need. I would send checks from the Benton Fund and they in turn would return receipts signed by the individuals involved. Years later this matter was more satisfactorily resolved to the satisfaction of both the Library and the Rector of Trinity Church.

In a history of King's Chapel written by F. W. P. Greenwood in 1833 there occurs the following paragraph:

A bequest of Mr. William Price to the church made in 1770 of an estate in that part of Washington Street then called Cornhill, was accepted by the church in 1789. The principal condition of holding it was the preaching of a course of eight lectures during the season of Lent, by the clergymen of the three Episcopal Churches. The right of our church to the estate was afterward called in question by Trinity Church, and submitted to a long course of litigation. The result was a compromise lately made between the churches according to which Trinity Church performs the conditions of the will, takes care of the property and divides the income with King's Chapel.

For almost one hundred years the Rector and wardens of Trinity Church had administered the property and I now had the

responsibility of seeing that the lectures were given. Mr. Price had been meticulous in his directions, particularly as to the subjects, which have rather a strange ring to the modern ear: A Discourse against Heresy or Schism, Enthusiasm or Hypocrisy, or the Duty of Obedience to Kings and lawful Authority from all persons professing Christianity . . . Mr. Price's property, which I suppose originally was a garden plot, had in the twentieth century been transformed into an office building on Washington Street. Just before the depression, we were offered a large sum in cash for the property. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Paine, and I consulted at some length. It was difficult to sell after the many years of possession but finally we voted to do so. In the light of subsequent events this was a fortunate move, for since that time, and especially through the depression years, both Trinity and King's Chapel enjoyed an assured and substantial income.

It had always seemed to me sad to have Trinity Church stand dark and unoccupied on Sunday nights, so I instituted a Sunday evening service which in time supplanted the long-established Sunday afternoon service. The attendance varied from a comparatively small congregation on a stormy night when there was no special program to a filled church when there was a special preacher, a pageant, or a musical service. From the beginning I tried to bring preachers from outside as I wished our people to be in touch with the whole life of the church and of the world. As business was rapidly moving into the Back Bay with an increasing weekday population, we instituted noonday services in Lent with preachers from many parts of the country. It is impossible to list all of our visitors, but as I look over the calendar of those years, I note, from Great Britain, the Bishop of Gloucester Dr. A. C. Headlam, the distinguished New Testament scholar; Canon Dwelly of the Liverpool Cathedral; Canon Raven, later to be Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University. From our own church, among many, Bishops Remington and Roberts, Dr. Samuel Drury, Dr. Russell Bowie, the Presiding Bishop Dr. Murray,

Dr. Teusler, the great medical missionary from Japan, as well as Bishop Henry St. George Tucker of Kyoto, and President Maurer of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor.

We were happy to welcome the Reverend Studdert-Kennedy, known to the First World War generation as "Woodbine Willie." He was a small man in wretched health, who was almost as active in preaching as Billy Sunday. He leapt about the large Trinity pulpit, sometimes disappearing from sight. At a gathering of young people in the Parish House, he perched on top of the grand piano while speaking. He had stirring messages and held everyone spellbound. He seemed to live on tea, which Barbara served him continually almost day and night.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, who was to become a close friend and associate in the years to come, preached several times during these years and often stayed with us when he was preaching at Harvard, so that we regarded him as a beloved member of the family. I owe to him more than I can put into words. For many years he had been pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City and had recently become the president of Union Theological Seminary. Comparisons are always questionable but I have often said that Henry Coffin was the most accomplished all-around clergyman of my knowledge. He did everything well. At the Madison Avenue Church he was an indefatigable pastor of his people, making countless calls in their homes. He was an inspiring preacher, with knowledge both of the Gospel and of the world. His illustrations were interesting and apt. He wrote well. Many of his books can be read again and again with profit even after the passage of years. He was an educator and teacher of insight, an administrator of decisiveness and of wisdom. Keen, humorous, a wonderful raconteur, deeply Christian, to be with him was a constant joy and inspiration. Once he took an early morning walk before breakfast and returned chuckling over a church sign he had passed — "Sermon subject: 'What is Hell?'" Then underneath, "Come and hear our Soprano Soloist." Nothing ever escaped him.

My former teacher at the School, Dr. H. E. W. Fosbroke, who



had become Dean of the General Theological Seminary, was often with us. He had introduced me to the writings of Baron Von Hugel, who has greatly influenced my thought with his emphasis upon the "givenness" of God. When the Dean came we would sit until late at night before the great fireplace in the Trinity study. He was having difficulties with an aging faculty at the General. I had my problems too. I remember once telling him that I was troubled because I tried too hard to make the service of the Holy Communion mean as much to me as I felt that it should. When it was over, I felt discouraged, even worn out spiritually. He helped me permanently by reminding me that my efforts were not important in creating the reality of God's presence. He was there irrespective of my emotions, fears, or desires. It was my part to receive in quietness and in confidence. Dr. Fosbroke was a shy man of great reserve which unfortunately was not pierced by too many. I played tennis with him and saw him intimately in his home, and thus had been admitted to his confidence. No one could be more interested than he in all the details of one's life. He brought untold encouragement and strength. He and I shared one characteristic. We always reacted against our environment. I always feel radical when I am with conservatives, Protestant when with upholders of the Catholic tradition of the church, and vice versa. If this attitude has some limitations, on the whole it has, I believe, been helpful. At least it keeps you from being swept off your feet by the company in which you find yourself. You are, however, robbed of the joy of the extreme partisan.

Bishop Peter T. Rowe of Alaska was a striking figure in the life of the church. A physically powerful man, bronzed from his outdoor life, of positive convictions, he had been consecrated as Bishop in 1895. So he had been in Alaska during the Klondike gold rush, and had had years of traveling with his dog teams over the trails through snow and ice. He would visit us sometimes for a week to ten days at a time, arriving worn out from a long series of preaching engagements. Barbara would insist that he rest as much as possible and have breakfast in bed. When I



would take this up to him, he would laugh and say, "This is the life for the Bishop of Alaska."

I well recall the sermon he preached on his first visit. The church was so crowded that people were sitting on the cushions about the Communion rail. He paraphrased St. Paul's description of his labors in describing his own ministry. "Once was I chased by a polar bear," and so on. At the end of the sermon, I said, "You have come to hear Bishop Rowe; now I hope that above all quotas you will support his work by sending gifts to me." When the letters and the checks came in to the amount of several thousand dollars, the Bishop was greatly encouraged.

He was wonderful with our children and had a great influence upon them. The boys would cluster about him and be thrilled by his stories of the North. He used to play hearts with them. The noise would be terrific. Once he put the queen of spades on Harry's trick, whereupon Harry, about twelve years old, shouted, "Bishop Rowe, you big bum." Barbara above the din cried, "Harry!" The Bishop roared with laughter. On his last visit he became very devoted to our small daughter. After that, in writing, he would sometimes address his letters to her rather than to Barbara or me. A courageous pioneer of the love of God in Christ, in a turbulent and rough environment such as Alaska was in those early days, he gave us all strength to face the times in which we live.

I have written of some of those visitors who enriched the life of the parish. It seemed wise to hold various annual services. I wished to keep alive the memory of Phillips Brooks for the benefit of the young parishioners. The third Sunday in Advent seemed an appropriate time as it is traditionally devoted to the presentation of the ministry, and Phillips Brooks's birthday fell on December 13th. Bishop Lawrence and Bishop Slattery, Dean Washburn and Dr. George A. Gordon spoke of Bishop Brooks from their own personal knowledge. Then we held an annual Florence Nightingale Service under the auspices of the Guild of St. Barnabas for nurses. The Boston Commandery of the Knights Templar came each year as did the graduating class of

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for their baccalaureate service. Boston University held their convocations in the church. The fact that so many people were turned away for lack of room on Easter morning troubled me, so we decided to hold an additional service of Holy Communion at 11:30 A.M. I recall how Barbara and I looked out of the Rectory window at 9:00 A.M. with considerable anxiety. But the lines of people were forming and the church was filled at both services.

This leads me to pay tribute to an oft forgotten group, the church ushers, who volunteered their services. Some of them had been doing this for twenty-five years and more. It is not easy to deal with some difficult parishioners and demanding visitors. The problem was complicated by the fact that many of the pews were owned. We tried to solve this temporarily by asking parishioners to telephone when they were not coming and by setting an hour when all pews would be available to the general public. We encouraged parishioners to give or to will their pews to the church. With time this problem has largely been solved. The ushers had a task which required tact and courtesy. I used to tell them that they were a missionary frontier of the church.

One of the privileges of being in Copley Square was the opportunity to make friends with the Reverend Dr. George A. Gordon, the pastor of the Old South Church across the Square. Dr. Gordon, born in Scotland in 1853, had immigrated to the United States in 1871. After attending Bangor Theological Seminary, later in life than his contemporaries, he had graduated from Harvard in the class of 1881. When I came to Trinity in 1923 he had been pastor of the Old South Church for thirty-nine years and there he preached to an overflowing congregation every Sunday. He was a large man with an impressive head and carriage. Possessed of a splendid voice when he said with his Scotch accent, "the eternal," it seemed, if possible, *more* than "the eternal." He was a philosopher, a theologian of unusual distinction, a thoroughgoing individualist, and a strong Congregationalist of the old school.

I would be working at my desk in the Rectory when suddenly

there would be a hard knock on the window pane. There would be George A. Gordon with his cane in his hand: "Come out and walk." Sometimes we would walk and at other times he would come in and bring a benediction to us all. To remember him is to remember his strong convictions, which he expressed with such vigor. Once he said, "A clergyman in New York had the effrontery to stand in a so-called Christian pulpit and say, 'I am an atheist; I am a materialist.'" Dr. Gordon added with a magnificent sweep of his fist, "I told my congregation last Sunday that he should have added a third characteristic, 'I am a damn fool.'" He came to Trinity and preached on Phillips Brooks and gave a magnificent sermon at a service in memory of Woodrow Wilson, of whom he was a great admirer. He knew of my admiration for Frederick Denison Maurice. One day early in my years at Trinity he left a picture of Maurice at our home with the following note:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

What I am leaving at your door for you has no intrinsic value, and yet I could not be induced to part with it except to the young, wholly worthy successor, in due descent of Phillips Brooks by whom it was given to me more than thirty-two years ago. Accept this picture of one of the gentlest and one of the profoundest of minds, in his mood of divine wrath over Mansel's denial to man of all access to the absolute Soul in his attempt to define Orthodoxy by shutting out the human mind from all hope of the knowledge of God. Let this smallest of gifts be a tie of love between Brooks and you and me, that it witness to my faith in the greatness of the service you are to render in the coming decades, to Trinity Church and to the people of Boston. 'Neglect not the gift which is in Thee.' We remember with happiness our little visit and the breaking of bread with Mrs. Sherrill and you and your mother — a kind of sacrament to me of what has been, of what will be. Ever, my dear neighbor and friend, with the best of good wishes for you and yours and your dear family,

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE A. GORDON

Dr. Gordon had an amusing way of achieving his own way. Once we had together at Trinity the funeral service of a distinguished Bostonian, a veteran of the Civil War. In the robing

room before the service, Dr. Gordon asked if I expected him to deliver a eulogy.

I replied, "No, it is not the custom in the Episcopal Church and I would hesitate to make an exception."

There was a moment's silence, then he said, "Do you mind if I give a prayer?"

I replied, "Of course not."

Again a silence.

"My voice at my age is not strong. May I go into the pulpit to make the prayer?"

"All right."

So he delivered his eulogy as a prayer. "O Lord, we thank thee for this man who went into the army in 1861 . . ."

With some diffidence I quote from a long letter of fourteen pages I received from him in the summer of 1929. It is revealing of his generous friendship and of his encouragement, which was such a sustaining force in my life when I needed it.

DEAR HENRY:

This is a very dull day here in Kennebunkport and I presume it is the same in Manchester where you are. I thank you for your most friendly letter which has given me a great deal of pleasure and has made me feel as if Mrs. Gordon and I had been making a call upon Barbara and you in the Rectory and as if I had seen your two splendid boys . . .

We are unusually well. I have every day with two possible exceptions walked five miles each day. After the forenoon is over we take an automobile drive of about two hours, then we come home to reading in the evening. It is a comfort to be assured of your own splendid loyalty. I have always been confident that it has been one of the chief sources of the happiness of the closing years of my life. A more friendly or a more gallant neighbor I have never had and another delightful interest with me has been to watch you in the steady development of your ministry. You have gladdened many hearts besides mine by the fruitfulness and the good deeds of your ministry and by the sympathy of your own personality. Your opportunity of usefulness is without assignable limit and you are as happy in your work as any human being has a right to look forward to and wish to be. Go



on evermore, prosper in the sacred work of your hands and bring the teachings of the great Master to all the many heavy laden and to all the sons of men in the sure, but heroic struggle to rest at length in the ideal ends. My affectionate good wishes and appreciation are with you every day of the week, every Sunday and all the time. Sometime I hope to see you all again, but till that day shall come let us rest in the fine old friendship of the years that are gone. I do not wonder that you were concerned about the piles under Trinity Church and that you had certain anxieties in the matter, but rejoice to know that physically as well as spiritually the foundation of Trinity is strong and unshaken . . .

Every affectionately,

GEORGE A. GORDON

Faith is not the sort of thing you can place in a safe deposit box and then forget. If it is alive, it must be nurtured, and many times it must be fought for. I remember one day reading a book, the purpose of which was to destroy the foundations of the Christian faith. As I finished the book, I wondered if I had invested my life in a cause which was not true. Just then George Gordon was walking along across Clarendon Street with head erect, cane swinging. Just the sight of him and the thought of his intellectual ability, his long ministry, rekindled the spark within. That is what the fellowship in the church does again and again.

Within our family a great deal had been transpiring. In June of 1923 Barbara, Harry, and I moved into the Trinity Rectory, which seemed filled with the presence of Phillips Brooks. The house, designed by Mr. Richardson, originally had three stories, Dr. Brooks's bedroom and a guest room comprising the second floor. When Dr. Donald came, the roof had been lifted and an entire floor inserted. We slept on the third floor, having a parlor and a guest room on the second, using a large center space as a living room. We were made happy by the arrival on May 23, 1925, of Edmund Knox Sherrill, the Edmund being for Dean Rousmaniere. Barbara met the new situation in the larger parish with her usual gentleness and poise.

One morning I came home to find an elderly dowager watching Barbara give the children a bath. In the evening I said, "How in the world did Mrs. ——— get upstairs?"

"Well," replied Barbara, "when she called I told her that I had to take care of the children. If she wished she could join me." The old lady was charmed.

Much to our joy, my brother transferred his business to Boston in 1923. He and my mother lived around the corner from us on Marlborough Street. We had always been a closely knit family; I am indebted to Barbara for many things, but for none more so than the fact that she made such a perfect fourth to our group. My last call in the afternoon was on my mother. When Goldthwaite returned from work, Barbara often would join us and we would share in the events of the day. Goldthwaite bought a summer home on Coolidge Point in Manchester and Barbara, the children, and I spent ten summers with them with an occasional visit to Barbara's family at Squam Lake.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge on the Point became a dear friend of us all, and it was she who introduced me to Charles P. Curtis, Sr. For years he and I were to play golf together and once a week we spent a day together deepsea fishing. Mr. Curtis was an experienced sailor who enjoyed everything to do with the outdoors. Once in Manchester Harbor we fouled the propeller in a mooring rope. I leaned too far over the side to locate the trouble and fell in. Mr. Curtis held me by my belt while I crawled under the stern and cut the rope. The next day as I was rowing out to my boat I passed another boat on which sat one of our Trinity ushers. He asked me if I was the man who fell in the day before. When I said, "Yes", he began shouting to another man, "He is, he is." When I asked him what that meant he said, "That man over there told me that he saw a man foul a rope and fall in. He said, 'He must have been a clergyman because he didn't swear once.'" A minister is never off duty!

Life was moving along happily when one morning — May 3, 1928 — at breakfast there was an article in the morning paper that the Diocese of Pennsylvania was to elect a bishop coadjutor

that day and that my name was to be placed in nomination. As that was the first I had heard of the matter, I paid small attention and it was with great surprise that I learned that afternoon of my election on the sixth ballot. I could not understand the election because I knew so few people in Pennsylvania. My mother, who always kept her feet realistically on the ground, interjected at this point, "Perhaps that is why you were elected. They didn't know you."

Pennsylvania was one of the largest dioceses in the church with a long and great tradition. Bishop Garland, the Diocesan, had been Suffragan Bishop with Bishop Rhinelander and had been elected Diocesan upon the resignation of the latter. He was a man of strong opinions — one might say, prejudices — and was very much the administrator. In the Episcopal Church, a coadjutor automatically succeeds the diocesan, and before the election, the bishop must assign permanent duties to the coadjutor. In accordance with this canon, Bishop Garland had assigned to the coadjutor the sharing of episcopal functions such as confirmations, consecrations, and ordinations, assisting the bishop in the work of the many church institutions, and most important, the full charge of all missions in the Diocese including the appointment of missionaries. Bishop Garland telephoned me immediately after the election and a committee of the Diocese came to Boston to give the formal notification. The whole situation was complicated by the happy arrival of Franklin Goldthwaite, 2nd, so through all these negotiations Barbara was *hors de combat* in the Phillips House.

Times have changed in Boston. Today I do not believe that such an election could possibly create as great public interest. Boston was then still a small community. There were numerous editorials and articles in the press, and hundreds of letters poured in from parishioners, clergy of other denominations, and leaders of our church throughout the country. The latter were divided in their advice. Each morning as the mail came, I would have two piles, one urging me to go, the other to stay. Bishop Brent wrote a long letter from which I quote a part:

DEAR MR. SHERRILL:

I sympathize with you in your struggle. My advice is extremely simple and is drawn from my own experience. The first question that I raised on the various occasions when I have had to make a similar decision was, "Have I finished the work in my present position?" In two instances I felt that I had not and that I could not leave without detriment to what I was doing. That was such an elementary question that it demanded judgment before I had weighed the value of the work to which I was called.

Then of course one has to guard against the glamour of the Episcopate, a glamour which fades to nothingness when one has once plunged into it personally. At the present time you are the inspirer of a large group of people and with, I should judge a numerous amount of administrative work. A Coadjutor and eventually a Diocesan has to shoulder the burden of an enormous amount of administrative work which really takes away from him those pastoral experiences that make life in the ministry rich and wonderful. As I emerge from my long sickness, I appreciate the fact that the pastoral work is the great work of the Christian Church.

Then there was a section regarding the opportunities and difficulties in Pennsylvania, and the letter concluded:

I was in Boston the other day and within a stone's throw of your house. I was tempted to go in and see you, but restrained myself. I have the greatest sympathy with you in your position and am sure that under God your decision will be a right one. I would only say this: do not decide until the matter has really decided itself for you; do not be in a hurry. When your decision is made, do not look back. Do not allow people to lament over you, whether it be the people of Pennsylvania or the people of Trinity Boston.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES N. BRENT

Dr. Gordon, individualist and congregationist as he was, had no high regard for the office of bishop as such.

DEAR HENRY:

I see that they have done what I was sure that they would do eventually: convert you into a Bishop. You are, of course, a bishop now as minister of Trinity Church, and your work there has been



really wonderful. I do not see why you should go to Pennsylvania and work upon the heathen there when you have so many at home calling for your attention right here in Boston as well as people who come from all around to your service every Sunday.

There is something queer about Episcopalians anyway. The bishopric is a kind of biscuit which they all like, and it is very hard for them to decline the offer of one when it comes in due course. Well, if you accept this invitation, I know that you will be a first-class bishop. You will, however, cease to be a prophet; you will be doing executive work the rest of your life. You will have bishop's robes, and will be drinking tea with the old ladies and holding all manner of ceremonials and expressing great hope for the Church universal and elect.

I beg to send you my most grateful regards, and sometime I hope to see you in your bishop's robes; but you will always be to me Henry Knox Sherrill of 233 Clarendon Street. I have not been able to tap on your window this year, but I have often thought of the window and the Rectory and you and Barbara and the boys.

Ever affectionately yours,

GEORGE A. GORDON

I went to Philadelphia and spent a day with Bishop Garland, who was most cordial. We visited various sections of the Diocese. It was difficult because, despite all that I could say, he was so certain that I would accept that he insisted on showing me where we were to live. I also went to Pittsburgh to ask the advice of Dr. Mann.

The whole situation was complicated by the fact that Bishop Lawrence was abroad as Bishop in charge of the European Churches. I had cabled him on my election and had asked his advice. A characteristic reply had come: "AM WRITING. LAWRENCE." I sometimes envy those who receive a direct message from God which settles a problem at once, for I have had to toil through decisions. God has worked through the help of friends and in long periods of thought and inward struggle.

Finally it seemed that I must decide. In the mail that morning was another cordial letter from Bishop Garland and a long handwritten letter from Bishop Lawrence from Florence, Italy.

I had some fear in opening this, for it was beginning to be clear to me that I should stay at Trinity.

MY DEAR HENRY:

I have your cable saying that you have been elected Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania on the sixth ballot. Though this causes disturbance of mind, I send my hearty congratulations that you have the confidence of that great Diocese. I hope that Barbara is getting along all right whether before or after. My love to her. Now as to Penn. It is not easy to advise intelligently not having all the facts.

The Bishop then admirably described the situation in Pennsylvania, making tribute to Bishop Garland as a man and an administrator. Then he closed with this paragraph:

While I am sure you would fill the post well and grow in it, yet I have not been able to see that you would be justified in breaking away from your present work even for this high offer. You will, of course, realize that I am away from the scene and do not know all the conditions; so you will discount what I say. The spirit moving through your wisdom, your friends' advice and your own sense of duty will, I am sure, guide you aright. Love to you both.

Affectionately,  
WILLIAM LAWRENCE

This was the final word I needed to settle my own mind. I went into the study and wrote the letters of declination. I went out, counted three, and dropped them in the mailbox. Just at that minute Mrs. Cunningham, Bishop Lawrence's sister, and a former parishioner of mine, happened to come along. I said, "This is a secret, for the announcement must come from Philadelphia, but I have just mailed my declination." With her usual charm and enthusiasm Mrs. Cunningham rushed over to my mother's to find a dignified Boston lady calling on my mother. Without a word, Mrs. Cunningham took hold of my mother and waltzed her around the room. The lady seemed greatly mystified.

Again there were newspaper editorials and mail poured in. It was particularly gratifying that my own people wished me to stay.

The Diocese of Massachusetts elected me as a clerical delegate to the General Conventions of 1925 and 1928, held in New Orleans and Washington, D.C. The New Orleans convention was held in terrific heat. The opening service was held in a large park, and my chief comfort was that I sat on the edge of a large fountain. I felt that if I were overcome, I would at least fall into the water. The bishops sat in a stand; opposite them along an avenue was the park monkey house. Bishop Brent remarked that there were primates at both ends. It was after this service that Bishop Irving Johnson is said to have telegraphed his wife, "sos BVD's PDQ COD."

It was my first experience in the national work of our church. The Convention was in a reactionary mood. The bishops had issued a pastoral letter which had attempted to define the Faith of the Church. This pastoral had been severely criticized by many, including the faculty of the Cambridge School, as being restrictive and legalistic. The result was that it was stated in some quarters that no graduate of the School would ever be elected to the Episcopate again, hardly an accurate prophecy.

One of the important matters before the Convention was the continuing revision of the Book of Common Prayer. This demanded careful scrutiny and there were constant roll calls on the most minute matters. There were a number of notable addresses. I recall two especially, one by Dr. Frank Nelson, the great Rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati, on the Creed, and another by George Wharton Pepper on the service of the Holy Communion. There were all sorts of proposals. One, as I recall it, was that in the service of the Holy Communion there should be added after the Old Testament Commandments the New Testament interpretation. For example, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day" would be followed by "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The proposer weakened somewhat in his interpolation of "Thou shalt not steal" by adding, "Let him that stole, steal no more." He broke down completely on the tenth Commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house . . . thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his

maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his," by suggesting as a New Testament alternative, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

The Convention in its reactionary mood was not in favor of joining the Federal Council of Churches, greatly to the disappointment of Bishop Brent, who was a leader in the field of church cooperation and of unity. I was told that some bishop dismissed Bishop Brent's argument saying that he was a poet and therefore was not to be taken too seriously, to which Bishop Brent was said to have replied, "I do not claim to be a poet, only something of a spiritual adventurer."

For the first time, the Convention elected the Presiding Bishop and assigned to him great executive responsibility as president of the recently formed National Council. Up to this time the Presiding Bishop had been the oldest bishop in point of consecration. Beyond question Bishop Brent's stand on the Federal Council of Churches hurt his chances of election. The Bishop of Maryland was elected. Bishop Murray was a fine man, undoubtedly a more efficient administrator than Bishop Brent. With no reflection on Bishop Murray, whom I did not know, I was greatly disappointed because Bishop Brent was great in his vision of the nature and the task of the church.

The church at this time was in serious financial condition and was faced with a debt of over a million dollars due to the over-optimism of some in missionary expansion and to the failure of others to meet their share of the cost. There was, therefore, an enthusiastic movement to liquidate the debt. The atmosphere was almost like a camp meeting as bishops and representatives of the dioceses rose to make their pledges. Dr. Stires, then Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York, and Bishop-elect of Long Island, was the president of the House of Deputies. He had appointed me as a member of the important Committee on Budget and Program which made financial proposals to the Convention for the next three years. I was assistant secretary to the Reverend Cameron Davis, Rector of Trinity Church, Buffalo. He and I in the heat and in the early morning hours drafted this



report. The treasurer of the National Council, Lewis Franklin, was a remarkably devoted layman of great ability and of long business experience. One morning he and I had breakfast together. I said that while I agreed that the debt should be paid, what troubled me was the certainty that more and greater debts would be incurred in the future. Mr. Franklin replied that he had a plan, namely that the National Council at its February meeting be instructed to adjust the budget to the expected income, and therefore not be allowed to run a deficit. He added, "I cannot present this as I am not a member of the Convention." I said that I would see what I could do. Dr. Stires was consulted and agreed to recognize me the next morning. Accordingly when I reached the platform and the reception of pledges there was a cheer in the expectation that Trinity Church would pledge thousands of dollars. Instead I described the problem Mr. Franklin and I had discussed and asked if the treasurer had any solution. Mr. Franklin then presented his proposal, which was adopted, and came to be known as the "Pay as you go" policy. There was considerable opposition at the time and there still is periodic complaint. All I can say is, as will come out later, this policy saved the financial structure of the church during the sudden impact of the great depression. To Mr. Franklin belongs all the credit for this important and essential step.

I must mention my relationship with Dr. Elwood Worcester, the Rector of Emmanuel Church, the founder of the well-known Emmanuel Movement, which emphasized the church's healing mission in cooperation with certain members of the medical profession. For some unknown reason a speaker at a session of the church congress which met in Boston had criticized Dr. Worcester for his lack of attention to the business of the church and for his absence from meetings of committees. This seemed to me manifestly unfair, so I objected: "I see Dr. Worcester pass my study window early in the morning, returning late at night. During the intervening hours he has been seeing a line of troubled men and women, trying to give them new courage

and faith. I should be happy to feel at the end of my ministry that I had been able to help so many. This at the day of judgment may be more important than committee meetings."

Dr. Worcester had been hurt by the uncalled-for attack and came up to thank me for my remarks. That experience cemented our friendship. He was a fascinating personality of great knowledge, a pioneer in the field of psychical research. The result was that he had the most amazing number of extraordinary stories, far beyond the understanding of realists like myself. I have always credited his sense of humor for some elements of these. He had a habit of speaking in apparently the most serious way while all the time he was enjoying the amazement of the listeners. I remember his humorous reference in his autobiography to his friend Phil Sturges as the author of the well-known pamphlet, *More Bacon for the Clergy*. He was a complex personality with a very deep sense of the spiritual.

I remember going to see him in his later years after he had suffered a heart attack. There were a number of younger people there with a great clatter of conversation. As I rose to go he said, sitting in his chair, "Will you all please be quiet. Henry, will you say a prayer and give us your benediction before you leave?" There was immediate silence. I said the prayer. Immediately the conversation began again. It was an interlude of a few minutes, but I felt the simplicity and the reality of Dr. Worcester's faith and left having received rather than given the benediction.

There were inevitable changes in the staff; Arthur Phinney became Rector of Trinity Church, Concord, New Hampshire; George Gibbs went to the staff of the Cathedral in Paris; Gardner Day, who had just graduated from the seminary, spent three years of splendid service with us. He was replaced when he went to St. John's Church, Williamstown, by Otis Rice. The Reverend William E. Gardner had long been a leader in the church, particularly in the field of Christian education. He had taken charge of a student center at the Church of the Messiah, Boston. When the situation became impractical, he joined the staff and was to remain for many years a beloved senior minis-

ter of the parish. Mr. Thomas Gibson joined the staff as Director of Boys' Work.

In 1926 the vestry felt that with the parking problem rapidly increasing it was essential that someone drive for me. John Evans was secured through the good offices of the Urban League. For eighteen years he remained with us, as driver and baby-sitter, and performed many other duties faithfully and happily.

I had begun to take on a number of activities outside of the parish and the Diocese. For several years I had classes in Pastoral Care and in Homiletics at the Episcopal Theological School. It was a joy to have this regular contact with my friends at the School. I tried to bring to the students insight into the life of a parish as I met actual problems in my own ministry. I also gave a brief course in Pastoral Care in the Boston University School of Theology. Through the years since, I have enjoyed meeting Methodist clergymen who were in that class. I served for a number of years on the Board of Preachers of Harvard University, preaching several Sundays a year and taking several weeks of weekday services. This brought me into contact with President Lowell, who never seemed to miss a chapel service. In 1928 I became a trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital. For several years I was president of the Greater Boston Council of Churches, which reminds me of my friendship with Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel. When I was in Brookline we had a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Council shortly after the death of the Pope. The secretary had sent a message of condolence to Cardinal O'Connell. To my surprise a majority objected and a vote of censure of the secretary was passed. This I am happy to believe could not happen today. Rabbi Levi was a member of the Council in those early days of its life and he and I voted to uphold the secretary. United in this cause we continued to be friends as long as he lived. He was a broad, sincere religious leader of his people with wide community interest and influence. Later on when he retired I was happy to join in the universal tribute of respect and affection.

In June of 1929 Yale gave me the honorary degree of Doctor of



Divinity. Barbara, my mother, Goldthwaite, and I had a long-to-be-remembered day. Professor William Lyon Phelps, my former teacher, presented me to President Angell for the degree. The day particularly meant a great deal to my mother, who had made possible my Yale education.

Human nature is infinitely complex. Today in the terrible revelations of human cruelty and depravity we are apt to forget the spiritual heights to which, with the help of God, man can reach. I had a parishioner, a man greatly distinguished in his profession, who was very popular because of his charm and gaiety. One morning after church he came into the robing room and said that he wished to talk with me. We went over to the Rectory and I was astonished to hear him say, "I have only six months to live, for I have just learned that I have an inoperable cancer." We talked for some time and he added, "I have only one desire: to die as a Christian and to be the greatest strength to my wife and family. I should like to bring my wife to see you now." So she came, we talked and prayed. We walked to the car with tears in our eyes. As they left I said, "I am proud to have such parishioners." Within a week he had died.

It never does for a clergyman to forget his primary purpose. Another parishioner was a Bostonian of the old school, outwardly reserved, even at times gruff. When death struck in his family, I went at once to see him. He began, "I have always been the family undertaker. I know just how I wish every detail." The talk continued on this line. Before I left I said, "I am going to say a prayer that the Peace of God rest upon this family." He straightened up. When I finished, tears filled his eyes. Afterward I had a most beautiful letter from him. We became warm friends because I had been privileged to pierce that wall of reserve.

I often think of nights sitting by the bedside of dying parishioners, of the experience of trying to be of help at the time of serious operations. One elderly parishioner died who had great strapping sons in the police and fire departments. They were utterly at a loss without their mother and I spent a large part of a Sunday afternoon with them. I tell these incidents not because



they are unusual, for every clergyman constantly has such experiences. I relate them because they are illustrations of the opportunity of the clergyman to share the lives of his people.

So the years at Trinity passed strenuously and happily. I was looking forward to the continued upbuilding of the parish when, after a short illness, Bishop Slattery died on March 12, 1930. While I had known for a few days that he was seriously ill, the news came as a great shock.

Bishop Slattery had been Bishop of the Diocese for a little less than three years. He had worn himself out in the work. He was not physically strong and I had heard him say several times that his episcopate was destined to be short. He constantly drove himself, writing books, articles, and letters in his own hand in addition to his responsibilities in the Diocese, the community, and the general church.

# 8

## Bishop of Massachusetts

THE CONVENTION of the Diocese of Massachusetts was scheduled to meet in the first week in May, 1930, when the election of the new Bishop would take place. During the inevitable discussion within the Diocese several of my friends spoke to me of the possibility of my being nominated. No one asked me if I would accept if elected; I appreciated their consideration because it was impossible to consider all the factors until the election had taken place. But that, I felt, depended on the events and the spirit of the Convention. My entire ministry had been spent in the Diocese with the exception of the years in France. I was tied by deep bonds of affection to Bishop Lawrence, and to a great number of clergy and laity of the Diocese.

The Sunday afternoon before the Convention, Bishop Lawrence and I conducted a service together. As we were waiting I said, "Bishop, I presume that I am to be nominated on Wednesday. I wish to ask you two questions; one, should I attend the Convention, and two, if elected, would I be expected to make any response?"

The Bishop replied, "Go to the early service of the Holy Communion and then return home. If elected, I would not go to the Convention."

Accordingly, I attended the early service and then went home. The Right Reverend Samuel G. Babcock, Suffragan Bishop, presided. I was told that he made a fine statement explaining that because of his age he did not wish to be considered. He then called for nominations. The Reverend Edward T. Sullivan, D.D., the Rector of Trinity Church, Newton Centre, placed my name in nomination, and it was seconded by Judge Philip S. Parker, warden of the Church of Our Saviour in Brookline. Bishop Babcock asked for further nominations and there was silence. After a brief period to ensure that the Convention knew its mind, Professor Beale of the Harvard Law School moved that the Convention proceed to ballot. The first word I had of the proceedings was a telephone call from Daniel Magruder, my classmate at the seminary, telling me that I was the only nominee. Shortly after there was a second call from Dean Sturges of St. Paul's telling me of my election, and he added, "A committee is coming to notify you and to bring you to the Cathedral."

I said, "Bishop Lawrence told me not to go."

To which the reply came, "He is Chairman of the Committee."

Bishop Lawrence made it a practice to keep a daily diary in his own handwriting. His account of what followed is better than anything I can write after the lapse of years:

*May 8th.* Having had no relations to the Diocese since I have retired I did not go to the Diocesan Convention but passed the delegates on their way into the Cathedral as I was on my way to the Harvard Corporation. At about 11:30 I received a telephone message from Dean Sturges that Sherrill had been elected, and that there was no other nomination and that I was chairman of the committee to go to his house and announce to him the election. Although I have claimed not to be a member of the Convention, I could not withstand that, so excused myself from the Corporation, shot down the elevator and into a taxi and arrived at Sherrill's door just as the committee did.

We walked in, myself, then the committee, Washburn, Sullivan, Sturges, Fitts, Judge Parker and Professor Beale. We found Sherrill, Barbara, his mother and brother in the study, all looking very serious, even frightened. I said, "Henry, I cannot say a word." He answered, "Neither can I." So we shook hands and embraced; then I kissed

Barbara and the others were in the same emotional condition; for we were overwhelmed with the spirit of the Convention, and the heartiness of the election of which Sturges told me as we were going up the Rectory steps.

We immediately jumped into a taxi, drove back to the Cathedral, and I jokingly said that Sherrill should treat us for the ride. So Sherrill paid. We went in through the passageway, the committee going into the front pews, Sherrill and I standing with Babcock. Only after a long pause to get hold of myself, I said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name. We bless God for the spirit of the Convention, and for the election of our dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Sherrill whom in behalf of the committee I present to the Convention."

Sherrill, much moved, said a few words of gratitude and a sense of responsibility and accepted. Then Babcock added a few excellent words, and as usual inserted a little pleasant humor, which relieved the emotional strain of everyone. Indeed Babcock handled himself beautifully during the two days of the Convention. Then I slipped out, and was back in the Corporation meeting downtown in half an hour from the time I left.

It should be added that the Bishop, not expecting to attend the Convention, was dressed in a gray suit, turned-down collar, and rather bright tie. As he walked through the long corridor to reach the Cathedral chancel, he put his hand to his tie and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Not much of a costume for the occasion."

The spirit of the Convention gave me a great uplift. There were no defeated candidates and therefore no painful aftermath. A letter I received from my seminary professor Dr. Drown the morning after the Convention warmed my heart:

DEAR HENRY:

It was the most wonderful thing I ever knew, not simply the unanimity but the unanimity without any trace of preparation or machinery, just a spontaneous outpouring of love and confidence. We speak of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Councils of the church. Surely never was there a clearer manifestation of the Holy Spirit of Unity than we were privileged to see this morning. When a thing like that takes place in a great diocese we must just thank God and take



courage for the future of the church. As for me, my dear boy, I have been simply dissolved in tears of gratitude. I feel as though I actually owned a little bit of a share in the new Bishop, and I shall draw steady interest on it all my life.

Lovingly yours,

EDWARD S. DROWN

One more thing: you have won the love and confidence of the whole Diocese and you have never *hedged*.

Before a bishop who has been elected can be consecrated there must be confirmation by a majority vote of the bishops having jurisdiction in the United States and of the standing committees of the dioceses. This takes some time, particularly in the case of the standing committees. Bishop Perry, the Presiding Bishop, wrote hoping for speed in this process so that I might attend the Lambeth Conference which was to meet in London in July and August. But I did not desire to press the matter for a variety of reasons. There was the inevitable sadness in coming to the end of my service at Trinity. The parish was wonderful in accepting my resignation. Perhaps the most cheering word of truth came from our Yankee sexton, Harold Miller, who said, "Well, Mr. Sherrill, we hate to see you go but there never was a place that couldn't be filled." Also, I needed the peace of the summer with Barbara, the children, my mother, and brother in the light of the tasks which lay ahead.

During the summer, the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church called the Reverend Arthur Lee Kinsolving, the Rector of Grace Church, Amherst, Massachusetts, as my successor. He was a young man of intense missionary zeal, of contagious joyousness, and of deep consecration. It was a comfort to realize that the parish would move forward under his enthusiastic and sympathetic leadership.

One of the problems which confronted us was the problem of purchasing a home, for there was at the time no Bishop's residence, simply a yearly allowance for living quarters. I bought 155 Beacon Street with a small down payment and was preparing to carry what was for me a large mortgage. One night at

Manchester we found on the porch a small package addressed to me. Inside was a silver box and inside that was a check to cover the cost of the new house. The silver box had my initials on the outside, and inside was an engraved inscription, "From his affectionate friends," followed by the names of thirty-seven friends and parishioners. As I look at this list thirty years later I find that all but four have died, but memories come back of personal and deep associations.

It was finally decided to have the consecration in Trinity Church on October 14, which happened to be the date of Bishop Brooks's consecration. Those participating had touched many aspects of my life and ministry. Bishop Perry, for whom I had taught Sunday school during the years at Yale, was the consecrator, with Bishops Lawrence and Mann as co-consecrators. Bishop Babcock and Bishop Atwood, a former Bishop of Arizona and a frequent visitor in our home, were the presenting bishops. Dean Washburn read the litany. The attending presbyters were Arthur Phinney and my classmate Dwight Hadley. Fred Fitts, the Rector of St. John's Roxbury, Thayer Addison, and Will Gardner were masters of ceremonies. Among other participants were Dr. Drown, Dean Sturges, my cousin Sherrill Smith, Judge Parker, and Henry Hobson, who the year before had become Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Ohio. Also present and joining in the laying on of hands were Bishops Benjamin Brewster, Dallas, Davis, Larned, Paddock, Stires, and Roots. The members of our seminary class had honored seats.

Bishop Lawrence was the preacher and he closed with a personal word to me as I stood:

"My Brother: One day in the autumn of 1917, I received a letter from the Commanding Officer of Hospital Unit Number VI in France. He is well known as a man of few words. The letter ran like this: 'My dear Bishop, Chaplain Sherrill, whom you commended to us, has the respect and affection of everyone in the Unit. We thank you. Yours sincerely.' I like those two words, 'respect and affection.' They signify self-restraint, dignity and force of character, with a sympathy whose understanding heart goes

out to all, strong and weak, joyful and suffering alike. For eighteen years I have known you as student, curate, chaplain, rector. These others here in this congregation have known you also, and we have all followed you and your constant growth in ability and character. You have won our affection by your simplicity, directness, cheerfulness, and solicitude for those in trouble. It was as natural as it was gratifying that the Diocese with one acclaim should call you to be its chief shepherd. You have our prayers, our support and our loyal service."

That evening the Diocese gave a reception for Barbara and me in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Hundreds of friends came from every walk of life. Bishop Lawrence presented us with a silver bowl with the inscription, "William Lawrence, Seventh Bishop of Massachusetts in memory of his wife Julia, to Henry Knox Sherrill, Ninth Bishop of Massachusetts and his wife Barbara upon the occasion of his consecration in Trinity Church, Boston, October 14, 1930."

In commencing my new work, comprising the activities of two hundred parishes and missions, I had certain great advantages. First of these was the assistance of Bishop Babcock, then almost eighty years of age. He had had long experience with the mission work of the Diocese, and I assumed that for the remaining years of his service I should leave this area to him.

Shortly after my consecration he said, "I want to ask your decision on a matter of policy."

I replied, "You know more about this than I do. Go ahead as you wish."

"No, this is a question of policy. The Bishop of the Diocese should decide."

So I asked him his opinion, which happened to coincide with mine. He was a Christian gentleman and this first experience made me confident of his cooperation.

I had the chance to repay his trust shortly after. A warden had written Bishop Babcock that he did not wish to deal with the Suffragan but with the Bishop, and please to keep out of their affairs. In a short time a committee headed by this warden



came to see me. I had asked Bishop Babcock to be present, and I began the meeting by saying, "An uncalled-for letter has been written to Bishop Babcock. No one can treat him in this way and talk with me. The first order of business will be an apology to him or else this meeting is concluded." There was a considerable pause, then the warden mumbled, "I am sorry, Bishop Babcock." The latter beamed in reply. Thus we started in mutual trust.

We had many amusing times together. One day he came in to tell me that two missions were unhappy with their ministers and that he did not know what to do. A sudden thought came to me: "Let them exchange pulpits next Sunday." Bishop Babcock was delighted with the idea and could hardly wait until Monday to hear the result. He reported that after hearing the other clergyman each mission liked its own minister better. This was not a solution, but it eased the situation for a time.

Bishop Babcock had not attended many meetings of the House of Bishops and I urged him to go with me. We had a drawing room so that he could have his afternoon nap. The other bishops on the train came in to join us, and the old Bishop would sit back quietly enjoying every moment of what at times was a hilarious gathering. Once on the way back to the diner I lost him. Fearing the worst, I retraced my steps to find the old gentleman sitting on the floor of the club car listening to a broadcast of the World Series. Many wondered how at his age he could be effective. The answer was that like an old oarsman he knew how to feather his oar without undue splashing. I remember him with affection and gratitude.

I had a capable team to support me, beginning with the Archdeacon of Boston and Superintendent of the Episcopal City Mission, the Reverend Ernest Dennen, who had been Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, and who was a pioneer in boys' work and in camping activities. Dean Philemon Sturges had succeeded Dean Rousmaniere at the Cathedral. He was a man of great intelligence and charm with a contagious sense of humor, and it meant a great deal to have his advice and companionship. My secretary was Miss Marguerite Kimball, who had been sec-



retary to both Bishops Lawrence and Slattery. She was a graduate of Radcliffe College and a member of the bar with strong convictions which she never hesitated to express. I found her knowledge of the Diocese invaluable.

Lastly I was fortunate that Bishop Lawrence was at hand. Never once did he interfere in the affairs of the Diocese. But it was a great privilege to be able to talk matters over with him. About every other week I used to go to 122 Commonwealth Avenue late in the afternoon. Sometimes he would open the door with the greeting, "Well, Henry, what's up?" Then for an hour we would talk over church affairs, usually in high spirits. I wished him to do anything in the Diocese he desired. He always came to our two annual Diocesan gatherings and spoke. To me he was a constant tower of strength. I recall two pieces of advice he gave me at the very start. "Only go," he said, "to the twenty-fifth anniversary of rectors and to the fiftieth of parishes." In view of the ever-recurring anniversaries of one kind or another, it was impossible to attend them all, so a rule like this helped to avoid injured feelings and left me free for more important concerns. Another advice he gave me was "See vestries on your own grounds, never on theirs." When vestries came, it was usually with some problem or difficulty, sometimes even a parish row, and it was far easier to control the atmosphere and the discussion when they were in my office.

The morning after my consecration I had arranged an interview with an erratic clergyman who had caused Bishop Slattery considerable difficulty. Among other actions he had excommunicated a large number of the members of his parish. This clergyman was reported to have threatened the Bishop and there was the further rumor that Miss Kimball had a revolver in her desk ready for any emergency. At any rate I sent for him.

I said, "Why don't you come upstairs?"

He answered, "Not with that woman in the outer office."

So I told him to come through another office. One of his grievances, it soon developed, was that his salary was unpaid. So I made him the offer of a reasonable settlement provided he re-

signed the parish. After a long discussion he said that he wished to think the matter over for a day. But finally the matter was settled and he was gone.

A couple of weeks later when I was in bed for a few days with a bad cold, I received a postal card from this man, beginning "Dear Bishop: I am sorry to hear that you are ill with the grippe. I am now in Brooklyn where you were born. If I knew the place of your birth, I would be glad to go there and place two aspirin tablets on the spot."

In 1937 Bishop Williams of Michigan wrote a short article entitled "The Bishop's Job," and his definition is well worth quoting. My brother had it framed for me:

The Bishop is a man of affairs and many affairs. He is expected to fulfill many functions. He is primarily a business man and an administrator and an executive. Particularly is he the trouble man of a large corporation. All the church quarrels gather about his devoted head. He has the responsibility for everything that goes wrong, often without the authority to set anything right. He serves as the lightning rod to carry off the accumulated wrath of the ecclesiastical heavens. He is constantly called upon to act as judge and should have a judicial temperament. He is also a travelling man, a kind of ecclesiastical drummer or salesman. He is even sometimes in demand as a social ornament to say grace at banquets, make after-dinner speeches, adorn the stage at public meetings, and minister to the aesthetic needs of conventional society at fashionable weddings, baptisms and funerals. In the midst of all this distraction and dissipation he is expected to find time and mind to be a preacher and a teacher, a man of prayer and a man of God.

Generally speaking, the bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church does not have the authority accorded a bishop in either the Roman Catholic or the Methodist Churches. He is, in his official acts, very much of a constitutional officer, for the Episcopal Church is governed by canons which are the responsibility of the General Convention and of the various Diocesan Conventions. The General Convention is made up of two Houses, that of the

Bishops and the Deputies. The House of Deputies is composed equally of clergy and of laity chosen by the dioceses. The dioceses have their conventions consisting of the clergy and the laity selected by the parishes and the missions, so that the organization is definitely democratic with the laity represented all along the line. In this setup the bishop has definite constitutional duties. It is a wise bishop who realizes these limitations of his authority and carries himself accordingly. In the Diocese of Massachusetts there has always been a tradition of outspokenness, and it has not been considered *ultra vires* for a clergyman or a layman to differ with the judgment of the Bishop. Bishop Lawrence used to say, "A clergyman is able to interpret his ordination vows quite as well as the Bishop can do for him." Thus there is developed a team effort based upon frank discussion and upon willing cooperation.

As Bishop Williams has said, the duties of a bishop are varied. Let us start with confirmation. With over two hundred parishes and missions in the Diocese, Bishop Babcock and I visited the great majority at least once a year. We divided the list equally and then would interchange the following year. Some of the small missions and parishes desired confirmations every other year. It has always disturbed me to hear a bishop referred to as "a confirming machine." Nothing could be further from the truth. Dean Willard Sperry once said, "In the old days it was considered wrong to number the hosts but now statistics have become the handmaiden of piety." I do not intend to deal with statistics but I must have confirmed in my years as Bishop of Massachusetts somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand boys, girls, men, and women. Of course I knew only a handful personally but I have found the association a real and deep experience.

One day during the Second World War I visited a large general hospital in Oxford, England. As I entered the officers' ward, a tall lieutenant on crutches came up smiling: "Hello, Bishop, you confirmed me at Trinity Church, Concord."

A few months later Bishop Oxnam and I sat in the military



airport in the Azores. I was telling him of what the confirmation visitations meant to me when a young major called out, "Why, Bishop, what are you doing here? You confirmed me at Trinity Church, Newton Centre."

"Did you arrange this to impress me?" asked Bromley Oxnam.

When Barbara and I went to Australia, a man in the Fiji Islands airport told me that I had confirmed him. So it has gone to this day all over the world, and the resulting contacts are heartwarming.

I found the visitations to parishes a constant joy: To be able to lay my hands on those of every walk of life and to pray, "Defend, O Lord, this thy Child with thy heavenly grace," was an inspiration. Sometimes after a strenuous day in the office, I would motor a considerable distance to confirm a few children in a struggling mission. Tired, I would ask myself if this was worth while. So I came to learn the truth of a statement of Karl Barth. He had been explaining the tremendous experience of God in public worship. "God is present." Then he added, if I recall the phrase correctly, "Sometimes God seems to be more present when human success is less visible." There would be the small church congregation and class with no visible human success and the Presence of God would be very real indeed. I would come home late at night happy and humble.

At first I found the preaching something of a difficulty. The number of services with a sermon and an address to the confirmation class was rather staggering and had to be done without the personal contact I felt in my preaching in Trinity. But in time, as I came to know the churches better, this strangeness disappeared. When a bishop in the Episcopal Church visits a parish, he is not there simply as a guest preacher or an administrator, but in a real sense he has a spiritual relationship. They are all in a special way his people.

The majority of the clergy were close friends of long standing in the Diocese. I enjoyed my association with them, their wives, and children in their homes. It has always amazed me to observe what so many clergy and their wives are able to accomplish



and the atmosphere they are able to create on such meager salaries (which are a reflection upon many of the laity in the church). The cliché about ministers' children has prevailed because it still is news when one turns out badly, just as a broken home in a minister's family makes the headlines. It is the exception which proves the rule.

Another important duty of the bishop has to do with the choice and the preparation of candidates for the ministry. In the Episcopal Church a young man considering the ministry consults his own rector, who, if he approves, sends him to the bishop who, if he is satisfied, admits him as a postulant. After his first year in a seminary, the postulant presents to the standing committee of the diocese recommendations from his parish rector and vestry and from the faculty of the seminary and if then approved he becomes a candidate. The same process is repeated before ordination to the diaconate and to the priesthood with the addition of the essential examinations required by canon. The young men are required to report to the bishop four times a year either personally or by letter. With such a large number of candidates in the Diocese of Massachusetts, this was an exacting task. As I look back I wish that I could have had the time to maintain closer contact with these men. But I can say that before they were ordained, I knew them and their capabilities. A sensitive part of the bishop's task is to discourage the unfit for one reason or another. For every man I accepted as a postulant there were apt to be several who were turned down.

The canons required a physical examination by a physician. Dr. Howard Means and later Dr. John Monks were very helpful here, and when later it seemed wise to add a psychiatrist I secured Dr. Douglas Thom. In time this psychiatric examination was made an official canonical requirement. I found these doctors' reports of the greatest value. In my preliminary talk with a prospective candidate I would generally find the young man incommunicative, but with the doctors he would be more relaxed and would freely answer questions as to why he wished to enter the ministry. The doctors saved me from making many mis-

takes at the outset. I recall a clergyman sending me an applicant who was well intentioned, but who had such crippling physical disabilities that he could not possibly do the required work. Evidently his sponsor did not have the courage or perhaps the heart to tell the young man the truth. So I had to do so as a kindness both to the church and to the man.

After the choice was made there came the great day of the ordinations. The deacons usually were ordained together at the Cathedral. The ordinations to the priesthood I tried to hold in the parishes in which the men were serving. I have followed the later careers of these men with the greatest affection and interest.

The most painful of all the actions facing a bishop is that of deposition from the ministry. Fortunately, these incidents were few in number. The canons of the church are explicit in directions concerning this problem, and a clergyman under suspicion of wrongdoing has his rights protected to the last degree, and before a clergyman can be deposed he has the right, if he wishes, to a trial by his peers. An ecclesiastical trial is to be avoided if possible, because of the inevitable publicity, and I am thankful that none has been held in the Diocese in my memory. But in any case, I am confident that the church and more particularly the people of the church must be saved from improper leadership. When one considers the responsibility of a rector in the instruction of youth, in preaching the Gospel, in celebrating the Holy Communion, in counseling those in moral difficulty, it is clear to me that he must be above suspicion, and where suspicion has moved into fact, action is essential for the spiritual well-being of the church. The first question then to be considered by the bishop has to do with the *fitness of the man in question to serve the church effectively*. Sympathy, forgiveness, repentance are important for the individual, but are not of necessity reasons for the continuance of a ministry. I think that I had a reputation for being severe and decisive in these situations. But I felt that there was no choice when the facts were clear. Nor was I willing to temporize with the problem and to pass the question on to some other bishop in the future. A decision had to be

made at once. Few duties are sadder than the pronouncement of deposition, considering the long preparation required for the ministry, the solemn services of ordinations, and the spiritual care of the people. Once a deposition had taken place—in every case after long discussion and at the request of the man involved—I was eager to do everything I could for the welfare, spiritual and material, of the individual. Of course, depositions for causes not affecting moral character are in a different category. Sometimes men find themselves in the wrong calling and manfully face up to that fact.

The strength of the church is found in the parishes, and the key to the parish is found in the character and quality of the rector. A large portion of the bishop's work has to do with assistance given vestries in the selection of a rector. The general canons provide that the vestry must notify the bishop of a choice and he has a certain period of time to approve or to state his objections. I never found it necessary to depend on the authority of the canons. As soon as there was a vacancy I would ask the vestry to come for a conference. My talk to them would run as follows: "I will make some suggestions as to possibilities. You may have some possibilities of your own. But let us work this out together. I have sources of information about men, not available to you. I can tell you as a result the man not to call. I have no special candidate and I will share all information with you. But the choice is yours. I would not wish to take the responsibility, for you have to live with your Rector. It is all right to hear various men preach, but do not judge by one sermon. The poorest preachers have some good sermons, and the best have their off days. Keep me in constant touch with the situation." With this cooperative approach at the very start, I found little difficulty in the sixteen years of my episcopate, not that every choice turned out to be the wisest.

I spent much more time in filling the small parishes and the missions to which appointment is made by the bishop. The large churches are able to look after themselves to a great extent, but the small churches with inadequate salaries were a problem. Yet,



if through them, ill-adapted men enter the Diocese then difficulties may arise which last for years. I have known the character of a whole diocese to be changed by lack of attention to these smaller places, for every clergyman has a seat and a vote in the Diocesan Convention.

Rectors in the Episcopal Church have life tenure. I would not have it otherwise, for this gives a clergyman freedom and he is not subject to the whim of one influential parishioner or to a small difficult group within the parish. This provision was invaluable in dealing with contention within the parish.

I recall a prejudiced senior warden coming to me to demand the resignation of the rector. I replied, "He cannot be forced to resign at your request. Under these circumstances the question is, 'Can you continue to work under his leadership?'"

"No."

Then I said, "You had better resign yourself." This he did and peace returned to the parish.

Occasionally a man has been too long in a parish and a change is desirable. In such cases I urged patience until another place could be found for the incumbent. If this were possible I would urge the clergyman to move and a public disturbance was avoided.

I found that most vestries responded to frankness. One parish under the leadership of the senior warden had tried to put their rector out. Finally the whole community became involved. So I sent for the vestry and told them of my concern.

The senior warden responded, "Thank you, Bishop. We will continue to be as good Christians as we have been."

This was too much for me and I said, "That is the most discouraging comment made yet. Everyone knows that you have been more responsible for the difficulty than anyone else, yet you have the effrontery to tell me that you are to be as good a Christian as you have been. The purpose of this conference is to make you a better Christian."

There was a moment's pause. Then he said, "Bishop, I admire your frankness. I would like to shake hands."



Incidentally, this particular layman became an active diocesan worker with whom I had the happiest relationship.

The bishop is chairman of many organizations, the most important of which is the Diocesan Council having to do with the financial affairs of the Diocese. Again I am puzzled by the limited use of the word "spiritual." Obviously it is a spiritual task to ordain, to confirm, to preach, to celebrate the Holy Communion, but I cannot draw the line there. Is it not a spiritual function to help in securing the right leader of a parish? Is it not spiritual to see that the work of the church effectively progresses? My own opinion is that if a man does not see the spiritual aspect of this essential part of the task, he had better not accept the office, for all of life rightly considered has spiritual implications.

One headache which confronted me was the proper investment of church funds. Many parishes and missions were not experienced in this field. Then church organizations would ask me for suggestions of laymen of financial experience and ability. The demand was greater than the supply. Furthermore, the oldest and largest Diocesan Holding Corporation was obligated by charter to invest the funds of each parish separately, which meant that one unwise investment could be catastrophic to a small parish. I took this problem in 1940 to two close friends, Richard C. Curtis, a brilliant lawyer, and Charles F. Mills, an able financier who was a vice-president of the First National Bank. They came up with the plan of a Diocesan Investment Trust which by act of the Legislature was authorized to sell shares to Diocesan-related institutions and to parishes and missions. A remarkable Trust Investment Committee was enlisted which enabled us to manage the various funds effectively as a whole. When we started operations in 1941 the Trust had assets of almost five million dollars. Today as this is written they have quadrupled and the dividends have been greatly increased. This plan has subsequently been adopted by a number of dioceses.

Again I had to scrutinize the amount of debt of the various churches. At that time interest rates ran to 6 per cent and more.

Income from investments was down to about 3 per cent. Again I asked a group of our laymen, including Messrs. Curtis and Mills, to consider this problem. They suggested a Diocesan Mortgage Plan. Various groups put up \$200,000, the Diocesan Council guaranteeing the principal and 4 per cent interest. The money was loaned to the parishes at 5 per cent, of which 1 per cent went toward payment of the debt. From this procedure everyone involved benefited, the parishes paying less for their interest charges and the investors being assured of more income. This was so successful that at the end of the ten-year period, the parishes were stimulated to pay off the entire amount of \$200,000.

When I became Bishop it was evident to me that many people of means in the Diocese would not give through the agency of the local parish all that they could and should give to the church. Accordingly an auxiliary fund was set up to be known as the Diocesan Fund. Luncheons of men and women were held, at which Bishop Lawrence and I spoke, the Bishop urging support of this program at the outset of my episcopate. After the luncheons I wrote in my own hand letters to more than two hundred individuals of ability to give asking them to reply stating a sum they expected to give by December 1st of that year with the understanding that this gift would be in addition to the amounts that they were presently giving to the church. At the end of the year a report was given to each donor as to the use of the Diocesan Fund by the Diocesan Council. This course of action was followed every year, and as a result several hundreds of thousands of dollars was received as additional gifts. This fund was of extreme importance, particularly during the depression, and among other benefits, it enabled our Diocese in a time of national crisis to support generously the work of our general church.

My first years as Bishop were marked by the tragedy of the great depression. A younger generation cannot conceive of the difficulties and hardships which arose. The experience of these years has made me fearful of embarking upon expansion without assured financial backing. Church support fell off greatly, but on the other hand, there was a notable increase of sacrificial giv-

ing. I still wonder how some parishes were able to continue. In some churches almost the entire congregation was out of work, and there was suffering and privation. In this situation there was more need of the strength and comfort which the church could give. But many large parishes in hard-hit industrial centers were forced to reduce their staff to one clergyman, the rector. This meant that there were not positions for the young men graduating from the seminaries. With limited funds at my disposal I did the best I could, paid recently ordained clergy \$1,200 a year, and then assigned them to the hard-pressed parishes. This was fortunately before the present era when so many students are married and have children. It was a difficult time for all, but it was met with high spirit and cooperation.

The financial concerns of the Diocese were of daily but not paramount concern. As always, what abides in memory are the personal relationships. I kept regular office hours on Tuesday and Thursday mornings during most of the year, on Tuesday mornings only in the summer, for I found that problems did not respect the holidays. I saw all comers at fifteen-minute intervals and of course was accessible for longer conferences as the need arose. In the service of the consecration of a bishop there is a charge to the Bishop-elect which has always deeply moved me. . . . "Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd. . . . Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost. . . ." A bishop with thousands of communicants cannot be a pastor to all; that is the function of the parish clergyman. But he can be available to all. I found that not many abused this privilege.

My main concern was with the clergy and their families. In general, I tried to let them alone and to send as few communications as possible, for the spirit within the Diocese had built up a group of self-reliant clergymen who wished to stand on their own feet. Constant episcopal pronouncements and directions were not welcome. Bishop Lawrence used to lay stress upon the common sense of the great majority of church people and he was right. Naturally in a diocese of between two and three hundred



clergy there will be crises of illness and death, and at such times a bishop must be of help. Fortunately, there were special funds available at my discretion for such emergencies, and my connection with the Massachusetts General Hospital helped to secure swift and adequate medical attention.

The Episcopal Church is made up of many varieties; I think that it was Joseph Fort Newton who described it as "the roomiest church in Christendom." This makes it sometimes a strange mixture with all kinds of various positions and practices. I have never been a partisan of any particular group in the church. My whole background at home, at Hotchkiss, at Yale, in the seminary, was, to use the best, though inadequate, term I can think of, "evangelical" with an emphasis upon the simplicity of faith and of ritual. Through Dean Fosbroke I had come to have an appreciation of the Catholic aspects of the church in its deepest theological sense, a tradition that has saved us from the vague humanitarianism which has afflicted some churches. For medievalism, narrow sacerdotalism, ecclesiastical partisanship, and extreme emphasis upon ritual as an end in itself, I have had — in company with many of the Catholic tradition, incidentally — no use. As Bishop I had to be myself in the vestments I wore, the way I conducted the services, and not at the mercy of the opinions and practices of someone else. But I do not believe that a bishop should try to enforce his edicts upon others. It is neither wise nor in the long run possible. A bishop must try to be fair to all groups and must act on issues and appointments in an objective way.

I give as an example the discussion in one of our Diocesan Conventions of the possible reunion of the Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches in the United States of America. The Convention of the preceding year had authorized me to appoint a commission to report at the next Convention. Everyone knew that I personally was in favor of the report of our Commission on Unity. But when I appointed the commission, I named, as I recall it, three who were in favor, three who were opposed, and a



chairman whose opinion I did not know but in whose judgment and fairness I had confidence. Some of those who supported the measure were concerned at these appointments. They would have preferred a more committed committee. But what happened? Dean Dun presented an admirable statement in favor of unity. Father Hale made his opposition clear. Then without more discussion the Diocese voted heavily in favor of the proposed plan. But the point was, the minority had a fair opportunity to present its position. What might have ended in bitterness if this had been prevented ended in an aura of good feeling and of mutual regard.

With the Anglo-Catholics in the Diocese I had the happiest relationship. When the Church of the Advent, for example, was in the midst of a crisis and was without a rector, the vestry asked me to take charge until the problem could be solved. But when all this has been said about administrative fairness, it is also true that a bishop is more than an umpire. He should be a leader, and it is part of his duty to express his opinion on important matters. This opinion should stand on its own feet for adequate discussion and should not be clothed with an authority not given by the canons of the church.

The Convention of the Diocese is held each year in May. It seemed to me helpful in connection with the annual address of the bishops to hold a great service in Trinity Church the night before. We had on these occasions a splendid congregation with the clergy and the lay delegates in the chancel and on the floor of the church. The galleries were largely filled by representatives of the young people of the Diocese. This did not happen by merely sending out a general invitation; it had to be carefully planned for and worked out. In these annual addresses Bishop Babcock and I discussed the affairs of the Diocese and then I tried to touch on some of the wider aspects of our church in the world. Some protests were made because I used to give a list of improvements and developments in the various churches of the Diocese. But this meant much to these smaller parishes in the way of public recognition. The task of ministering all of one's

life in a small congregation with limited means is an acid test of vocation, and I honor those devoted clergymen who serve uncomplainingly in such places. I recall asking such a man how things were coming along. "Splendidly," he replied with a beaming smile, "three new families have moved in this year." These faithful clergy without the inspiration of large congregations or of public notice always made me feel humble.

In 1931 the General Convention met in Denver. Barbara and I left the children with my mother and brother and went by the Canadian Pacific across Canada and thence by boat and train to Denver. The House of Bishops met in the Colorado State House. In the midst of some inevitably dull speeches, it was a relief to gaze upon the beautiful ranges of the Rockies.

Among the new bishops at the General Convention were Henry Wise Hobson of Southern Ohio, William Scarlett of Missouri, and George Craig Stewart of Chicago, all vital, able men. Bishop Hobson, one of my closest friends through all the years, was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1914. Tall, handsome, of dynamic energy, he had gone to the Plattsburg camp, then overseas, where he won the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism at Saint-Mihiel. He left the service as a Major of Infantry. Graduating from the Episcopal Theological School, after a brief period as an assistant at St. John's Church, Waterbury, Connecticut, he became Rector of All Saints' Church, Worcester. In May 1930 he was consecrated as Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Ohio.

Will Scarlett was a man of great intellectual ability, of wide social vision, a true liberal in every sense, and a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1905. He had been assistant at St. George's Church, New York City, then Dean of our Cathedrals in Phoenix, Arizona, and St. Louis, Missouri, and now had become Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Missouri.

George Craig Stewart, the new Bishop of Chicago, was of entirely different churchmanship and background. A former Methodist, he was a dramatic preacher, outspoken, and extremely forceful in representing his point of view.

I imagine that up to then it had been the custom for new

bishops to be seen and not heard, but this precedent went by the board. Henry Hobson had criticized the draft of a pastoral letter in no uncertain terms. Later Bishop Boyd Vincent, the wonderful old retired Bishop of Southern Ohio, commented to him, "Henry, I could not hear the reading of the proposed pastoral. But I heard you. If it was as bad as you said, it must have been terrible." The preacher at the opening service had been a visiting British bishop who unwisely had discussed a controversial matter before the Convention having to do with a proposed marriage canon. This sermon had received much unfavorable comment. When a bishop proposed a resolution thanking the bishop for his magnificent sermon, it was too much for me, knowing the private sentiments of many. So I protested. There was momentary consternation but then a resolution was adopted expressing appreciation of the bishop's presence with no mention of the sermon. It is the custom for the bishops to sit in order of their consecration with the older bishops in front. Because of the crowded chamber, two swivel chairs were placed in the front row for Craig Stewart and for me. Much to the amusement of some of the bishops seated nearby when we came to vote, Craig Stewart would swing around in his chair and tell me how to vote. I seldom followed his advice.

Finally he said, "It is a liberal education for me to see how some of these bishops vote."

I commented, "If it gives you a liberal education, it is worth while for me to come out here."

As he evidently was put out, I looked him up later in his hotel. I said, "You and I must work and sit together in the House of Bishops as long as we both live. Let us agree to say to each other whatever we wish without anyone being hurt."

He responded with great good feeling, "It is fine of you to look me up. All right; it is agreed."

We had an amiable conversation and remained good friends, though we differed on most matters except on the problem of church finance.

The House of Bishops was composed of other strong person-



alities: to mention only a few, Bishops Manning of New York, Parsons of California, Johnson of Colorado, Reese of Georgia. The latter was vice-chairman of the House of Bishops and I used to enjoy his muttered comments to a lengthy speaker. "Brother, you have used up your time. You had better make it short." With such powerful individuals present, there could at times be sharp and intense debate. But I was impressed by the splendid feeling of fellowship and happy hours were spent outside of the convention with many of the older bishops. Although the depression had struck the general economy two years earlier, it had not as yet affected the church and an increased budget was adopted for the ensuing three years.

In 1930 I had been elected a member of the National Council representing the First Province made up of the New England Dioceses. The National Council was composed of a certain number of bishops, presbyters, and laity and had the responsibility of carrying on the general work of the church between sessions of the general convention under the chairmanship of the Presiding Bishop who was also President of the Council.

The Presiding Bishop at that time retained his diocese and was elected for a six-year term. Bishop Perry was re-elected at the Denver Convention. From the days at St. Paul's Church, New Haven, I held him in the greatest affection. He was in every sense of the word a charming Christian gentleman. But he held an impossible position commuting between Providence and New York with neither the National Church or the Diocese of Rhode Island having his full attention. He was not a decisive administrator. Someone quoted President Eliot of Harvard as having said that the chief requisite of an administrator was the ability "to inflict pain." This Bishop Perry with his great consideration of others found impossible to do.

When the depression hit the income of the National Church, painful decisions had to be made and the burden fell upon the Presiding Bishop. Those who have not been through it can hardly realize the difficulties which we faced in a falling economy. The budget of the General Church has largely to do with



the salaries of individuals. When the income from the Diocese fell drastically, cuts of hundreds of thousands of dollars had to be made at once. The "Pay as you go" policy proposed by Mr. Lewis Franklin at the New Orleans Convention made this mandatory. There was much opposition, but this proviso saved the church from financial chaos, for without the canon no council would have been able to put through the essential reduction in expenditures to balance the budget.

Among the members of the Finance Committee, in addition to Mr. Franklin and myself, were Karl Block, then rector of a St. Louis parish, and Z. C. Patten, a layman from Tennessee. At our meetings we would sit until the early morning hours working at these problems. Nothing I have ever done in my ministry was so exhausting and difficult, for we were dealing not with figures but with people — men, women, boys and girls — many of them giving their lives in Christian service in distant lands. All salaries had to be cut. Vacancies could not be filled, choices had to be made. Dr. John Wood, a layman, for many years had been the executive secretary of the Department of Foreign Missions. A benevolent but determined administrator with minute knowledge of the field, he opposed almost every reduction. So following the report of the Finance Committee to the Council there was apt to be protracted and keen debate. Though disagreeing with Dr. Wood I understood his position, for he saw his life's work in jeopardy. He was persistent, determined, and ingenious in presenting his point of view. He once said to me after one of these sessions, "I cannot remain mad at you, for you believe in the missionary cause as much as I do." Mr. Franklin as the treasurer really bore the heat and burden of the day and to him belongs the greatest credit for the continued solvency of the work.

It was of course inevitable that the debates in the National Council should be reflected in discussion in the General Church. Individual bishops, groups of bishops, and others held various opinions. There were demands that the Council give up to a large extent the work of the Departments such as Social Service, Christian Education and Promotion on the ground that such work

was not truly missionary, and of course there was constant attack upon administrative expenses no matter how essential those might be. The National Council will always be in a difficult situation, because on the one hand it will never have the necessary funds to meet the ideal goals of our missionary effort, and on the other hand its task is to increase the giving of the church. The Council will therefore always be in the middle of these conflicting pressures. During these years of the depression, the difficulties were increased manyfold.

The most difficult decision of all was to cut the already meager salaries of our missionaries 10 per cent. This weighed greatly upon me. So when I returned to Boston from a meeting of the National Council I called a meeting of our clergy at the Diocesan House and explained the situation. I suggested that many of the clergy in Massachusetts might wish to aid this situation by joining me in contributing 10 per cent of our salaries to a Brotherhood Fund toward meeting the missionary deficit and to share in the sacrifices of our missionaries. I added that this was a suggestion. There was no compulsion, and I did not wish to know who gave and who did not. I appointed Archdeacon Howard Bartow as treasurer with the agreement that he alone would know the details. The clergy understood the situation and in a short time I was able to write Bishop Perry the following letter:

DEAR BISHOP PERRY:

The clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts are deeply stirred by the financial crisis of the church. We feel that as a result of the action taken by the National Council many of our brethren throughout the world on account of the ten per cent cut in salaries have been asked to make a great sacrifice in the interest of the work to which they have dedicated their lives. We in Massachusetts are also missionaries, and we desire to share their sacrifice, that the work of the church may go on. Accordingly, I am authorized to tell you that the clergy of this Diocese expect to pay to you as Presiding Bishop \$27,700 or more as a contribution from our salaries, to be used by you at your discretion in the meeting of the Church's need. We hope that this action, which in almost every case means sacrifice, will be

an encouragement to our brethren in the missionary field and an incentive to all our clergy and laity to respond to the present situation.

I note the letter says "or more." My recollection is that considerably more than the sum mentioned was finally given.

To my surprise this action created something of a tempest in a teapot, not in Massachusetts, but elsewhere. The controversial Reverend Alexander Cummins, editor of *The Chronicle*, editorialized:

A proposition of this kind does not greatly incapacitate Bishops whose salaries in recent years have been more than generous, nor will such a rebate seriously injure a very few high salaried rectors; but in all probability needed new shoes for many rectory children cannot be bought, and there will be no new dress or hat for rectors' wives just now. And certainly, the grocery and meat purchases will have to be more limited.

This editorial was repeated in another church periodical which led Thayer Addison to resign from the Advisory Board. The clergy of the Diocese were happy in their gift, and I noticed no difference in the wearing apparel of rectory families. The gift was, I am sure, an encouragement to the missionaries in the field. This minor explosion is indicative of the tension within the church.

During my service on the National Council four women were made members. An amusing incident occurred during their first meeting with the Council. One of them proposed a motion which I thought unwise and said so. Whereupon a gallant bishop arose and said in substance, "Let the dear ladies who do so much for the church have their way."

I replied, "This is an important point. Are they here as 'dear ladies' or are they members of the Council?"

Miss Eva Corey, the able and devoted leader of the women of the Diocese of Massachusetts, in her direct and forceful way, spoke: "We are here as members of the Council and wish to be treated as such." At the very beginning this point was settled for all time.

One of the best rewards I received from membership on the National Council was the opportunity to know Bishop Henry St. George Tucker. Bishop Tucker was a tall, lean man of great dignity, simplicity, and humor. No one I think would have called him handsome, yet he was imposing and at the same time completely unassuming and natural. He was of a distinguished Virginia family, his father having been Bishop of Southern Virginia and his mother a Washington. He had gone to Japan as a missionary and was chosen Bishop of Kyoto. After many years in this field he had returned to be a professor at the Virginia Theological Seminary and then in turn Bishop Coadjutor and Bishop of Virginia. He was remarkably well read, yet never made any ostentation of his wide learning. When the Council was not in session I had many a delightful hour with Bishop Tucker when we talked about everything under the sun. We saw church affairs from the same point of view. His friendship was to be increasingly a dominant influence in my life, and I thank God now for every remembrance of that wise, human, Christian leader.

This experience on the National Council, demanding as it was, with the constant budgetary difficulties, was a great experience for me. I learned much of the world-wide work of the church, an education which was to prove invaluable in the years to come.

On October 5, 1933, the Diocese marked Bishop Lawrence's fortieth year of his consecration. We had a Diocesan service of thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral at which the Bishop was the preacher, and I had arranged a meeting for that evening at Symphony Hall. That afternoon there was a downpour but the hall was filled by Bishop Lawrence's friends. I presided, Bishop Babcock gave the invocation, and the Harvard University choir sang. Addresses were given by Mr. William Fellowes Morgan, Secretary of the Church Pension Fund established by the Bishop; Dr. Endicott Peabody, of Groton School, perhaps the Bishop's closest friend; President Ellen Fitz Pendleton of Wellesley College, of which the Bishop had been President of the Board of Trustees;



President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, of which the Bishop had long been a member of the Corporation; and the Presiding Bishop, the Right Reverend James DeWolf Perry. When we came to the climax of the evening many must have wondered what Bishop Lawrence could say. There was an ovation as he stepped forward; he said a few words of appreciation and then launched into his finest utterance, "An Increase in the Forces of the Spirit." I repeat his often-quoted peroration:

There is more, far more than this; experience, following Christ in daily life, companionship with God, prayer, brotherhood in the Church, are a part. But the real thing is that life has a meaning, an aim, and a source of power untold. I know but little of this life, and less of the next life, but I know that my Heavenly Father is Love, Justice and Truth. I believe that Jesus Christ lived that I might learn of Him, follow Him, pass through the gates of death with Him. Why not? Other loved ones have gone before consecrated to Him, fully consecrated. I find in Him the supreme satisfaction, joy, and support of life. With this clear and final, what have I to fear from man, misfortune, disease, or sorrow? In perfect faith, one may live on toward the setting of the sun, tranquil and in perfect serenity.

The great audience joined in singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" and the Bishop pronounced the benediction. The Bishop closed his diary for the day:

A great successful meeting, and except for the storm a most successful day. Why all this should have been done for me, I do not understand, for I know nothing like it. Telegrams, letters, beautiful flowers. Henry S. referred touchingly to Julia and her help to me. A very, very gratifying day.

In the meantime, the routine of the Diocese continued as usual. It seemed to me that with the discouragement of the depression our people needed a spiritual lift. So I convened a committee which prepared a leaflet entitled, *The Living God*. The members of the Diocese were asked to give at least twenty minutes for silent recognition of God's presence, a thoughtful and prayerful reading of the Bible passage for the day, a period of prayer for ourselves, our families, the church, and the world.

This leaflet covered a period of six weeks and met such a real and deep response that several other dioceses adopted the same program.

One day the Reverend Howard Kellett, our exceedingly able prison chaplain, came and told me of distressing conditions in one of our city prisons. There are two courses of action open in any such crisis — a public statement or the quiet approach. I chose the latter and went to see Mayor Mansfield. I told him that I knew nothing of the situation personally but that I believed thoroughly in Mr. Kellett. The result was that a careful investigation was undertaken. Mr. Kellett was proved correct and the condition was corrected. Somewhat later a Lutheran minister told me of a corrupt situation in regard to the burial of the city's paupers. Again I went to the Mayor and again the information was proved to be correct and reforms took place. A quiet approach without the seeking of publicity goes far with honest and well-meaning public officials. A different method was followed by Dr. Conrad, pastor of the Park Street Church some years earlier. He summoned a meeting of Boston clergymen who were asked to sign a flamboyant denunciation to the governor about a reported night orgy at the State House. When I declined because I did not know how true these statements were, Dr. Conrad was offended.

"Do you doubt my word?"

"No," I replied. "But you weren't present at the orgy were you? All you know is what someone told you."

How thankful I was later that I had not signed, for a number of clergymen who signed the document had to appear before a committee of the legislature and were forced to confess that they really knew nothing of the situation. It was a lesson I never forgot and I have been a cautious signer ever since.

When the Suffolk Downs race track was proposed, I became engaged in the resulting controversy. To control the human instinct to gamble is a complex matter, but betting has been proved again and again a cause of financial distress and resulting family difficulties to those who can least afford such luxuries. It

seemed wrong to me to have the Commonwealth of Massachusetts profit by such an undertaking. One day a leading industrialist and a Roman Catholic layman, Mr. Bernard Rothwell, came to my home to offer his financial assistance. I thanked him for his offer, but said that money was not needed and asked him if he could secure the support of a well-known Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. As a result he motored to Fall River and returned with the signature of Bishop Cassidy. One of our Episcopalian laymen was greatly annoyed by my opposition and wrote me a long letter of protest in the public press. Of course the legislation passed and the track was established. What seemed to me utterly unrealistic was the argument put forward by some of the proponents that the primary objective of the bill was to improve the quality of horses. If it were not for the lure of the money, I wonder how many people would attend horse racing. The horse is secondary to the desire to gain something for nothing.

Through these active years Barbara, the three boys, and I continued to live in our Beacon Street home, spending each summer in Manchester with my mother and brother. The holidays were a happy period, with the children in the shovel-and-pail period spending long days on the Magnolia Beach. My mother was in her element with the grandchildren. I can see her pulling Harry in a cart up the hill to the house.

"Harry, this hill is too steep. I can't pull you any more."

To which the answer came, "Well, you can try, can't you?"

So up the hill they came.

In September of 1932 she was suddenly taken ill and died within a week. We held the funeral in the Church of Our Saviour where she had been so happy. The world has never been the same to me since. Her combination of determination, of moral and religious strength, with a contagious sense of humor had made possible all that was worth while in my life. I was so thankful to God that she had lived to be present at my consecration as Bishop, had greatly loved Barbara, and had had the joy of companionship with the boys.

My brother, Goldthwaite, continued to live on Marlborough Street with Tilly as his housekeeper. He had been accustomed to taking his vacation in the winter and waited until Barbara Prue was born on January 22, 1933, before going to Europe. Bishop Lawrence used to say, "Ministers' children are always born on Sunday. Henry, I'll be waiting to take your confirmation." Surely enough, Sunday was the day. When I called him up, the moment he heard my voice he said, "All right, I am ready." (He was then eighty-two years old.) As Goldthwaite and I were waiting at Phillips House for the baby to arrive, Edith Washburn, Henry's wife, arrived to sit with us. This was so characteristic of her thoughtfulness and, particularly in the light of succeeding events, I have never forgotten those hours. Goldthwaite went abroad a few days later. When he returned he had a severe cold, pneumonia developed, and after a battle of two weeks, just when it seemed that the crisis had been successfully passed, we lost him, six months to the day after my mother's death. He had always been a bulwark of strength to us. (Once when he and I took the train at Manchester, my youngest son, little Goldthwaite, who was sitting in his mother's lap in the car, said, "There go my two fathers on the train together.") He was interested in all that concerned us. As I was fully occupied on Sundays, he often took the family for an auto ride into the country. Once when I scolded one of the boys in his presence, he was silent. Later he remarked, "Weren't you rather hard on the little fellow?" He was deeply interested in the church, had been at one time senior warden of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, was a trustee of the Episcopal Theological School, president of the General Theological Library, and a trustee of the Manchester church. The support and understanding of the family meant everything to me. We had many pleasant hours on the beach at Magnolia, sometimes playing bridge at night. It was a family atmosphere, serious in devotion to work. Goldthwaite was for some years vice-president of Chandler & Company, and later in the real estate business with Mr. Amory Eliot. But also there



was constant humor and gaiety in which my mother and Goldthwaite were the leaders.

I find it impossible to describe what these months of adjustment meant to me. But I learned the truth experienced generations before by the writer of the Twenty-third Psalm: "Thy rod and thy staff comfort me." Ever since I have lived in two worlds, with my father, mother, and Goldthwaite, and with Barbara and the children. Both seem equally real. Something will happen and involuntarily I will think, "I must remember to tell Ma about that." Our cemetery lot is in Richmond. But cemeteries mean little to me. I feel closer to Mother and Goldthwaite at home with the family, particularly when we are laughing over some comment of my mother's or on some joyous family experience. Again from a deep personal experience I learned that death is but an incident of life in the goodness of God.

The General Convention of 1934 met in Atlantic City. Bishop Perry appointed me chairman of the Committee on Dispatch of Business of the House of Bishops. My task was to keep the machinery moving on schedule. Bishop Perry was so charming and pleasant that I had to be tough as to length of speeches and pressure of work. In fact once after I had succeeded temporarily in squelching a bishop, Barbara said, "I am not coming to the House of Bishops any more if you are to be so disagreeable." But the brethren took my efforts in good part and for three conventions as well as for special meetings of the House I carried on. This Convention was notable because of the great contribution of Henry Hobson. It was evident that due to the tensions created by the depression, our church needed a spiritual revival. The Forward Movement was initiated by Henry Hobson and one lasting result was the production of a series of pamphlets containing Bible readings with comments, as well as other literature which continues to this day as a spiritual help to literally millions of people throughout the world. Bishop Hobson was the leader, but he would, I know, wish me to give credit to others

also, notably the Reverend Gilbert Symons, the Reverend Frank Moore, and the Reverend Clement Welch, successive editors of the publications.

Two constant proponents in the House of Bishops at the time were Bishops Edward Lambe Parsons of California and William T. Manning of New York. Bishop Parsons was a remarkable combination of gentleness and of strength, a most charming and cultivated gentleman, in every aspect of his ministry an authentic liberal. Bishop Manning represented the conservative position on most issues. In fact, he was predictable, for he was generally bound by the letter of the law. He was a literalist of courage. Small of stature, he spoke in measured sentences, often rising on his toes for added emphasis. If Bishop Manning spoke on a matter, Bishop Parsons would reply, and vice versa. One of the bishops kept a score of the number of speeches made by each. It was neck and neck for most of the Convention, but at the end Bishop Manning put on a burst of speed and won the derby!

At one of the special meetings of the House, a petition of more than two thousand names was presented asking censure of Bishop Scarlett because of an interdenominational service he had arranged in the Cathedral in St. Louis. There was a lively debate, in excellent spirit, and finally it was voted merely to receive the petition without further action. This emphasized to me the futility of this and other petitions. It is the easiest thing in the world to obtain signatures to even the most outlandish propositions. This we all know, for it is simpler for some people to sign than to ask questions or to disagree. Numbers in such a situation mean little. The House of Bishops does well to receive such documents and then to pass on to more significant matters.

In June 1936, Harvard University did me the great honor of conferring upon me the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. This same year marked the fiftieth anniversary of Barbara's father's graduation from the University. I think that he began to feel that at last his son-in-law amounted to something. It was a pleasure to see his beaming countenance as he sat in the first row with his class. I was one of those who were asked to speak at

the afternoon assembly in the Harvard Yard. I recall saying that, after a Yale education, I was delighted at last to be "admitted to the company of educated men," the formula which closes the Commencement exercises.

The General Convention of 1937 met in Cincinnati with Henry Hobson as host. Barbara and I had the happy experience of staying with John Dallas, the Bishop of New Hampshire, and with Will Scarlett in the home of our dear friends Henry and Monie Hobson. It was at this convention that the Protestant Episcopal Church voted to become a constituent member of the Federal Council of Churches. At long last Bishop Brent's vision and effort had become a reality, much to the joy of many of us.

One of the chief concerns of the Convention was the election of a Presiding Bishop, as Bishop Perry's six-year term was expiring. As I look back now I realize how unaware I was of many of the undercurrents at work in the House of Bishops. Suffice it to say that many of the tensions which I have described in connection with the work of the National Council were still in existence. Bishop Tucker, Bishop Parsons, and I had breakfast together the morning of the election, and were agreed that we would support the re-election of Bishop Perry. We met in the chapel of Christ Church. There was a cold snap that morning, the chapel was not heated, and we all wore our overcoats. St. George Tucker and I sat together. When the result of the first ballot was announced, to my surprise and to his consternation, it was evident that Bishop Tucker was a strong contender. He rose to withdraw his name, but I grabbed his coattails and pulled him down, and by that time the ballot had been taken and he was elected. Bishop Perry, true Christian that he was, accepted the decision with great magnanimity. I am certain despite my great personal debt to Bishop Perry that the decision was a wise one. The controversies of the past, largely due to the pressures of the depression, could not easily be forgotten. This meant a new start. Bishop Tucker was never a controversialist; he loomed above such matters. He was universally respected, with wide knowledge of the mission of the church, and with

quiet dignity his administration healed, without seeming to do so, many of the wounds which had been inflicted. Shortly after taking office Bishop Tucker appointed me to a curious position called Assessor to the Presiding Bishop. This position came into being when the oldest bishop in point of consecration was the Presiding Bishop. As some of those who held the office were of great age, a younger bishop was appointed as assessor, a sort of assistant to the older man. This position remained as a sort of vermiform appendix and did not lend itself to abbreviation. Later on, at my suggestion, it was abolished. The duties were nonexistent, but it did give reason for close association with Bishop Tucker and in planning for the future.

In every family crises arise and we had our share. Harry had a critical illness, a combination of whooping cough and pneumonia. We were fortunate in having Dr. Warren Sisson as the children's physician, and we owe much to his skill and care. Also, a devoted nurse, Mrs. Ruth Wilson, was a tower of strength. Howard Means, too, was a great support. Finally, on the advice of Dr. Kenneth D. Blackfan, it was decided to take Harry to the Children's Hospital. I dreaded to tell the little boy of this move, but I need not have worried.

I said, "Harry, the doctors think that you should go to the hospital and an ambulance is coming for you." Weak as he was, his face brightened up.

"Will there be a siren?"

So I told the driver to blow the siren at least once, and he went off in triumph to ultimate recovery.

Another unexpected crisis arose somewhat later. Archbishop and Mrs. Temple were coming to make us a short visit. He was then Archbishop of York. We arranged two dinners, one of educational leaders such as President Lowell of Harvard and Miss McAfee of Wellesley; another for the bishops and the standing committee of the Diocese. The Temples were staying with Dean and Mrs. Sperry in Cambridge. The morning of their arrival to us, Ned became ill. Dr. Sisson came and said, "Scarlet fever."



The question was what to do. Finally, it was decided that Barbara would take him to the hospital while John and I drove to Cambridge for the Temples. I told him to take the longest and slowest route home, but Barbara got back in time to welcome them. Dr. Sisson advised that the other children be kept on the third floor and said nothing to anyone until later. The Archbishop and Mrs. Temple were charming guests. He was a man of great size with a joyous sense of humor. In telling a story, he literally rocked with laughter. Of course, he made a deep and lasting impression wherever he went. Mrs. Temple remains a dear friend to this day.

The boys attended Milton Academy, which did a great deal for them all. For their first years they went as day scholars. John and Larney, our Irish setter, took them back and forth daily. It would have been justice if both John and Larney had received diplomas at the end of this routine.

We had all looked forward to someday having a place in the real country. My mother and Barbara were constantly looking for such a place and often motored through the Topsfield-Boxford area. I remember my brother saying, in his last illness, "We are going to have a country place." After he and my mother died, Barbara and I did not have the heart to return to Manchester, and we knew that the time had come for a change. So for the summer of 1933 we rented Mr. Romney Spring's home in Boxford. We were attracted to the place next door, purchased it, and here we have been ever since, using it first as a summer residence and now our permanent home. In those days, Boxford was a country town with many dirt roads. Our idea was to give the children the kind of country life I had enjoyed in Richmond. We had a varied collection — chickens, a goat, ducks, guinea pigs, cats, a dog, and horses. The children took care of these. When they were learning to ride, Barbara and I were quite accustomed to having a riderless horse appear. We would start out in different directions and come upon one of the children disconsolately walking home.

The old barn, put together by wooden pegs, was a wonderful

place to play. We needed no entertainment committee to plan the children's day. I enjoyed working in the vegetable garden. One day I was home alone and engaged in putting Paris green on the potatoes and a considerable amount on myself. A car drew up and an immaculately dressed young man asked if Bishop Sherrill was at home. When I admitted my identity, he looked somewhat startled and said that he was thinking of studying for the ministry. We talked this over, but I never heard from him again. I always wondered if my Paris-green apparel had dissuaded him.

In our family we were accustomed to having brief family prayers. I did not wish to appear to dominate the situation as an ecclesiastic in my own family, so from the time they could read, the children conducted this in turn, choosing their own passages from the Bible and prayers from the Book of Common Prayer. I have always felt that this was a considerable influence in their lives. It was something for which they were responsible and was not superimposed from above.

Harry had not been strong since his serious illness, yet Reginald Nash, a Milton master and the baseball coach, turned him into a successful baseball pitcher. Mr. Charles Curtis and I attended many of the games, but it was difficult to remain neutral when Milton played St. Mark's or Groton, of which I was a trustee. Harry's nickname was "Bish"; so from all over the field calls would come, "Put it over the plate, Bish." Finally a youngster, a Unitarian, asked in some perplexity, "Say, what is a Bish?" I could have told him.

## The Humor of Phillips Brooks

WHEN I FIRST became connected with Trinity Church, Phillips Brooks had been dead almost twenty years. To me, aged twenty-one, this seemed a long time, and I marveled that so many people spoke so intimately of him. Now, of course, I realize how short a period twenty years is. In my years at Trinity I came to have a deep personal feeling for him, as if I had known him personally. Many parishioners spoke of him often; Mr. Kidner and Mr. Chester had worked with him; Bishop Lawrence, Dr. Gordon, and other friends constantly referred to him in conversation. It was an experience to live for almost eight years in the Rectory which had been built for him. Some of his books were still on the shelves in my study. His presence seemed very real. His nieces, Agnes and Gertrude Brooks, were dear friends whom we saw often both in Boston and North Andover. They were charming women with a great sense of humor. Agnes was outwardly prim; Gertrude, at first, more outgoing. Agnes's humor took the form of appearing to be constantly shocked by the conversation. Between them they made an interesting and attractive team.

It is not my purpose to attempt a discussion of Phillips Brooks's remarkable ministry. That has been done many times. I wish to emphasize his human qualities of informality, of humor, and of

warmheartedness, for these characteristics were so often emphasized by those who knew him well.

Dr. Gordon loved Phillips Brooks. Once he said to me, "Much that has been written about Phillips Brooks is no more like him than a Presbyterian prayer meeting. They miss his humor and charm. I will give you an illustration," he continued. "Once Mrs. Gordon and I went abroad on the same steamer with him. One morning he and I were walking on the deck. A lady interrupted, 'Is not this Dr. Brooks?' He turned and treated her like a perfect knight. Then as we continued our walk, he said, 'Gordon, women are a menace to the happiness of man. They should never have been created. You cannot have a vacation even in the middle of the Atlantic.'" Dr. Gordon said that he went into a humorous extravaganza, beating his chest with his fists, when he saw Mrs. Gordon coming up the companionway. "Hurry, Mrs. Gordon, help me defend women against the vicious attacks of your husband."

Dr. Roland Cotton Smith, who had been his assistant, once remarked to me that people have moralized too much about Phillips Brooks. He used an example. After he had been elected Bishop and before his consecration, he would walk along Clarendon Street. At the moment he might be depressed. He would meet a man who would say, "Are you looking forward to being Bishop, Dr. Brooks?"

"Well, I do not know that I can make the grade."

"Oh, the humility of the great man," the questioner would say as he told of the incident.

By another block, Dr. Brooks would be feeling more cheerful. Another friend would say, "How do you feel about becoming Bishop?"

"I'll make a bully Bishop."

Whereupon that friend would use this as an illustration of his self-confidence.

The people of the parish revered him. Once the Library Committee came near refusing to admit a book which had a reference to him which they thought undignified. I like the stories



of his pastoral calls. One old lady living in the South End told of how Dr. Brooks came regularly at the same hour every week to see her bedridden son. Another old lady said that once he called to find that they were out of coal. Soon after he had left, they heard a great noise in the hallway, and in he came with a scuttle of coal.

Barbara and I have a scarab which he brought from Japan and carried in his vest pocket. Ladies in calling at the Rectory would see this. Their faces would light up. "I haven't seen that since I was a child and Dr. Brooks used to take it out of his pocket and play with it on the floor," one of them would say.

Bishop Paddock, the Bishop of the Diocese, and Dr. Brooks were very different in personality and outlook. Bishop Paddock was conservative and meticulous to a degree. The Reverend George Prescott, who for many years was Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, told me that he received during his deaconate a letter of reprimand from Bishop Paddock for some minor infraction of a rubric. He was greatly concerned and went to Dr. Brooks for advice. When he had told his story, Dr. Brooks in an expansive mood, laughed and said, "Well, I would not mind that."

"What! Not be concerned about a letter from the Bishop?"

"No," replied Dr. Brooks. "I had one myself this morning."

"May I ask what you replied?"

"Certainly. I wrote, it is a great comfort to me that we have such a conscientious Bishop."

Shortly before her death Miss Agnes Brooks gave me a trunk full of letters and memorabilia of her uncle. I spent a whole summer going through this material. It was a fascinating experience. There were letters to his mother from the Virginia seminary containing pressed flowers. Mementos of his visits to England, including a four-page handwritten letter from Lord Tennyson. All of these letters were available to Dr. A. V. G. Allen in preparing his great biography of the Bishop. In reading these I was struck by the point made by Dr. Gordon—namely, Bishop Brooks's wit and humility. I made notes of the passages, particularly in

letters to his brother Arthur, which emphasize these qualities. Some of these letters are found in Dr. Allen's *Life* but they are overshadowed by more important and more solemn matters.

Phillips Brooks revealed himself as a literary critic of ability:

December 27, 1870

I had already got Huxley's brilliant and unsatisfactory little book, so I indulged myself in a little piece of mediaeval mysticism in Rossetti's poems, and as I read over the "Blessed Damsel" last night, I thanked you for it. Have you ever read the Poems? They are Pre-Raphaelitism in verse, and very curious and lively in their way, but you need to go at them in the right mood, — perfectly dreamy, untroubled with practical affairs, perhaps a little drunk might answer. Quick wouldn't like them because they do not preach the Gospel a bit, and Claxton wouldn't like them because there isn't a word of Parish work in them, but they are pretty, nevertheless, when you are not for the moment preaching, and are a trifle tired of Parish work.

March 18, 1877

As a sort of variety in Lent, I have begun to read Miss Martineau's autobiography. It is as unlike a Lenten Lecture as possible. The calm complacency of her unbelief is wonderful.

Brooks had, of course, a happy gift of expression.

March 26, 1879

Everything looks very prosperous and promising, though the way in which Bishop Burgess left that Parish with everything ingeniously arranged to be a burden on his successor is a beautiful illustration of the inanity of that man whom everybody praises so, — the man of executive ability.

December, 1879

You will have to say to your friend who sends me the kind invitation that it will be quite impossible for me to come to the New England dinner this year, just as it was last year. The fact is that

Christmas and those Puritans interfere with one another just as they ever did. I believe that they landed just before Christmas so that that the celebration of their landing might forever interfere with the preparation of Christmas trees and Christmas sermons. So I can't come. I'd rather like to, all but the having to speak. That spoils a dinner.

September 13, 1881

Thank you for your kind note, and I am truly glad that you thought Dr. Vinton's sermon was right. He was a great old man, and the Church will feel him long after it has forgotten him.

Many clergy will be encouraged to realize that he too drew the same Lenten congregations and that he found certain occasions exceedingly difficult.

March 21, 1884

Lent is going on very happily, and there is lots of going to church. It is curious to watch who comes. In general, the same set of people.

March 28, 1885

Confirmation is over, and only one more terrible Bible class after tonight. I wonder if those innocent boys have any idea how much I dread the meetings, and how awfully I am afraid of them. I am startled at the idea of holding a "Mission." I don't know how, and so far as I do understand it, I don't think that I have the right sort of power. I have an idea that there are mysterious methods of which I am profoundly ignorant.

From Scotland he wrote of his intimate friend Dean Stanley and of his experience in preaching to the Queen.

Scotland, 1890

Your letter reached me a day or two ago, and it was pleasant to learn all about Commencement up among these wretches who never heard of Harvard. In London everything was pleasant. Stanley was

very devoted, and put us in the way of seeing lots of pleasant sights. I preached for him in the Abbey on the 4th of July, and was quite shamed with the way in which Farrar in the afternoon outsaid everything that I possibly could have said about America. Then I went down to Windsor and preached for Mrs. Victoria and her queer company in the castle, which was a funny experience.

Most of his letters I placed in the Diocesan Library to be made available to all, but it was a pleasure to send particular items to various institutions. To the Yale Divinity School I sent the letter asking him to give the Lyman Beecher Lectures, to the University of Pennsylvania the invitation to become Provost. To Harvard I gave a variety of items, especially letters having to do with his call to the University. Jerome Greene, for many years secretary of the Harvard Corporation and the Board of Overseers, wrote an article about these in the *Alumni Bulletin* for September 1942. In the bottom of the trunk I had found a paper bag with this inscription enclosed: "Class Day Bouquet taken from the Garland around the Tree on the afternoon of Class Day, June 22, 1855, Phillips Brooks." Inside was dry dust. Dr. Greene with characteristic thoroughness had this examined by the curator of the Gray Herbarium who reported, "The fragments of the 'Class Day Bouquet' are almost wholly bits of a rose of the period, with portions of the leaves. The piece of leaf which is darker green comes from Philadelphia, the mock orange which is familiarly known as syringa. We can detect nothing else in the fragments."

Dr. Greene closed his article: "Lest science have the last word on this memorabilia of one of the greatest of Harvard preachers and one of the most beloved figures in all Harvard history let us be thankful for the final relic of pure sentiment that has survived for eighty-six years and which Harvard archives may be trusted to cherish forever as precious though lifeless dust."

Phillips Brooks has had an extraordinary influence upon my thought and life though he died when I was two years old. Knowing his friends, living in his house, our friendship with his

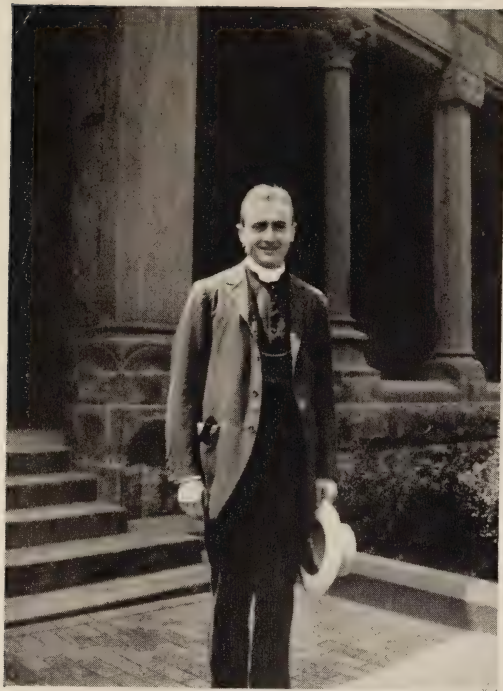




My mother, Maria Knox Sherrill.

My father, Henry Williams Sherrill.





Assistant Minister at  
Trinity Church, 1917.



Chaplain,  
Base Hospital Six, 1917.

My brother,  
Franklin Goldthwaite Sherrill.

*Bachrach*



Barbara and Harry.

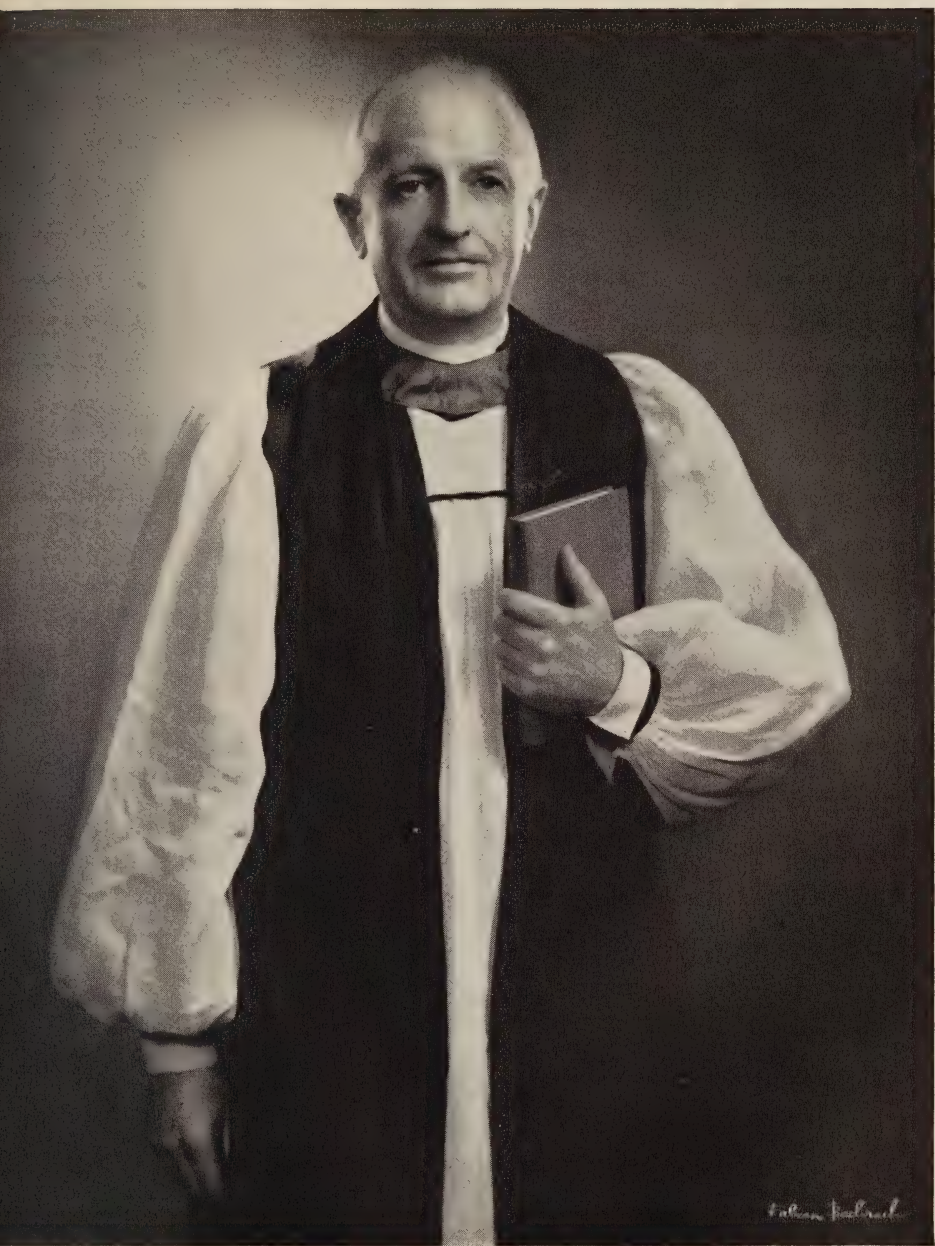
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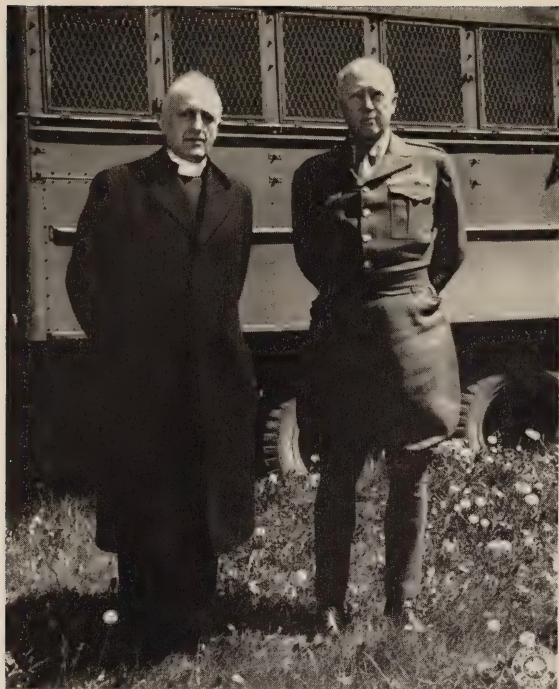
Consecration procession entering Trinity Church, 1930. Left to right: Dean Washburn, the Reverend Arthur Bishop, Bishop Atwood, Bishop Shearill, Bishop Robcock, Dr. Mann, Bishop





*Fabian Bachrach*

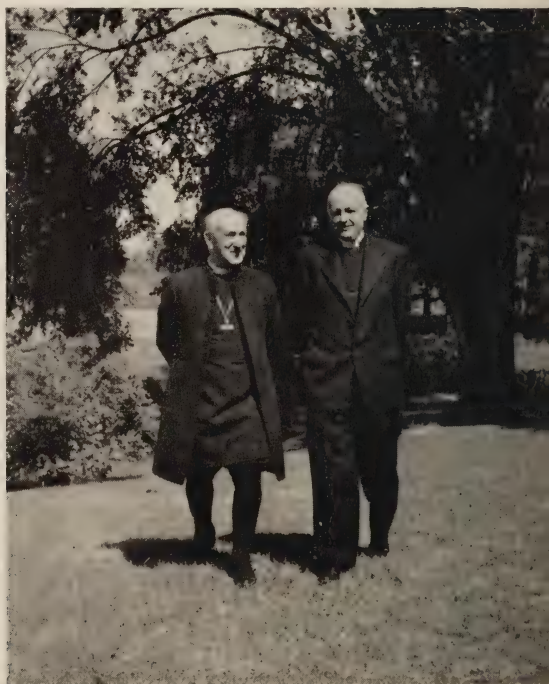
Presiding Bishop, 1947.



With General Patton,  
Regensburg, Germany, 1945.

*Signal Corps, U.S. Army*

At Boxford with His Grace  
the Archbishop of Canterbury,  
1952.





Installation as Presiding Bishop,  
Cathedral Church of  
St. Peter and St. Paul,  
Washington, D.C., 1947.

*Photo by Harris & Ewing*



Presidents of the World Council of Churches, 1954. Left to right: Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri, Bishop Otto Dibelius, Archbishop Michael, Bishop George K. A. Bell, Metropolitan Juhanon Mar Thoma, the Very Reverend John Baillie, the Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill.





Yale Corporation, 1950. Seated, left to right: Wilmarth S. Lewis, Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, F. Trubee Davison, the Reverend Arthur Bradford, President Griswold, Robert A. Taft, Dean Acheson, George Van Santvoord, Morris Hadley. Standing, left to right: Jonathan Bingham, Dr. Lewis Weed, Charles D. Dickey, Edwin F. Blair, the Reverend Morgan Noyes, Irving Olds, Juan Trippe, Robert T. Stevens.

The family at Boxford on our fortieth wedding anniversary. In back row, left to right, Patti, Harry, Barbara, H.K.S., Prue, Mason; middle row, Sinclair, Barbara II, Ann, Mary; front row, Rebecca, Goldthwaite, Ned II, Sarah. (Ned, Betty, Mary, Henry II, Elisabeth and Florence were absent in Brazil.)





nieces, all made it seem that I had known him. His breadth of vision, his liberality of spirit, his proclamation of the Gospel, have so touched me that often in facing problems of today I have turned to him for guidance and inspiration. I cannot, of course, claim him as a friend, but I am grateful that among my friends have been those who cared deeply for him.

# 10

## The Chaplains

THE WAR CLOUDS were gathering. We listened anxiously to William Shirer's radio broadcasts from Berlin and occasionally we could hear Hitler's raucous voice as he exhorted his Nazi followers. I had no doubt that we would be involved. In the First World War there had been an Army and Navy Commission of which Bishop Lawrence had been the chairman and which had done a great deal in furnishing the chaplains with necessary equipment. During the intervening years the commission had been in existence, but quiescent. At Kansas City where our General Convention was held in 1940, on the motion of Bishop Perry I was elected chairman. How little I knew what was involved at the time! The first thing I discovered was that there were no funds available. I went back to Boston and asked Henry Washburn, who had recently retired after twenty years of splendid service as Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, if he would become the secretary of the commission. He had been the exceedingly able secretary of the commission during the First World War. Much to my relief he consented. I suggested that he secure a secretarial staff and start work while I would see what I could do in securing support. I did not know many lay people throughout the country at that time, so I was reduced to going through *Who's Who* and

writing down names of likely prospects who labeled themselves Episcopalians. I then wrote over four hundred letters in my own hand to these strangers. It was a wonderful experience, for in a few weeks I received in the neighborhood of \$50,000 with which we could start operations.

The commission had a notable membership of men who gave of themselves with great energy to the task. Our operations were varied: first, we enlisted clergy as chaplains to meet our Episcopal quota. By governmental decree these quotas for each church were determined by the number of members of a church in relation to the total population of the country. Then when chaplains were secured, we furnished them with vestments and a portable altar and in some situations with small organs. A new edition of a special small prayer book was prepared and published. This and other literature of the Forward Movement was made available to the chaplains for distribution to the men and women in the service. In addition, a small monthly discretionary fund was given to the chaplains for use in special emergencies in connection with the work.

It was soon evident that greatly increased support would be needed. A committee was organized with a list of national sponsors, with Arthur McKinstry, an old friend and then Bishop of Delaware, as the chairman, and the Reverend David Covell as executive secretary with an office in New York City. Diocesan Army and Navy commissions were organized in all but a few dioceses and I was urged to make a nationwide tour to present the cause and to appeal for gifts. So I took to the road, first to Albany and other dioceses in the State of New York, then Cleveland, Detroit, south to Knoxville, Atlanta, and Florida, then west to Houston, New Orleans, Arizona, Los Angeles, north to San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, and home via Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Chicago. I spent weeks on sleepers. In almost every city I had a long conference with the bishop and clergy and addressed one or more luncheons or dinners for prospective donors. Let me give as an illustration the schedule in my visit to California. I arrived on a Saturday morning in Los An-

geles, had a long conference with the clergy and later visited the new naval chapel at Long Beach, founded by the Reverend Truman Riddle, a retired naval chaplain and a contemporary of mine at Yale. Sunday morning I preached in All Saint's Church in Pasadena, of which an old friend, Frank Scott, was the rector, then motored to Santa Barbara for a donors' meeting, spoke at a young people's meeting, took the sleeper to San Francisco, arriving there on Washington's Birthday. At once I went to speak at a Communion breakfast in Oakland, then visited the Alameda Naval Air Base, had a two-hour conference with the clergy of the Diocese, motored to Ross to speak at a luncheon, and took the late afternoon train for Portland to begin all over again. How I survived, I do not know. The explanation is the appeal of the cause, the warm response and the kindness of friends throughout the church. Then, too, there were always amusing incidents which lightened the load.

In my sermon in Pasadena, I remarked that I was well acquainted with military life as a result of my experience in the First World War, and that I was realistically aware of the evils to be met. I added, "It always amuses me when someone says, 'Damn' in my presence and acts as if I had never heard the word before." Later Frank Scott wrote me that there was a saintly old lady in his parish, a pillar of the church, who remarked to the senior warden as she went out of the church, "I think that the Bishop will do a hell of a lot of good on this trip."

In Portland Ben Dagwell, the Bishop, not imagining that a Yale man could be Bishop of Massachusetts, had kindly arranged a dinner of Harvard graduates of the locality. We had a happy evening.

When we started this appeal for funds, Bishop Tucker had told me that Bishop Manning would not allow the National Council to seek gifts from individuals within the Diocese of New York without his consent. This policy, if pursued in regard to the Army and Navy Commission, could have affected our appeal seriously. So I called up Bishop Manning's office and asked



for an immediate interview. This was possible, so I went at once to Morningside Heights.

I said, "I have come to talk with you about our work with the armed forces."

Bishop Manning replied in his measured tones, "That is the most important cause before the church."

"I am glad to have you say so, because I wish to ask your help. One, will you be a sponsor of our campaign?"

"Yes."

"Two, can I speak to the clergy of the Diocese of New York?"

"Yes." A date was at once set.

"Then I wish your permission to approach anyone in New York without reference to you."

To my surprise and delight he said, "Yes."

I thanked him and concluded, "Write me a letter confirming this. I do not wish a misunderstanding with you next month." We both laughed and I was out of his office in ten minutes. Before I took the plane back to Boston I telephoned St. George Tucker the heartening news. Bishop Manning was as good as his word, in his own way without a diocesan commission supported the work, invited me to preach at the Cathedral, and presided at a special donor's meeting at which, in addition to myself, Dr. Endicott Peabody and Mr. Frank Polk of the State Department spoke.

An amusing incident occurred at this meeting. Before we began Mr. Polk, a distinguished public servant of long experience, told me that he was nervous. I replied, "Why should you be nervous in speaking to this small group?"

He answered, "No, I'm speaking before my old Headmaster." Such was the respect held for Dr. Peabody by the graduates of the Groton School.

One of the important functions of the commission was to endorse the candidates for the Chaplains Corps of the Army and Navy. The government and the churches endeavored to work in close cooperation. If for any reason later on the commission withdrew endorsement, the chaplain was forced to leave the service.

A situation arose in the Navy of a chaplain who had serious moral disqualifications. He was to be discharged "for the good of the service." I knew the facts, but I wished an official statement from the Navy to present to the man's bishop. Chaplain Workman's office (he was chief of naval chaplains) said that to release this information was impossible as it was against Navy regulations. One day I was in Washington and tried again and without success. Finally I said, "Somebody makes these regulations. Let me see someone who is responsible for them."

So an appointment was made for me to see Admiral Jacobs, who was then chief of Navy personnel. When I entered his office, he said, "Well, Bishop, what have you got on your mind?"

I described the situation adding, "The church gives the Navy all the information we possess. It should be a two-way street. The Navy is protecting a no-good clergyman and wishing him back on the church. 'For the good of the service' does not tell us a thing. Admiral, he might have punched you in the nose. He would have gone out 'for the good of the service' and yet that could have been a Christian act."

The Admiral laughed heartily and said, "You've got something on the ball. I will draw a new regulation and get Secretary Knox to sign it tomorrow. Not only yours but every church shall have complete confidential information in the future." This was done. There was the cooperation I was hoping for and Admiral Jacobs remained a warm and helpful friend of the work.

The government was determined to do a much better job with the chaplains than in the First World War. There were chaplains' training schools, one for the Army in Cambridge, and another for the Navy at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia. As the chaplains of the Episcopal Church arrived in Cambridge, Henry Washburn and I had a dinner for them at the Faculty Club. We told them what the commission could do for them and profited from their suggestions. At the same time this was an opportunity for us to come to know personally, to some degree, our chaplains. We kept up a personal correspondence every month with the chaplains in the field as their discretionary

checks were sent out. The burden of this and the dispatch of literature and of equipment was carried by Henry Washburn, who did a superb job. He had the friendship and the respect of all. Many chaplains have told me how much his consideration and letters meant to them. To me it was a constant support and joy to have such a dear friend at hand. Daily, if I was in town, we had lunch together, often joined by Howard Bartow, the enthusiastic and energetic Archdeacon of New Bedford. These luncheons helped lighten the load of work and of responsibility.

The aim of the commission was to support the chaplains in every possible way. In addition to matters I have described, grants were made to help build military rest and recreation rooms in many parts of the United States, in fact, of the world. For example, in Honolulu, such a center was admirably established by Bishop Harry Kennedy, who was invaluable in his frequent visits to personnel in the Pacific area. Again we tried to arouse our clergy and people at home to the importance of keeping in touch with our personnel in the armed forces. This, for some reason I have never understood, was more difficult to achieve. We had Church War Crosses similar to those of the First World War which were given to our men and women in the service to be worn with the required dog tag. We encouraged the distribution of these by the local rectors as the men and women left home.

It is impossible to exaggerate how much keeping in touch with the local parish meant to servicemen away from home. I had an interesting illustration of this. A vestry came to tell me that they would like to get rid of their rector because he was a pacifist. On the other hand, he was indefatigable in keeping in touch with those from the parish in the service. When those overseas heard of the agitation they protested. They did not care what his views of war were. They knew that he had a pastoral concern for them.

There were many perplexing problems involving the proper placement of chaplains. Some were not happy in their assignments, others were not suited to particular fields. In all of these



matters Chaplain Arnold, a Roman Catholic, Chief of Chaplains of the Army, and Chaplain Workman, a Presbyterian, Chief of Chaplains of the Navy, were most helpful. I found myself making frequent trips to Washington for conferences with them.

I do not mean to imply that there were no headaches or difficulties. One complaint had to do with the fact that the government used three general classifications for chaplains — Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish. Many of our people and of course the Orthodox churches objected to being classed as Protestant and wanted a special designation. The problem was not easy of solution, and the government had a complex situation with which to deal. For example, I saw a list of well over two hundred churches and sects involved in the religious care of our personnel in the armed services. I consider myself fairly well informed on the religious situation in the United States, and a number of those named were entirely unknown to me. However, after long discussion, some modification in the regulation was made. At first the government objected to the statement of a soldier's or sailor's religious affiliation on his service record. To this I and others strongly objected. To me it seemed essential that a chaplain should know the religious affiliation of those to whom he was to minister. In approaching a sickbed, it is important to know whether the patient is a Christian Scientist or a Roman Catholic, for example. After consideration this information was included in the service record and made available to the chaplain.

A strong agitation arose in the church for the formation of a jurisdiction composed of the military personnel with a suffragan bishop at the head. I was opposed to this for several reasons. First, it seemed to me essential for their well-being that the chaplains remain in canonical residence of their own dioceses. Someday they would be out of the service. It would expedite their return to civilian service if they remained in close touch with their own bishops. It was important that the bishops be not relieved of this responsibility. Second, the bishop's particular function is to ordain and to confirm. There were no ordinations necessary to the military service. The confirmations were scat-



tered all over the world. No one person could cover the area, particularly because of the rapid movement of troops. Third, I could not see the future for an Armed Forces Bishop. It is a younger man's job; bishops cannot be removed. What would happen to him when he became too old for useful service in that particular field? Fourth, while there was great demand on the part of the chaplains for more contact with the church through episcopal visitations, they were so widely scattered that again no one person could do this. It was better to rely upon the cooperation of local bishops, inadequate as this turned out to be in certain instances.

It seemed impossible to make the church at large understand the chaplaincy situation. We had countless letters — "My boy is in such and such a unit and there is no Episcopal chaplain." As I have explained, the quota of chaplains is based upon the membership of a church in relation to the total population of the country. That is as fair a system as can be worked out. There were simply not enough Episcopal chaplains to cover more than a small number of the units involved. The only answer was to make more Episcopalians and then have a larger quota.

All of these matters came to a head at a special meeting of the House of Bishops at Birmingham, Alabama. I was carrying a heavy load in the Diocese as well as with the commission and was weary of all this discussion. So I informed the House of Bishops that I would be happy if someone else undertook a task which could not be done to everyone's satisfaction with the complex problems involved. They, thereupon, voted, I think wholeheartedly, to ask me to continue.

I have written of some of the problems because I do not wish this to appear as a success story. There were many things left undone which ought to have been done in a perfect world. But on the whole a good work was done. This was due not to one man or a group of men; thousands were involved — the members of the commission, bishops, clergy, and lay people. Especial praise is due to the chaplains, who bore the real heat and burden of the day. At the end to support their work we had raised over

a million and a half dollars. (Dean Washburn used to compare our quest to that in the First World War when Bishop Lawrence raised the necessary funds from a comparatively few people.) We found it necessary to go to the whole church. There were relatively few large gifts, but a multitude of gifts in small amounts, many of which meant real sacrifice.

For many years there had been a General Commission on Chaplains comprising many churches and groups. The Roman Catholics and the Jews had their own organizations. As in the case of our Episcopal Commission, during the period between the wars, the General Commission had been comparatively inactive. Bishop Leonard of the Methodist Church was the chairman and a complete reorganization was in order. Unfortunately, he was killed in a tragic airplane crash in Iceland while on a trip visiting the chaplains. Dr. William Pugh, Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., was elected to succeed him, and I was chosen vice-chairman and later on became chairman for a two-year period. We secured Bishop Lee, who had been a bishop of the Methodist Church in Asia, as the general secretary. This was my first contact with interdenominational cooperation on a national scale, and I found the contacts with the leaders of other churches exciting and inspiring. We were bound closely together by many ties and formed a real brotherhood as we faced the common task.

It was simpler for the government to deal with one body rather than with more than two hundred. It was more effective for the churches to represent a united front. Particularly was this true in respect to official visitation to military units and chaplains throughout the world. The government could not agree to send representatives of every group, but they were willing and eager to send representatives of the Roman Catholics, the Jews, and the General Commission.

I was in Washington in early September of 1943 when I was informed by the Navy Department that they wanted me to visit our chaplains and men in the Aleutian Islands, leaving in two days. I was given the necessary orders and in addition a per-

sonal letter of commendation from Secretary of the Navy Knox. Accordingly, I flew to Seattle, arriving on a Sunday morning to find that it was necessary for me to receive the Army's permission to proceed, but the office was closed for the day. Early the following morning I was taken to the airport where the Army officer in command refused to allow me to leave without Army consent. We engaged in a long, red-tape argument in which Mr. Knox's letter made no impression. Finally, a Coast Guard captain who was going on the plane to Ketchikan stepped forward.

"If you will let the Bishop go, I will be responsible."

The answer was, "Well, all right, but if I find that this trip is not authorized, I will have you grounded at Vancouver."

So we took off with curtains drawn to prevent our seeing the airplane factories. The view of Puget Sound was magnificent with mountains on either side. I forgot all about the threat to have me grounded until my friend in need, the Coast Guard captain, touched my shoulder.

"You are safe. We just passed over Vancouver."

There were three passengers on the plane, a two-engine affair, and after the captain left us at Ketchikan, only a civilian secretary and I were left. As we flew along the coast, we looked upon snow-covered peaks and a jagged terrain. The pilot told me that on a previous trip a passenger asked him, "Could this plane fly with only one engine in operation?" The pilot said that he replied, "Certainly, that engine you are looking at is dead now." The passenger regretted that he had asked. Finally, we turned out to sea and late in the afternoon landed at Kodiak Island where I was met by Chaplain Paul Linaweaver, who was to be my invaluable guide and friend during the next week.

The Aleutian Islands were at the time an important but not a publicized war area. The battles for Kiska and Attu had been won. There had been a few Japanese air attacks, but the definite action was over. The task was to be eternally vigilant. Not sufficient credit has been given to those who served on this unromantic frontier. The weather was unpredictable, one moment



sunshine, the next a heavy fog with circular gusts of wind, and then pouring rain and deep mud everywhere. Air travel in that area had not as yet been charted and the loss of life as a result of crashes was considerable. Generally it was impossible to make your planned objective because of weather conditions. The fortunate thing was that not all the landing fields were fogged in at the same time. So you landed somewhere, even five hundred miles away from your expected destination. With my limited flying experience, I was not too optimistic, but my qualms were nothing to the task of the Navy pilots who went out day after day on patrol in small planes. One slight miscalculation meant a fatality. Kodiak, the home of the bear, had magnificent forests, but the rest of the Aleutians was barren and forbidding. Under such conditions it was a problem to keep up morale. Some of the islands were, I am told, a fisherman's paradise, but that can pall after a while.

When I was in Washington someone advised me to obtain some sort of a khaki uniform. This I was reluctant to do, for it seemed out of character and I did not wish to appear as a sort of pseudo-military character. I was glad that I made this decision, for my clerical collar and blue suit were a touch of home and marked me for what I was, a clerical visitor with no explanations needed.

In this and later military visitations, my schedule and activities were very similar. First of all, there was the call of courtesy upon the commanding officer, then a view of the military plant. I always held a lengthy conference with the chaplains of many faiths though usually the Roman Catholic and Jewish chaplains, while they were friendly, did not attend. In these conferences I tried, not always as effectively as I wished, to bring the home churches and their concern to the men. The chaplain does not have an easy task. He is an officer, but his work is largely, of course, with the enlisted personnel. The Christian religion is difficult to apply in many military situations, especially in time of war. Regulations had been much improved since the First World War. No longer was it permissible to saddle upon



the chaplain every odd job no one else wished to undertake. His work was accepted as a spiritual ministry. But when all was said and done, the commanding officer was a vitally important element in the situation. With his support, much could be done; without his backing it was apt to be an uphill struggle.

I remember being taken to call upon an officer commanding an Army unit. Somewhat pompously he said, "Bishop, I wish to support the chaplain in every way."

I said, "The best thing you can do is to be in church yourself every Sunday."

"Yes," he replied. "I was there last Sunday."

As we walked to our car the chaplain said, "That is the only time that he has attended church in months."

The chaplain's task was in many ways a lonely one. In our conferences I listened to their suggestions to take back to the General Commission and tried to stress the importance of their mission as witnesses to the Gospel of Christ. A few were weakened in morale by the conditions of their service, but the great majority performed magnificently.

Where there was opportunity, I preached and occasionally held confirmations. After a service or a meeting I would be surrounded by the men, especially from Massachusetts and New England, eager to hear word from home. It was touching to see how much any remembrance meant. A man would take out of his pocket a worn and not very interesting weekly calendar of his parish at home to show me. One morning I was having a haircut in Kodiak. I noticed a sailor looking in the door. He would disappear and then return.

Finally I said, "Did you wish to see me?"

He replied, "Are you from Massachusetts? I have a wife living in Revere."

I said, "If all goes well, a week from now I will be going through Revere on my way from the airport to my home in Boxford. Give me her address and I will stop and see her."

On my return I did call on the young Italian bride to tell her that I had seen her husband the week before and that he was

well. I always wrote the families of the chaplains I had seen, and I also had a small notebook in which I wrote the names and the addresses of scores of officers, men and women. It was a rewarding experience to be able to telephone or to write to their families upon my return.

Flying to Dutch Harbor we covered a most forbidding terrain somewhat like imagined pictures of Inferno. We passed two volcanoes, one of which emitted smoke every six minutes on the dot. Dutch Harbor is situated in the midst of the barren high hills. It was necessary to spiral in and out. There was a small airfield. A few weeks before a number of men had lost their lives when their plane dived into one of these peaks. As we approached Dutch Harbor, we were all standing looking at the view when we hit a downdraft and we were thrown to the floor in a confused heap. Such a scrambling for seat belts ensued! At Dutch Harbor we were taken care of by Captain Crawford, whose parents lived on Cape Cod. I held the usual conference with chaplains and we visited an interesting submarine base.

Then Chaplain Linaweaver and I flew to Adak, the chief station in the islands, where we found a part of the Pacific Fleet. I preached at a morning service, and in the evening in a chapel some distance away. The latter service I recall especially, as a *Life* photographer was present. He had his apparatus set up with a plug inserted in an outlet in the chancel. As the service proceeded, he was moving about taking pictures. As a result, I found myself skipping rope as the electric cord swung to and fro.

By this time the weather had worsened, and it seemed best to give up the planned trip to Attu and Kiska as I had to be back in time to attend our General Convention in Cleveland. No planes came or went for a while. But at last I was put on a plane bound for Kodiak. Of course, the usual happened. Kodiak was fogbound, so in bad weather we headed for Cold Bay. We kept coming down lower and lower and finally broke out of the fog just over the ocean and landed on metal strips in a sea of mud amidst strong winds and a driving rain. The next morning we reached Kodiak.

After a night there, I took off hopefully for Seattle, but Juneau where we were supposed to refuel, was fogbound and we went over the Rockies to Whitehorse, Alaska. I spent the night in a room with a number of doubledecker beds. I learned not for the first time the disadvantage of an ecclesiastical title. There was a far from clean French Canadian who occupied the lower berth. He insisted that he take the upper berth and that I sleep in his. Despite my protestations, he climbed upstairs and for the sake of international understanding and in recognition of his concern for the Episcopate I climbed into his bed.

The following morning we flew the inland route to Seattle, stopping at Prince George. I caught the night plane to Boston and was able to give a firsthand report shortly after to our General Convention.

Back again to the family. Prue was at home; Goldthwaite in Milton Academy. Both Harry and Ned had left Yale to enter the Army. Harry, on account of difficulty with his eyes, was assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, then to a medical unit, then to the military police, and finally, as he had requested all along, to the infantry. So he took basic training four times. He at least had a wonderful experience of human nature. Ned went at once to the artillery for his training in the South, then to England, through France, and to the Rhine. As with all parents, these were anxious months for us. Work was the salvation, and Barbara was the chairman of the Gray Ladies at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, where she was able to help many wounded and ill men.

In the Diocese Bishop Babcock had retired at the ripe age of eighty-five, and the Reverend Raymond Heron, who had succeeded Mr. Dennen as Archdeacon of Boston and who formerly had been Rector of Grace Church, Lawrence, was elected to succeed him. He was consecrated in Trinity Church, Boston. Ray Heron was a pastor of the first order, gentle and considerate. A suffragan bishop is an assistant. Some bishops allow their assistants small responsibility. But this does not seem wise or right to me. I assigned Bishop Heron certain responsibilities and then did

not interfere unless he asked me to do so. We had a continuously happy relationship.

The fact that the Diocese kept on an even keel while I was so preoccupied by the war was due to the splendid cooperation of the whole staff — Arthur Phinney had become Archdeacon of Lowell, Howard Bartow was Archdeacon of New Bedford, Philip Stafford was the able Treasurer of the Diocese. My secretary, Priscilla Pennock, who had succeeded Miss Kimball, took the greatly increased load with uncomplaining good nature and with great ability.

On November 6, 1941, Bishop Lawrence's long and useful life came to an end at the age of ninety-one. He was active to the very last. As he had requested, the funeral service was held at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, which was so crowded that the throng reached out into the Common across Tremont Street. I officiated, assisted by the Dean of the Cathedral and by Dr. Peabody. Bishop Tucker pronounced the benediction. The funeral procession went by the University he had served so long, and stopped at the School for a brief service, then continued on to Mount Auburn, where his sons conducted the service of committal. Today a simple stone monument stands there with the inscription "William Lawrence, Seventh Bishop of Massachusetts, Born May 30, 1850, Died November 6, 1941" and then the words in which a great company joined as they thanked God for his life, words which were so often on his own lips, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

To those who have read these pages, it is not necessary to stress my great debt to Bishop Lawrence. His friendship and wise counsel are a great influence in my life to this day. As I write this so many memories come back. I came across a letter recently, saved by Barbara and addressed to our small children:

My dear Boys and Prue —

Ten dollars is not much for the Fourth, but it may provide a lump of sugar for the horse, a Roman candle, a bunch of torpedoes, some chewing gum for Dad — he needs pep — a "good humor" for Ma



who does not need it, some ice cream with what remains, a good summer to you all.

Yours affectionately,  
W. L., The humble servant of  
the Bishop of Massachusetts

Bishop Lawrence at the age of seventy-six had written an autobiography, *Memories of a Happy Life*. At the request of the Lawrence family, I wrote a little book, published by the Harvard Press, entitled *William Lawrence, Later Years of a Happy Life*. Bishop Lawrence kept a brief daily diary in his own handwriting. I read sixteen years of this record and tried to weave his comments together so that he could continue to speak for himself. It was a rewarding labor of love.

That same year, 1941, brought another great loss in the death of my dear friend Phil Sturges, who had continued to mean more and more to all the Sherrills. In searching for a successor I recalled Edwin van Etten, and he came to the Cathedral as Dean. Once again, as in the old Trinity days, we shared a ministry.

As I look back on these years as Bishop there are so many, many happy memories of friends. When I became Bishop I had a lovely letter from Mr. Arthur Perry which I quote from memory. "Dear Bishop: you are now a Bishop and have no parishioners. Mrs. Perry and I are Quakers and have no minister. Will you take us on as your parishioners?" So I tried to minister to these wonderful elderly people and was with both of them in their last illnesses. I always associate them with the fourteenth chapter of St. John which I read to them, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." When they died not far apart, their close friend Dr. Rufus Jones came to Boston, and he and I conducted a combination Quaker and Episcopal service.

Another person whose friendship came to mean a great deal to me was the Reverend Francis G. Peabody, Emeritus Plummer Professor at Harvard. He had made a great contribution to the Christian cause, particularly in his application of Christian truth to social questions. He was a Unitarian of the old school. Once he

said to me, "Religious humanism is religion's greatest illiteracy of the day."

I recall a meeting of the Thursday Evening Club at which Professor Whitehead had given a lecture on the solar system. Afterward I remarked to Dr. Peabody that from a human point of view these great spaces were humbling.

He replied, "But how wonderful that the mind of man can comprehend some of these things." This statement was prophetic of the Space Age.

Dr. Peabody's son Francis was a distinguished physician. Afflicted at an early age with an incurable cancer, he had carried on his work with great courage and remarkable spirit. Shortly after his death I met Dr. Peabody on Beacon Street.

I said, "We have all been thinking of you and yours. The way in which you have all faced this situation has been an inspiration to the entire community."

The old gentleman replied gently, "I had a letter from a friend recently, saying, 'You have been conquerors through this experience.' I replied, 'You entirely misunderstand. We have been more than conquerors through Him that loved us.'" He was a benediction in my life.

King's Chapel celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. My friend, the minister, Dr. Palfrey Perkins, invited me to make one of the addresses on this occasion. Phillips Brooks, I believe, had preached there before his consecration as Bishop, but I imagine that I was the first Episcopal Bishop ever to occupy that historic pulpit. As I was wondering how to prepare an address, I happened to see among my books a history of King's Chapel. I did not know I had such a book and had no idea where it came from. In turning the pages I came across a remarkable statement of Dr. Belknap's made about Dr. Freeman's ordination. The language is so extraordinary that I quote it here:

Thus without any mysteries, unintelligible ceremonies; without any assumption of apostolic powers; without any pretended superiority of office; without any affected communication of sacerdotal effluvia was a servant of Jesus Christ introduced into his office in a style,

simple, decent, primitive and constitutional. Then was cut the aspiring comb of prelatic pride, — then was undermined the pompous fabrick of hierarchical usurpation; then was pricked the puffed bladder of uninterrupted succession; while the eye of liberty sparkled with joy, and the modest face of primitive, simple, unadulterated Christianity brightened with the conscious smile of a decent, manly, substantial triumph.

We have our controversies today, but not the questionable ability to discuss them in this extraordinary manner. At any rate, this gave me a jumping-off platform for my address in which I stressed the value of tolerance based not upon indifference but upon conviction.

Always I seem to run into amusing situations. One Sunday night I was holding confirmation at St. Paul's Cathedral. At the time of the recessional, the choir proceeded down the center aisle, then the clergy, Dean Sturges, and I brought up the rear. Suddenly a drunken man appeared from one of the front pews, took hold of my arm with a grip of iron, and began muttering in my ear. I could not very well wrestle with him in the center aisle, so I put my arm through his and we staggered together out of the church to the amazement of all, including my convulsed family. When we reached the front vestibule, I said to the Dean, "Here is your parishioner; you can take care of him."

One stifling hot Sunday in June I had a confirmation at Grace Church, New Bedford. The large class of children completely filled the small chancel. Suddenly in the middle of the confirmation service, the children began to faint, not singly, but in shoals. A rescue squad was hastily organized and the victims were carried out and laid in rows in the parish house. In the last row to be confirmed was a very small, stout woman. As I put my hands on her head for the Confirmation Prayer, a boy standing at the chancel steps began to faint. To avoid falling, he shot forward, finally leaving his feet, and hit the woman in the most prominent part of her anatomy with his head, propelling her several feet upward. This was all sufficiently disconcerting, but more was to follow, for apparently she thought that this effect

was part of confirmation, "got religion," and began to shout. Oliver Loring, the rector, now the Bishop of Maine, leaned over, and I assume to her disappointment told her that her upward progress was not part of the service. How we managed to continue with proper decorum I do not know.

In April of 1945 the General Commission of Chaplains asked Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of the Methodist Church and me to visit the chaplains and troops in the European area. As the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher, was to be enthroned the same month, Bishop Oxnam was asked to attend this ceremony as the representative of the Federal Council of Churches. Bishop Tucker appointed me as his representative and at the same time made me Bishop in charge of our European churches.

President Roosevelt died on April 12. Barbara and I were having dinner in a New York hotel just before my departure for England when we heard the news which shocked the whole world. Bishop Oxnam and I were to go from Baltimore Harbor as the guests of the British government on a flying boat. Those planes were very slow according to present-day standards, but remarkably comfortable. There was a combination dining and sitting room. We slept in bunks at night and there were several large easy chairs in which we could relax. On taking off, when sufficient power had been generated, we would plow through the water at great speed and then rise into the air. This was an exciting experience for both of us, particularly in wartime. Our first stop was Bermuda, where we spent several hours. Then we flew overnight and well into the next day to Lisbon, Portugal. At two o'clock in the morning flares in the sky were lit, patrols went ahead, and we left Lisbon Harbor. It was a most beautiful sight. About ten o'clock we arrived at Poole, England, and went by train to London. For me it was the first sight of the damage caused by the German air raids. The destruction was great, large areas being devastated, and continually I was impressed by the number of churches destroyed. As one looked out across London from a height, the city appeared as usual. Then as you



walked or rode around, many areas would be roped off and there would be vast open spaces, as around St. Paul's Cathedral.

One of the Episcopal chaplains stationed in England was John Weaver, a graduate of the Episcopal Theological School. He was a sort of liaison between the Americans and the British, who had come to admire and trust him greatly. He was very close to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to the Dean of Westminster Abbey, and was of invaluable help to me. It had been arranged that Bishop Oxnam and I were to walk in the procession at a memorial service for President Roosevelt in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Queen, the Princesses, and other members of the Royal Family, in addition to Mr. Churchill and the officials of the government, were present. (The King was ill.) Every seat was taken in the Cathedral and there were crowds outside. A bomb had fallen through the roof into the chancel, which could not be used, so the choir and the clergy sat in chairs on the main floor, which placed us directly in front of the Royal Family and across the aisle from Mr. Churchill. It was a most moving service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador, read the lesson with deep feeling. At the conclusion of the service the British taps were sounded. I saw Mr. Churchill blowing his nose vigorously to control his emotion. The Archbishop asked us to join the procession escorting the Royal Family from the Cathedral, and we had an opportunity to talk briefly with the Queen and the Princesses.

This was my first meeting with Archbishop Fisher, whose friendship was to mean so much to me in succeeding years. His enthronement was to take place at Canterbury Cathedral on the nineteenth of April. The day before, he invited Bishop Oxnam and me to have luncheon with him at Lambeth Palace. In the course of the meal, I said, "Your Grace, you have paid a great compliment to the United States by having your enthronement on the nineteenth of April."

He looked puzzled.

I added, "No one but a citizen of Massachusetts would recog-

nize the date, but if I were home in Boston tomorrow, I would see Paul Revere and William Dawes riding to Lexington crying, "The British are coming." "

He threw his glasses on the top of his head in a characteristic gesture and answered, "Well, it came out all right. We would not wish to be bothered with you now."

The next morning we were to be taken to Canterbury by Canon Douglas with other delegates from outside the United Kingdom. It was an assorted company representing many churches throughout the world. Canon Douglas, a man with an air of great authority, announced in clarion tones, "No American will sit with an American, no Greek with a Greek." So I rode to Canterbury with a Pole. The noise of the bus and my inability to speak Polish, combined with his broken English, made the trip a conversational ordeal.

As I was putting on my vestments behind the high altar by the statue of the Black Prince, I thought of Archbishop Temple. Just at that moment a page put into my hand a telegram from Mrs. Temple welcoming me to England. This was so characteristic of her constant thoughtfulness.

The service itself was deeply impressive. The organ had been put out of commission by a bomb, so an orchestra, I think of the British Broadcasting Company, played. As a representative of the Protestant Episcopal Church, I was given one of the few seats in the sanctuary. The service was a combination of Church and State as the Royal Commission was read and was reminiscent of the centuries of English history. The Archbishop made an admirable address. The climax of the service came as the bishops escorted the Archbishop through the choir to the historic chair of St. Augustine, placed overlooking the great assembled congregation. As he took his seat in the chair a fanfare of trumpets sounded from the rear gallery. The British, as a result of constant and long experience, conduct these great services perfectly. There is always order, no confusion, and everything is under the experienced eye of vergers who are unusually well trained for

their work. The whole service from beginning to end was an inspiration.

At the reception afterward I was introduced to General John C. H. Lee, who was in command of the Services of Supply and Communication. I had often heard of him as he was in the same unit with Henry Hobson in 1918. He had come to England early and had set up his headquarters in Chelmsford, but at this time was situated in Paris. He surprised me by saying, "You have a son on the border of Germany." Then he asked his regiment and his APO number. I thought no more about this. Then word came that General Lee had ordered Ned to London to spend two weeks of furlough with me. At the time he was supposed to arrive, I was due at Lambeth Palace to present a paten and chalice to the Archbishop and a handbag to Mrs. Fisher as the gift of our chaplains and of our church. All this, including the design of the small Communion set, had been arranged by John Weaver. So word was left for Ned, upon arrival, to come to Lambeth. We had a happy hour during the presentation, but my son did not appear. As the day went on into the evening I became more and more nervous. Finally the telephone rang in my hotel room with the message, "Your son is in the lobby." It was a reunion that neither of us will ever forget.

It appeared that, stationed near Aachen, he was in his jeep when word came that he was to report at Company Headquarters at once. When he arrived there, he was told that by General Lee's orders he was to be flown at once to Paris. All this was astonishing to him, a private first-class. When he reported in Paris, dressed in his battle uniform, an officer said, "You cannot fly to London in that uniform."

"London!" Ned replied, more nonplused. So with some difficulty a fresh uniform was supplied and he came to be with me through the kindness of General Lee. During the days in London I had a conference of chaplains, made a broadcast over the BBC and preached to some of our men in Grosvenor Chapel.

At this point Bishop Oxnam left to visit chaplains in Italy and



elsewhere. In this trip and in others later, I came to have a deep affection for Bromley Oxnam. I found him a charming, unselfish companion. A dynamic leader in the Methodist Church, a strong leader in the Ecumenical Movement as a president of the World Council of Churches, he has made a great contribution to the entire Christian church. He is a liberal, an American through and through, and a devoted believer in a democracy under God.

Chaplain Oran Zaebst, a kind and efficient Army chaplain, was assigned as my guide. He, Ned, and I visited various Army units in Great Britain following the usual pattern of conferences with the chaplains. I was struck with the difference in the care of casualties as compared with our experience in the First World War, due largely to the change in transportation. No more did the wounded have to undergo the long, tedious train rides. Almost within a matter of hours a casualty was flown to England. The result of this was an astounding reduction in the death rate.

When we returned to London, Admiral Stark kindly loaned us the use of a car and chauffeur. Accompanied by Chaplain Frank Lash, an old friend and the Senior Naval Chaplain, we went to Plymouth, where there was a large naval unit, for a chaplain's meeting. The officers were very kind to Ned, but his rank as a private first-class was something of a problem, especially to him. He usually spent the nights in enlisted men's quarters. At Plymouth, the commodore in command kindly invited us to lunch. Present were the commanding officer and his staff. The conversation would go, "Private Sherrill, will you please pass the salt?" "Certainly, Commodore." There were times, I am sure, when Ned longed for his own unit.

Finally Ned and I were flown to Paris, where we were met by Chaplain "Nick" Carter, who was to be my exceedingly helpful companion for the remainder of the trip. I was to stay at the Hotel George the Fifth, which was General Lee's headquarters. It was late when we reached the hotel. Nick Carter suggested that since most of the officers would be through eating, it would be all right for Ned to eat with us. But when we entered the dining room, it was filled with officers, most of whom seemed to



be generals. In the middle of the room was a long table at which sat General Lee and his staff. We slipped into a small table on the side and to the rear. Suddenly General Lee saw us and came over to our table with every eye following him. Ned's face was a study.

I whispered to him, "Thank the General for giving you the furlough."

When Ned did so, General Lee said, "When is it over?"

Ned said, "Tomorrow, sir."

General Lee said, "I will be glad to extend it."

Ned said, "Thank you, but I feel that I must return to my unit."

When we got upstairs Ned moaned, "This is terrible. General Lee will either think that I am unappreciative of the furlough or else that I do not want to be with you. But, Pa, I can't stand all of this brass."

The next day I thanked General Lee again and he remarked, "It was fine of your son to wish to rejoin his unit." I did not tell him of the reason.

General Lee carried a tremendous load of responsibility. He was meticulous to the last degree and considerable of a martinet. He was not popular as a result, but few good generals are. If he was strict with others, he was equally so with himself. A devoted member of the church, he always attended a daily 7 A.M. service of the Holy Communion in our Cathedral a few doors from the hotel, even though he might have had only a few hours' sleep. He and his staff regularly attended the morning service, but woe betide the officiant who was late or who prolonged the sermon beyond the accepted time.

There were a few cynics who questioned the sincerity of this great religious interest. To such I would like to point out that after he retired from the Army, Cliff Lee devoted his remaining years to the voluntary service of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a lay organization of the Episcopal Church. He took long trips in this cause. In 1949 I visited in California a small Brotherhood camp of which General Lee was the director. This camp was

composed of men and older boys. Cliff Lee was doing all kinds of chores. I could not help but remark to him, "This is a bit different from the Hotel George the Fifth."

But to return to France and the war. In Paris I preached twice in the Cathedral, confirmed a class as Bishop in charge of the European churches. Singularly enough, my future son-in-law happened to be a member of that class.

General Lee had arranged for Nick Carter and for me to travel in a small plane with two pilots, attractive and enthusiastic young men. A careful itinerary had been arranged and given to us.

Early one morning we started off from Paris, presumably bound for Cherbourg. We had been flying for some time when the pilot said, "In a few minutes we will be in Germany."

"Germany!" I shouted. "We are due in Cherbourg."

He looked at the schedule and found that he had turned over two pages rather than one and that we were ten days ahead of ourselves. So we turned around and headed back over Paris to the coast. On our way we flew over the famous landing beaches and could readily picture the whole plan and scene of invasion. From Cherbourg we went to Le Havre, Deauville, and Lille. Then we motored from Lille to Antwerp and Brussels. The day we spent in Brussels was VE Day, reminiscent of the scenes of joy and of enthusiasm in Bordeaux many years before. The plane met us there, we flew to Rheims for a night's stop and then to Fulda, Germany. Each day in Germany meant a kind of new adventure. The pilot had never been in Germany before and did not know where the landing fields were. So we found ourselves circling around, peering out of the windows trying to see where we could land. Once he thought that he saw the right place and started to land, only to find it a sheep pasture. Finally at Fulda we found as much of a field as there was — a hayfield with tall grass. While we were waiting for the chaplain to appear in his car, a young officer asked me to go up with him in a cub plane. A parachute, with no directions as to its use, was strapped on my back and we cavorted over Fulda.

When we returned I said, "Nick, I would have been ashamed to have been killed on that trip. When anyone asked my family how it happened, they could only have replied, 'He was just taking a ride.'"

Nick answered, "You need not have worried; I would have fixed it up in my report."

In Fulda we visited a barbed-wire-enclosed concentration camp for civilians. The human tragedy of such conditions is almost beyond description.

When we came to leave Fulda our pilot said, "I do not know whether I can get off this hayfield. I think that I had better try it without you and Chaplain Carter."

I answered, "What good would that do? You would be in the air; we on the ground. Let's stick together."

He told us to fasten our seat belts, adding, "If I can't get up speed of sixty miles an hour by the time we pass that fencepost down there, I am going to slam on the brakes." So we started bumping along on the rough terrain. As we reached the fencepost we began to ascend. "Hurrah!" Lieutenant Wood shouted, and he began to sing, which was always a favorable omen.

We visited the rear echelon of General Patton's army. Chaplain George Metcalf, a young man I had ordained, was stationed there. That evening he took me to a small cemetery situated in a pine grove. They were still bringing in bodies for burial. As I walked through the cemetery, the little wooden markers contained names of every national background and from many of the states of the Union. The sun was setting. It seemed far from home, and tears were in my eyes.

Nick Carter and I spent the night in a lovely suburban home from which the owners had been evacuated. It seemed strange and somewhat unhappy to be there with pictures of children on the wall and toys scattered about.

Early Sunday morning we flew in cub planes to Regensburg where General Patton had his headquarters. At once I was ushered into his office, a large room with a huge map of the front on the wall. The General received me cordially. After a few

minutes' conversation, he said that he would like to show me some of the proclamations he had issued to his troops. They were religious with an Old Testament God of Battles flavor. When I commented on them, he shouted, "He likes them, bring me some more." So I have in my possession a number of these, signed by the General. He had a small belt buckle which had been taken from a German officer. It looked harmless, but if it was pressed in a certain manner two small barrels appeared and were able to fire shots. This was what might be called a conversation piece.

I preached at a VE Sunday service of thanksgiving that the war had come to an end. The General was a curious contradiction. He attended church regularly, had considerable interest in religion, and was exceedingly profane. The oaths poured out in ordinary conversation in such a torrent that it did not seem like profanity, but more like a substitute for the English language. His staff occupied a fine residence, but I believe that the General slept in a trailer outside. He had tremendous force and vitality. As a result, the Third Army had an unusual spirit and *élan*.

The General could not have been more cordial. After the service he said that he would like to show me a sort of museum of statuary of German heroes situated on a hill overlooking the Danube. We, with two others, got into his car; a jeep with a mounted gun went ahead. We crossed the Danube over a temporary bridge, the Germans having blown up the bridges as they retreated. A young soldier was standing on sentry duty. As we approached him, General Patton ordered the car to stop, put his helmeted head out of the window, and asked, "What are they doing to this bridge?"

The boy was paralyzed by excitement and fear. He stuttered, "I do not know, sir."

"How long have you been standing here?"

"Since twelve o'clock, sir."

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past twelve.

"How many days have you been stationed here?"

"This is the first day, sir."



"You're not such a fool as I thought you were." And on we went.

The General was vehement in his denunciation of the policy of nonfraternization with the German population. As soon as dusk appeared, it was evident how unenforceable such a regulation was. Sometime later when I was in Heidelberg I saw a truck approaching filled with our men. In the middle sat a German girl. I commented on this to the officer with me. He said wryly, "She's a Pole. There isn't a German girl around." A general told me of a soldier who had been court-martialed for giving a little German girl a piece of chocolate. His explanation was, "I couldn't help it. She looked so much like my own little girl at home." The general commented, "What can you do to a man under such circumstances?"

After Sunday dinner with General Patton, Nick Carter and I took off in our plane for Munster, which had been General Goering's air force headquarters.

One of the unforgettable experiences was a service of the Holy Communion in Wiesbaden. Chaplain Frederick McDonald had arranged that this be held in a large Lutheran church which had been partially destroyed. About a hundred of our Episcopalians sat in the front pews. As I turned toward the congregation I could look out of the open door and see the ruins of the city with people passing to and fro trying to rescue their few remaining possessions. The whole scene in connection with the Holy Communion was symbolic of both the tragedy and the hope of the world.

Nick and I kept on with our visitations, flying across the Ruhr and over Cologne. The Cathedral roof had been destroyed and the whole city was a shambles. We went to the headquarters of the Fifteenth Army situated in a small town near the Rhine. As we started to land a red light flashed, to our pilot's annoyance, so we circled and were informed that our plane was too large for the landing field.

I said to Lieutenant Wood, "What do we do now?"

"Go in anyway," was the reply.

So in we went, to the consternation of the staff on the field. We were the guests of General Gerow. I asked him where the battery of which Ned was a member was situated. He asked why I wished to know. "Because my son is there." Then with great kindness he suggested that he would send a plane to get him. When I declined with thanks, I am sure that he thought that I was not interested in seeing my son, but I was sure that Ned could not have stood another sudden excursion.

During our stay there, I stood on one end of the Remagen Bridge, the taking of which had facilitated our advance across the Rhine. It was incredible that the Germans, with every advantage of terrain, should have lost this so easily. Then we drove through a great camp of thousands of German prisoners. They had surrendered in such numbers and so unexpectedly that they were behind a barbed-wire fence in a great open field along the Rhine. Bricks were being distributed, and the prisoners with German thoroughness were busy building fireplaces. When we came to leave our friends of the Fifteenth Army there was the problem of getting off the ground, but we just made it over the hills and our pilot once more broke into song.

Nick and I returned to Paris but soon started in an Army plane for Naples, which was hot, dirty, and filled with flies. That evening as we were walking along the street, a small group approached us, including Pastor Niemöller, who had just been rescued from a German prison. He seemed to be in poor physical condition. Later on I was to see a great deal of him, and we have often spoken of this first meeting. We were to go to Rome by car, and I looked forward to the trip along the Appian Way, but it was most disagreeable in the heat and dust with long waits for the passing of military units. From Rome we went in a fast plane to visit for the day one of our units in Florence. As we took off, I asked if we might fly over the Vatican. The pilot took us over at such an angle that I said, "I only wished to see where the Pope lived. I do not care to drop in on him." Returning that evening, I asked how far we were from Pisa. The pilot replied,

"Only a few minutes," so we flew around the Leaning Tower at such an angle that it looked straight to me.

We then flew to Marseille, where we visited an Army penal camp. It was a depressing experience. The camp was surrounded by two rows of barbed wire. There were a number of trained dogs who had been taught to obey only their particular master. These dogs patrolled the area between the fences at night. The convicts seem to spend their time in marching and countermarching in full equipment even in great heat. My impression was that the Army had a medieval idea of penology.

We then visited Nice and Cannes, which were set aside as rest areas for officers and men. The famous beaches and shore were unusable as they had been mined by the Germans, who had also set up all manner of obstruction to prevent landings. It was a curious experience to sit in one of the large dining rooms of a world-famous hotel and to be served army rations. We concluded our trip by a visit to the Seventh Army, which had landed in the south, then back to Paris.

Soon I set off for home on the most uncomfortable trip I have ever taken. We flew on an Army transport plane equipped with hard, so-called bucket seats of metal. There was no way in which it was possible to lie back with any ease. There were a number of young colonels on board in transit to the Pacific area. The center of the plane was filled with sacks of mail. We went from Paris to Prestwick, Scotland, with the plan of taking the northern route. Word came that Iceland was shut in. We all took our places in the plane with life preservers on. Then something wrong was discovered. The only mechanic who could remedy this was at the movies. So we sat there waiting for him to appear, and then for the necessary repairs. Finally we flew all night to the Azores, where we had breakfast, then to Gander, and at last to New York, where I caught a plane for Boston to be met by Barbara and Goldthwaite.

A few weeks after my return General Patton appeared in Boston to receive a tumultuous welcome on the Esplanade from



the New England governors and thousands of people. I was given a seat on the platform in the Shell. The General came, ivory-handled pistols and all. He recognized me, as I had recently been with him in Germany. He shook hands and then shouted, "The Bishop and I went on a binge in Germany, and it wouldn't be good for the church to know what we did." This statement was broadcast all over New England. He was a vivid, temperamental, and brilliant man possessed of an unusual mixture of qualities.

It was good to be home, to take up again the work of the Diocese, and to have the summer in Boxford with Barbara and the children. I thought that my journeys were over, but in the late autumn of 1945, the Federal Council of Churches decided to send a delegation to hold out the hand of friendship to the German churches. Bishop Oxnam was the chairman; the Reverend Doctor Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church, and I completed the delegation. The Reverend Stewart Herman, a Lutheran who had experience with the German churches, was to be our guide and interpreter, so Bromley Oxnam and I started off again early in December. We flew to the Azores, arriving early in the morning. After breakfast we took a walk to the town of Santa Maria. As we were returning to the airport, the heavens opened and a deluge began which lasted two or three days. We were given a room with two cots in an Army hostelry, named, as I recall it, the Hotel de Gink.

I claim the distinction of being one of the few people who induced Bromely Oxnam to take a nap early in the afternoon. After lunch I took a book out of my bag, lay down, and began to read. Bishop Oxnam paced up and down bewailing the loss of time. Finally I said, "Why don't you take a nap? Who wants to fly in this weather?" So he did. Upon our return I spoke to a gathering of Methodists in Boston about our trip and told of my achievement. *Zion's Herald*, a Methodist publication, wrote an account of the dinner and my remarks, chiefly mentioning the story of Bishop Oxnam. So I dropped him a line saying that this was not all I had said and hoping that he would not mind the



anecdote. He replied, "It was kind of you to write me as you did. My family certainly enjoyed the account of my nap."

We left the Azores at four o'clock one morning and arrived in Paris to take a night troop train to Frankfurt. There we were met by Dr. Fry and Dr. Herman. I do not know why but I had pictured to myself the President of the United Lutheran Church as an old gentleman with a full beard, so I was amazed when Frank Fry appeared not much over forty, clean-shaven, breezy, with great wit and enthusiasm. This was the beginning of a friendship which has meant a great deal to me in succeeding years.

The assignment given the delegation was not an easy one to fulfill. It was so soon after the close of the war that great tensions, of course, existed. The balance between sympathy for unhappy people of a defeated and largely destroyed nation and the necessity of justice in assessing Germany's responsibility for the war was difficult to achieve, a fact which at times created some tension even within our own group. The mass destruction of cities by the allied bombing with the resulting death of thousands of civilians had caused great bitterness. The German people, as a result of the Hitler dictatorship and then the war, had been cut off from world opinion for years. It was like entering a room in which all of the windows had been closed for a long period of time. But there was one great favorable aspect. We came as representatives of the churches to the church leaders and church people of Germany. This gave us a great common ground of understanding. Furthermore, the German leaders we saw had in the great majority of cases been heroic in their opposition to the policies of the German state. Many of them had suffered greatly as a result.

The United States Military Government aided us in every way. We had our headquarters just outside of Frankfurt and were given transportation. Also Robert Oxnam, a captain in the Army and a son of the Bishop, was assigned to us as a helpful aide.

It is not important now to record all the details of our trip. We

saw the aged and greatly beloved church leader Bishop Wurm in his home in a suburb of Stuttgart. One Sunday we went to the service conducted by Dr. Martin Niemöller in a great hall. The building was so crowded that we stood the whole time. We were offered seats, but we did not wish to supplant worshipers who were there before us. The atmosphere was electric as the congregation hung with intensity upon every word of Dr. Niemöller. He spoke again outside the church and later we went to his apartment for a talk with him and Mrs. Niemöller. We visited Cardinal Faulhaber and Bishop Meisser in Munich. We attended the meetings of various synods. The atmosphere of these was almost apostolic. There was no heat, so all wore overcoats and at times hats. They were small groups composed largely of those who had suffered privation, even imprisonment, for their allegiance to the Gospel of Christ. I well remember a German pastor in Heidelberg. He had been rescued by our troops from prison and perhaps from execution. He met us with tears in his eyes saying, "I feel guilty to be alive in the light of what Germany has done."

On our trip to Munich as we were to pass through Nuremberg, General Lee, whose headquarters were now at Frankfurt, had kindly arranged for us to attend the trials of Goering, Ribbentrop, Hess, and others. The building in which these were held was guarded at the time by young Russian soldiers. After careful scrutiny of our papers, we were taken to a small rear gallery reserved for spectators. Below us on the right sat the line of judges; the center was occupied by lawyers; on our left were the prisoners in two rows with a line of guards behind them. A former Austrian general dressed in old trousers and a sweater was testifying against General Keitel. We were provided with earphones so that we could follow the proceedings in English. The prisoners were making notes and several at times seemed to be amused by some comment. It was an unforgettable but unpleasant scene as we gazed at those who had caused so much suffering and evil. The proceedings were broadcast through loud-

speakers throughout the city, but I could not feel that this had any effect upon the population. They had more pressing problems such as where to live and how to carry on in a city which was largely rubble. In the German cities the streets were filled with people. But it was hard to visualize where they lived. The only places must have been the cellars.

We went to Hof, where refugees were streaming over the border from the Sudetenland, where many of them had lived for generations. Here they were coming back into Germany with only a few meager possessions in improvised bags. We saw a little boy who was dressed only in an overcoat and who had been separated from his family. All this influx of refugees put a tremendous burden upon the usual population of Germany. It was a heartrending sight and made painfully real the cruelty and the tragedy of our times.

Our last trip was to Berlin. We went from the American zone into the British, then just outside Berlin, into the Russian, and then back again into the American zone in a part of Berlin. I shall never be able to understand how it came about that the Allies agreed to a plan which gave them no entries into Berlin without permission of the Russians. The city of Berlin was not then divided, so we moved freely throughout the entire city. The famous Tiergarten had been stripped entirely of trees and was a wasteland. We stayed in a residence formerly occupied by Hitler's Minister of Education. One day we went to the railroad station and again witnessed the pathetic stream of refugees, this time from Silesia. Many of them were being quartered temporarily in the underground passages of the transit system.

While we were in Berlin we had a helpful meeting with General Lucius Clay, then the American commander. He was most cordial and understanding. Because of our church connection we had been able to talk in a more intimate way with men like Bishop Dibelius than could the military. We had attended a small meeting of the church synod of which Bishop Dibelius was the head. Strong, fearless, vigorously outspoken, Bishop Dibelius at

once won my respect and admiration, a first impression strengthened by my later association with him in the World Council of Churches.

The Germans had some grounds of complaint. The American Military Government had many difficult problems. But this could not excuse seizures of Germans whose families were left for considerable periods ignorant of their fate. The relationship of the military with the German church leaders was on an inadequate basis resulting in great misunderstanding. Yet the church leaders were in a position to influence the attitude of the German people.

All of these matters we talked over with General Clay, with whom we were greatly impressed. At the time it was impossible for us to evaluate the significance of our visitation. A few years later I saw General Clay at a Yale Commencement where he received an honorary degree. I was gratified to have him recall our conversation with him, and by his statement that it had been helpful in understanding the church situation.

Bishop Oxnam, Dr. Fry, and I presented a report as a result of our trip to the Federal Council. This report did not minimize Germany's responsibility for the war. It described the quality of the German and church leaders and pleaded for understanding and for the relief of suffering. This latter point, singularly enough, was a sensitive question. Always I have found civilians at home more filled with bitterness than the military and those dealing on the scene with concrete situations. I had a conference with former President Hoover on my return. He was interested particularly in the food situation in Germany.

At the luncheon following the conference, I heard a lady say, "Well, Mr. President, let the Germans starve."

Mr. Hoover tartly replied, "What, let the little babies starve?"

"Well, we might feed them."

"Who is going to take care of them?"

"Well, we might feed the mothers."

"Who will support them?"



There was no answer to this. Mr. Hoover was not amused, and his reaction was clearly evident.

Harry and Ned were out of the Army; Goldthwaite had graduated from Milton Academy in June of 1945; all the boys were at Yale. When Barbara and I spent Corporation weekends at Yale, we ran into Sherrills at every corner. In September 1946 we were made very happy by Harry's marriage to Martha Weeks, the daughter of the Honorable Sinclair Weeks and the late Mrs. Weeks.

The General Convention of 1946 met in Philadelphia. Outside of the usual matters of budget and program, there were two matters of especial importance: one, proposals for unity with the Presbyterian Church U.S.A., and two, the election of a Presiding Bishop, for Bishop Tucker was retiring on account of age. It was evident that a number of people desired my election. The period was a difficult one for me as there was considerable talk and some of this directed personally to me.

The matter of reunion came first into the House of Deputies. In our procedure any measure to be adopted has to pass both Houses. If it fails in one, that is the end for that session of the Convention. I did not hear the debate in the House of Deputies but from all accounts it was not a happy one with many low points. Finally the proposal was voted down. I had been strongly for the proposal, as had been the Diocese of Massachusetts. No final action was called for at this convention, only a call for further study and consideration. The matter never came before the bishops. I felt that the defeat of the measure as well as the debate had been most unfortunate.

The Army and Navy Commission report was made in a great hall of the University of Pennsylvania. This came just before an address by the Archbishop of Canterbury, so every seat was taken. As I stepped forward to the rostrum I noticed a number of chaplains in uniform. It suddenly came to me to ask them to join me on the platform. As they streamed forward from the gallery

and the floor and were massed before the audience, they received a tremendous and well-deserved standing ovation.

The chaplains touched me greatly by giving me a gold Church War Cross and a silver inkstand, which rests in front of me as I write, with the inscription, "To Henry K. Sherrill with affection and in grateful appreciation from the Church's Chaplains of World War II."

There was so much going on that Barbara and I saw very little of Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher at this Convention. Our close association was to come at a later date.

The election of the Presiding Bishop took place in the beautiful chapel of the Philadelphia Divinity School. At this election there are no nominations or speeches. After the service of the Holy Communion, the bishops proceed to cast their votes. I was elected on the first ballot. I cannot remember too much of what followed, but after thanking the bishops for their confidence, I recall saying that I had been a member of the House for sixteen years. In that time I had freely expressed my convictions. This I would continue to do as Presiding Bishop but with every effort to be fair to opposing opinions. Appleton Lawrence touched me by whispering in my ear, "There is rejoicing in Heaven." Everyone was most kind and again I was unusually fortunate in approaching a difficult task with the assured support of all. Bishop Tucker was happy and relaxed, which also meant a great deal to me. The three boys flew on from New Haven to be with us that evening.



## Presiding Bishop

IN THE COLONIAL days the Episcopal Church had grown on a hit-or-miss basis wherever there chanced to be a group of worshipers. The parish was of first importance, and the leadership of the diocese did not evolve until later. In the twentieth century, the church began to plan on a nationwide basis and the formation of the National Council was a great step in this direction. The Presiding Bishop and the Council have no authority within the diocese, nor should they have. The separation of authority is quite similar to that in the United States Government as between federal or state policy, and it was clear to me that in the execution of our task in this country, we must be guided by an over-all strategy. For instance, in recent years there has been a vast migration of people to the West and Southwest, and in scope this became a national as well as local problem. Take another example: college students are no respecters of diocesan lines, as they moved from their home parishes to attend institutions scattered from Maine to California. The ministry to colleges thus becomes a local obligation, but one with wide national implications. The church as a whole needed to be stirred from its absorption in local responsibility to a sense of national purpose. This is a task which is still in its infancy. Today many parishes within a diocese can undertake programs that the diocese itself could not under-

take, and similarly there are dioceses which can do more in proportion than the General Church. We need more education about this, for no one of us lives or dies to himself. A single parish cannot continue to prosper any more than a single Christian nation — if there is such — can survive in a pagan world.

Programs are not difficult to devise, but without the sympathetic interest and financial support of people, they are only items on paper. The support of the church, considering the number involved, is parsimonious. Education and health programs have caught the imagination of the American people, and I rejoice at this, for a large part of my life has been given to these two great causes. But the support of the church has lagged far behind them both. Yet I firmly believe that if the church should, through lack of understanding and conviction, weaken, democracy and with it most humanitarian undertaking, would fail. The emphasis of both is on the value of the individual and that assumption rests upon the fact that we are all of us children of the eternal God. From the beginning I stressed the need of greater resources which could only come through education and, of course, deeper consecration to the Christian faith. During the succeeding years we held many conferences with diocesan groups. As I kept describing the situation in many addresses throughout the country, "the church must have the ability to strike at the proper place and time with power." To the best of my ability for the next twelve years I devoted myself day in and day out to this big objective.

On January 14, 1947, Bishop Tucker installed me as Presiding Bishop at a great service in our Cathedral in Washington before a large congregation with many of our bishops in the chancel. This was made possible through the kindness of the Bishop of Washington, Angus Dun, a friend of many years and a former Dean of the Episcopal Theological School. It meant a great deal to me that Bishop Perry could be present, for it was to be my last meeting with him. Many friends from Massachusetts were there and Senator Leverett Saltonstall read the lesson. Justice Owen Roberts of the Supreme Court, the president of the House of



Deputies, also took part. In my sermon I spoke of the enlarging mission of the church in a time of crisis, the urgent need of co-operation between churches, and the call for a deeper personal consecration on the part of every member of the church.

I began my term with two pressing concerns on my mind. My first and more immediate concern had to do with the Diocese of Massachusetts. It had been recently decreed that upon election the Presiding Bishop must resign as bishop of his diocese, to take effect within six months. It was therefore necessary to ask for the election of a coadjutor bishop who would assume the office of Bishop when my resignation had taken effect. Thus it was a relief to me when in December, the Reverend Norman Nash, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, a dear friend of ability, insight, and forcefulness whom I had long admired, was elected by the Convention of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

Secondly, I had been thinking about a plan for a conference center and a home for the Presiding Bishop. The headquarters of our church was an old-fashioned office building situated in New York City at 281 Fourth Avenue; it was overcrowded and there was limited space for meetings. When the National Council met in Manhattan the members stayed in different homes or hotels in the city, and as a result they did not come into personal contact except in the actual business sessions. Bishop Tucker, the Presiding Bishop before me, being for a large part of his term also Bishop of Virginia, had kept his home in Richmond, and he and Mrs. Tucker occupied a small apartment when he came to New York. No one desires that the Presiding Bishop should have an elaborate home, but the hotel arrangements, which were all we could offer our guests, left much to be desired. For some time I had been dreaming of a conference center, with sufficient acreage for a home for the Presiding Bishop. I presented this idea to both Houses of the General Convention and a committee was appointed to look into the project.

Meanwhile I had written to Paul Badger, a classmate at Yale and a resident of Greenwich, Connecticut, asking him to look

around Westchester County and lower Connecticut for a possible location. He wrote me that he had several sites in mind, so I met him in Greenwich on a December morning in 1946. We visited several houses which did not seem suitable, but finally we swung into the main driveway of the estate of Mr. Herbert Satterlee, and I thought, This is the place if we can afford it. The property consisted of about one hundred acres with a small lake. There was the large house, admirably suited for our conference purposes, and near at hand was a smaller home built by the original owner for his brother. There were also a double farmhouse and other buildings, the whole estate only thirty miles from New York.

I made an appointment to see Mr. Satterlee. He was an old gentleman, tall, reserved, with a distinguished bearing; I knew that his wife had recently died and that he wished to leave Greenwich.

I said, "Mr. Satterlee, I have no money, only an idea." I told him of my hopes for a conference center and said that if a price could be agreed upon, I would need a six months' option during which I would try to raise the necessary funds. He was most courteous, said that he wished that he could give the property outright for such a purpose, but that this was not possible; he then suggested a very low price, less than the value of the land alone, and added that he would be happy to give most of the furnishings which were there. This was a most generous proposal, and in a few days I had the option and the approval of the General Convention committee.

In succeeding months, if I may jump ahead of my story, I saw various individuals who gave generously. The full amount was raised, a constitution and bylaws written, and a board of trustees set up. Mr. Jackson Dykman, an able lawyer who was a devoted member of our church and legal adviser to the Presiding Bishop, attended to all these details. Our action had to be ratified by act of the Connecticut Legislature, and while this was pending, the telephone rang. Mr. Dykman said that there must be a name

for the property before he could file the papers and that a decision should be made at once. Suddenly Bishop Seabury came to my mind. He was the first Episcopal bishop consecrated for the United States and also served as Bishop of Connecticut. Without thinking further, I said, "Seabury House," and so it stands today.

The duties of the Presiding Bishop are varied. He is responsible for the consecration of bishops when elected and certified; he is the chairman of the House of Bishops, the executive head of the "Missionary, Educational, and Social Work of the Church." As Presiding Bishop he deals with many affairs involving the entire Anglican Communion as well as with the co-operative work of the churches in the United States. The planning is difficult in that it must be so long-range. Just as I missed the parish contacts when I became Bishop, so now I missed the confirmation and ordination services. In my years as Presiding Bishop I ordained only three in Massachusetts — my three sons through the courtesy of Bishop Nash; and throughout the country I confirmed only five or six, one of them being John Evans, our devoted friend and helper. But there were great compensations, particularly in the wide national and international outreach. I decided once again to follow Bishop Lawrence's advice and to limit my activities to those tasks which demanded all my strength and attention.

All kinds of questions and appeals come to the Presiding Bishop, for people have no idea that his power is rightly limited. Let a lay person be discontented with the affairs of the diocese: the simple solution is to write to the Presiding Bishop and then be unhappy when informed that the matter rests within the diocese. One day my secretary was caught in a long telephone conversation: the man at the other end explained that his daughter was to be married and that the rector of the parish would not allow "O Promise Me" to be sung in the church. If I did not order the rector to change his mind, the family would join the Presbyterian Church. Well, I hope that the Presbyterian Church was



strengthened by the move, for even if I wished, there was nothing that I could do about it. It was the rector's decision — and he had my sympathy!

The mail was voluminous and I tried to answer every letter promptly and to sign each one myself. An impersonal letter with a facsimile signature is almost worse than no response. It seemed to me that anyone had a right to address the Presiding Bishop directly without any intermediary. I also insisted on writing myself any statements which I signed. Someone else might write a better one, but if I signed it, it must be mine. I do not feel enthusiastic about the current vogue for "ghost writers."

In all this my secretary, Miss Maud McCausland, was a trump. She had previously been secretary to Bishop Tucker; she knew the ropes, and she was devoted to her work. She was of Irish descent and the sparks could fly if she was aroused. She confessed later that she dreaded my coming, for she had heard that I would be difficult to work with. Shortly after I took office, I spoke of something which I thought could be improved. A few minutes later she came in, her eyes blazing.

"You hinted that my work was not satisfactory. You can have my resignation any time you wish."

I said, "Let me tell you something. When your work is unsatisfactory, there won't be any hints. You'll be fired."

She marched out. A few minutes later I found her laughing heartily. So from my point of view and I think hers, we worked together happily for twelve years, and I gladly pay this tribute for all that she did far beyond the call of duty.

On February 14, 1947, I acted as consecrator of Norman Nash as the tenth Bishop of Massachusetts. It was an inspiring service and it meant a great deal to me to consecrate my old friend in Trinity Church, which held so many memories of the past. It has been suggested from time to time that the Presiding Bishop be relieved of the task of consecrating bishops. This I have opposed strenuously, for it is the only episcopal function in the way of services left to him. In my years in office I have consecrated in the neighborhood of sixty bishops: I see in such occasions the op-



portunity of the service itself, the auspicious relationship with the new bishop and the responsive contact with an entire diocese and beyond. For example, my second consecration was of Stephen Bayne as Bishop of Olympia in the Cathedral in Seattle, Washington. While there I met the entire clergy of the Diocese and that evening spoke at a well-attended missionary mass meeting on the work of our church at home and abroad. The consecration gave me a chance to see at first hand the work of the church in a particular area and at the same time it brought people in close personal touch with the General Church.

In December of 1946 I was appointed by President Truman to the Committee on Civil Rights. By executive order the commission was instructed "to inquire into and to determine in what respect current law enforcement measures and the authority and means possessed by Federal, State and local governments may be strengthened and improved to safeguard the civil rights of the people."

Our chairman was Charles E. Wilson of the General Electric Corporation. He proved to be fair, generous in his outlook, and considerate of others; the fine temper of the committee in an issue of great controversy was due in no small part to his leadership. The committee was an excellent one composed of men and women of ability, representative of many interests, and from all parts of the country. From the South came Mrs. M. E. Tilly and President Frank P. Graham of the University of North Carolina; from organized labor, James B. Carey and Boris Shiskin; eloquent representatives of the Negro race were Channing Tobias and Mrs. Sadie Alexander. The religious representatives were Bishop Francis J. Haas of the Roman Catholic Church, Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn, and myself. President John Dickey of Dartmouth College brought to us his experience in governmental matters, and Morris L. Ernst, the keen and charming New York lawyer, played a discerning role. Other members were Charles Luckman, Francis P. Matthews, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

The commission was to examine the problem of the protection of civil rights on the broadest possible scale including every

minority in the nation, chief among them, of course, the Negroes, the Mexicans, the Japanese, and certain sectors of the Jewish population. We met usually at the White House, where at our first meeting we were addressed by President Truman and Attorney General Thomas C. Clark. We began in full committee meetings and then divided into subcommittees; several public hearings were held and a wide correspondence was encouraged with interested groups and individuals. A competent staff had been secured by Professor Robert K. Carr of Dartmouth College, the exceedingly able executive director.

The committee's first task was to examine the existing situation and a study was made of the condition of the rights to safety and security of the person, to citizenship and its privileges, to freedom of conscience and expression, and to equality of opportunity. While some progress was noted, the evidence of lynchings, of police brutality, of inequality of the administration of justice, of voting procedures, and of discrimination in regard to educational and other opportunities revealed a sad situation. Much water has gone over the dam since the report was written, for the whole problem has been aired in countless ways, so it is hardly necessary to go into detail as to the facts uncovered by the committee's report.

In general, the members of the committee were agreed on the objective. We were dealing, it is important to understand, with civil rights. We all were convinced that there must not be first-, second- and third-class citizens in the United States. But there were understandable differences of individual opinion as to the timing of reforms and as to the amount of persuasion or coercion to be recommended. One of the chief items of discussion had to do with the number of teeth in our final report. It was, I believe, wisely decided that there would be no separate minority report about these differences, which varied greatly from issue to issue. Unquestionably this strengthened the report, but there was one unfortunate result: Frank Graham, a wise and compassionate public servant, was later defeated for re-election to the Senate largely because of his membership on the committee and the

positiveness of the report, though in our discussions he was of the minority who emphasized persuasion and education rather than coercion. I recall writing a letter to the North Carolina press at the time of the campaign because it seemed fair to me that his position should be made clear.

Toward the end we met at Dartmouth College as the guests of President Dickey and spent several days coming to decisions. The report was then prepared by Dr. Carr and the staff in the light of our decisions. The final meeting was held in Washington and the whole commission read the proof and went over every sentence. This was no rubber-stamp procedure. Every member shared in the work of the report.

The detailed recommendations cover over twenty pages in the printed report, so it is impossible to reproduce the more than forty proposals here. But in general they strove "to strengthen (1) the machinery for the protection of civil rights; (2) the right to safety and security of the person; (3) the right to citizenship and its privileges; (4) the right to freedom of conscience and expression; and (5) the right to equality of opportunity." In each recommendation where there was a minority opinion, it was so stated, but without recording names.

A closing paragraph summed up the ideals put forth in practical and definite terms. "As the Committee concludes this Report we would remind ourselves that the future of our nation rests upon the character, the vision, the high principle of our people. Democracy, brotherhood, human rights — these are practical expressions of the eternal worth of every child of God. With His guidance and help we can move forward toward a nobler social order in which there will be equal opportunity for all."

At first when the report was issued there was wide discussion pro and con. Shortly afterward I made a trip through the South, visiting a number of Southern dioceses. At every stop I was asked by reporters to discuss the work of the commission. Then the matter died down; at present, of course, it is of crucial concern. I think it fair to state that the work of the commission was an important milestone in the long struggle for human freedom.



In the fall of 1947 the House of Bishops held its first meeting under my chairmanship in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Following the meeting, Champion Davis, president of the Atlantic Coast Line, invited Barbara and me to be his guests in his private car on a trip through the South. Mr. Davis was a valuable member of our National Council and a dear friend; this business trip of his gave Barbara and me a chance to visit the various dioceses in the South. We started at Richmond and went on to Birmingham, Savannah, Jacksonville, Winter Park, Wilmington, N.C., and Charleston, spending the days with the bishops and their wives and traveling by night. It was a wonderful opportunity in my first year of office to visit this part of the country, and we were grateful for all the hospitality extended to us.

I early learned the advantage of traveling with the president of the railroad. After dining in Richmond, Champ and I were being driven to the station. I looked at my watch and said, "Champ, it's time for the train to leave."

He replied quietly, "The train won't go until we arrive," and I worried no more. Champ was a railroad man through and through. At night he liked to sit in darkness in his car at the end of the train. A floodlight would be turned on and he would sit and observe the roadbed. From Savannah to Charleston, Champ and I rode in the Diesel engine. Having been brought up in the days of the coal-burning engine, I was amazed at the cleanliness of the cab. There were cattle grazing along the railroad and the near misses were hair-raising. The bridges as we sped toward them seemed too low to pass under, but we always did. In every way this was a happy and memorable week for us both.

As the executive head of the "Missionary, Educational and Social work of the church" I necessarily dealt with a wide variety of matters. Bishop Tucker had assembled an admirable staff. As inevitable changes came, there were replacements. I wish that it were possible to name every one, but I do wish to pay tribute to my fellow workers for their ability and devotion. In every sense whatever we accomplished was a team effort. A most helpful



member was the Reverend C. Rankin Barnes, our secretary.

A large part of the budget went for our work overseas in many parts of the world. Missionary bishops make an annual report to the Presiding Bishop. Diocesan bishops are elected by diocesan conventions in the several dioceses, but missionary bishops, in a special way, represent the whole church and are therefore elected by the House of Bishops. This affords a wide survey both of the needs of a missionary field and of the available personnel of the entire church. For example, Bishop Brent, then comparatively unknown, was elected Bishop of the Philippines when he was the Vicar of St. Stephen's Church in Boston. The bishops hold a session when nominations are made for a vacant field. Some of these nominations are the result of careful study, others are more impromptu. They are referred to a standing committee who prepare a report for the whole House. Then the bishops meet for a full, frank discussion of the various nominees. Pertinent questions are asked and answers given as to qualifications, personality, family, and so forth. The next morning the service of the Holy Communion is celebrated and the election follows. No method is perfect, and I do not claim that all choices have proved wise, but on the whole our missionary bishops have shown unique qualities of consecration and vision. They work far away from home with limited resources and with a heavy burden of the care of missions, clergy, and people. As illustrations I mention great figures in the past I have known well, such as Brent, Roots of China, Binsted of the Philippines, and Rowe of Alaska, among many others.

In this way and in many personal contacts and conversations as well as by visits I tried to keep in touch with the field. In a day when, through modern methods of transportation and communication we have become one world, the missionaries once considered impractical idealists have proved themselves to be hardheaded realists ahead of their times. In all this work it was a great asset to have Bishop John B. Bentley as head of the Overseas Department. His friendship and aid were invaluable.

Here at home we touched many districts and dioceses includ-

ing work in the colleges, rural areas, cities, and a number of minority groups. We made a great forward step in this field in developing a policy of revolving loans. One night in San Francisco I met with a group of bishops from the Pacific Coast. I said, "Instead of my talking I would like to hear your problems and opportunities." So we went about the circle, each telling something of his work. The situation was similar everywhere, namely the rapidly increasing population; a town which a short time before had been only a whistle stop now had a population of twenty-five thousand and would soon reach double that figure. The problem was how to finance immediate church building. The need was not for financial gifts, but for loans. Immediately after the war, under the leadership of Bishop Tucker, a magnificent and successful campaign for funds had been conducted entitled the Reconstruction and Advance Fund. The purpose was to repair the damage caused by the war and to strengthen the ongoing missionary work. In this fund a million and a half dollars had been allotted to the work in China, but due to the political situation, nothing could be done in China, and the money was in the bank in New York. As I listened to the words of the bishops, the existence of these resources came to my mind. I said, "We may be able to loan you money in this emergency."

When the National Council met, I proposed that we set up a revolving fund with the million and a half dollars to be loaned to dioceses or districts without interest and payable back one-tenth a year for a period of ten years, the diocese or the district guaranteeing the principal of the loan. The National Council would not deal with parishes, but only with dioceses, who were best able to decide where the money should be spent. The Council heartily approved the suggestion. George Weiland, the able secretary of the Home Department, and I sat down and had the unusual pleasure of allocating a million and a half dollars to the dioceses with the greatest needs and opportunities. It is one of the few cases, alas, in which the church has been able to meet a national problem in a large strategic way.

The results have been very great. For every dollar loaned,

many more were given, sparked by the loan. Scores of churches, parish houses, and rectories have been built. Every dollar of the loans has been repaid. It was a remarkable case of having your cake and eating it too, for the situation was met in many places, and we still have the original amount of money. It was a great joy in traveling about the country to find beautiful and flourishing churches and to hear a rector say, "We would not have this, were it not for an original loan of twenty-five thousand dollars." Now for a period of eleven years this fund has been revolving, aiding in many parts of the country. Again let me stress, the material fabric is not the important thing, but the service which the church can render to people in the proclamation of the Gospel. This was one of the happiest ventures of my term as Presiding Bishop.

There were many interesting contacts in the domestic field. I think of the dedication of a new building in our rural work center at Roan Ridge. It was so cold that I did not wear my vestments and kept to my heavy overcoat and hat. The choir formed in the barn. As the procession was about to start, the leader shouted, "Attention, Choir, sing when you reach the chicken house." It made me confident that we were really in the rural field! Again there was the unforgettable visit with William Wright, Dr. Wieland's admirable successor, to the Indian Convocation in South Dakota as the guests of Bishop Gesner. The need for better treatment of our Indian brethren was forcibly brought home to me.

The General Convention of 1946 had demanded a more effective Department of Christian Education. To do this we were fortunate to secure the services of the Reverend John Heuss and his successor, the Reverend David Hunter. A program of religious education was devised, including the Seabury Series of church school lessons, and a sequence of books on the teaching of the church was published. It soon became evident that it was essential to establish a press. This launched us on a new and perplexing adventure. As an example, I cite one experience. It seemed necessary for us to publish the Book of Common Prayer. One



morning my secretary told me that she had made an appointment for me to see the presidents of three important publishing houses which were already publishing the prayer book. I asked Harry Addinsell, a man of great business ability who had become our treasurer, to be present at the interview. The three gentlemen entered with solemn faces. Their spokesman said that they had come to warn us for our own good not to enter this field as there were certain to be great financial losses for the Seabury Press. I suggested mildly that they had continued their publication of the prayer book for a long time. To which the reply was made that there was a certain amount of prestige connected with such a publication. At this point Harry Addinsell in his charming manner broke in. "Gentlemen, is there any reason we should not publish our own prayer book?" When the answer was given, "No," I thanked them for their interest in our welfare and they departed. Despite their warning, we worked into the black.

The refugee problem in the aftermath of the war and the plight of many churches throughout the world were on the minds and hearts of us all. While Bishop Tucker was in office there had been established a World Relief Fund. Under the direction of Robert Jordan, our able Director of Promotion, it was planned to appeal for a million dollars for the fund through a radio broadcast which I was to make. Radios were placed in the great majority of the churches throughout the country, and I think that for the first time the Presiding Bishop spoke directly to our entire constituency. The fact that diocesan isolation still existed was made apparent when one bishop protested not too vigorously that I had entered his diocese over the air without his permission. At any rate the broadcast was made, and we received more than the million dollars.

An amusing event occurred in the service in Greenwich. The radio was turned on a minute too soon, and the last sentence of the preceding program began our program with the words, "Leave it to the girls." This has been too often true of the church!

The World Relief Program administered with great care and compassion by Dr. Almon Pepper has been of untold help to



countless numbers of people. Refugees have been welcomed and resettled, theological students from many lands have been given opportunities for further training, churches abroad have been rebuilt and strengthened.

One example comes to me. One day I had a letter from a professor who had been for a number of years in a refugee camp with his family. I consulted the appropriate department at Yale which knew of him. As a result of Dr. Pepper's persistent effort, this family was rescued, brought to this country, and established as the professor secured work in one of our universities.

These are illustrations of the manifold activities and interests of the General Church. It was not only a matter of administration, but that of securing adequate support for the work. To aid in this situation, I conceived the idea of an Episcopal Church Foundation. For some time I had become convinced that the church needed an auxiliary agency to secure financial support. The usual methods did not foster large gifts or bequests. A person of great wealth may belong to a very small parish. No one is going to make a great gift to a small parochial budget. The diocese and the National Church offered, of course, opportunities but these were understood by comparatively few. So I conceived the idea of a foundation composed, with the exception of myself, of laymen. This foundation could present the program of the church in terms of necessary millions of dollars and act as a support to the entire work of the church without reference to smaller essential budgets. The purpose of the foundation was to present the need and the opportunity of the church in the largest and broadest and most challenging terms. It was a laborious task explaining the idea, writing a constitution and bylaws, having an act of incorporation approved, above all in securing the necessary directors. This involved many personal conversations and lengthy correspondence. Finally, we were under way on paper.

We had a remarkable group of directors composed of men of national prominence in church and business. Prescott Bush, later United States Senator from Connecticut, was of great help in this as well as in other church matters. No organization

of any character had a more impressive board. We met one day for our first meeting as a board. I said, "Gentlemen, I have a most difficult task to perform. Often before a service we pray, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.' You may not realize it, but this is my prayer now. We are all set, you have become directors, we have our constitution, but I must know now what you are willing to do yourselves, for I am sure that no one else will be inspired to give unless you as directors take the lead."

There was a pause, and then Walter Teagle spoke: "Bishop, what you are saying is that we ought to buy stock in our own corporation?"

I replied, "Well, I wouldn't myself have stated it in that way, but I am happy to agree with your description." Five hundred thousand dollars was the result of that meeting, and we were at last on the way.

Later on I secured a gift of \$1,000,000 for a Revolving Loan Fund. As I write this the Foundation has received some \$4,000,000 and I trust that there is much more in view. Let no one think that raising of funds is always easy. William Given, the president of the Foundation, was anxious that I should see a possible donor who spent the winters in Florida. He had been trying to arrange a meeting for some time. One day he called me up and said that at last he had been able to arrange for me to see this man in Palm Beach at four o'clock the next afternoon. Because of Bill Given's concern, I felt that I must go, so I took the morning plane for Miami, motored a hundred miles to my destination to be told by this man that he was ill, motored back to Miami, spent the night, flew back to New York. I wrote a letter to the prospective donor saying that I hoped he was better. He replied that he was — and that was the end of that approach. But it is all a part of the task. The greatest tribute to the Foundation was the fact that several other national churches borrowed our constitution and bylaws for study and formed similar organizations.

In carrying on the work it was invaluable to have such an able National Council membership composed of bishops, clergy, laymen, and laywomen from all parts of the country who gave generously of their time and effort. It was especially gratifying to have two Massachusetts laymen, Alexander Whiteside and James Garfield, friends of many years. Again it is obviously impossible to name them all, but I wish to express my gratitude. We met four times a year at Seabury House, which was in full operation. The Executive Board of the Women's Auxiliary, as it was then called, also gathered there with Mrs. Margaret Sherman as the capable executive secretary and with a fine staff. The chapel, given by the family of Bishop William Lawrence, was an inspiration. Almost three thousand people yearly spent nights at Seabury House attending one conference or another, comprising representatives of the National Church, dioceses, parishes, and interchurch groups. Barbara and I lived in Dover House nearby. There were homes for various members of the staff, and a hostel for missionaries was built. Barbara did a great service by forming the Seabury House Guild composed of church women, who have been of invaluable help in assisting the directors in the maintenance and development of the property.

The Lambeth Conference, a gathering of bishops from all over the world, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as chairman and host, was scheduled for July 1948. The Conference usually had met every ten years, but owing to the state of the world there had been no meeting since 1930. The Conference has no legislative power over the various branches of the Anglican Communion. The reports and the actions taken are purely advisory and stand on their own feet for what they may be worth. But composed as it is of the leadership of the church, the Conference has a wide influence.

It was no secret that the American bishops who attended the 1930 Conference came home with the feeling that they had been given scant opportunity to be heard. Archbishop Fisher, who was keenly aware of this, was determined that this Conference should be marked by a warmer climate. During the period of preparation



there was a considerable correspondence across the Atlantic with a frank discussion of topics and of personnel. The Archbishop was not then as well acquainted as he came to be later with the bishops in the United States, and he asked me to send him a thumbnail portrait of many of our bishops as a guide for appointments to committees and to other assignments. No one could have been more understanding and cooperative than he was.

In late June, the Hobsons, Lawrences, Peabodys, Barbara, and I set sail for England. It was a happy experience with old and dear friends. Before we had docked, the Bishop of Liverpool and his wife came on board to welcome us, and Mrs. William Temple was on hand to greet us at the London station. Before we had been many hours at our hotel, the Archbishop himself appeared. Warm hospitality extended through the six weeks of the Conference.

The Conference opened with a great service at Canterbury Cathedral with an address by the Archbishop and on the following Sunday — the Fourth of July — a second such service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Archbishop had asked me to be the preacher, and it was with considerable trepidation that I accepted. This was my first Lambeth Conference, and St. Paul's is not an easy place, as it seemed to me, in which to preach. There is an amplifying system now, but I was told by someone to keep my eyes directly on a certain statue or else I would not be heard. That morning the temperature dropped and there was a cold rain. Barbara insisted that I wear a sweater concealed under my vestments, otherwise I think that my teeth would have chattered. But as at Canterbury, it proved to be an inspiring service, with magnificent music and a great congregation. In my sermon I tried to make plain the application of the Gospel to the realities of our time, particularly in regard to church unity and the social order.

Our meetings were in the great assembly hall of Lambeth Palace which had been destroyed by German bombs during the war and was just rebuilt. The opening days of the Conference were given to addresses by appointed speakers on major themes,



such as international affairs, the Anglican Communion, church unity, the liturgy, and missionary opportunities. Then the Conference broke up for several weeks into sections which discussed the various subjects in detail and prepared reports and resolutions to the whole Conference. These reports at the end receive minute attention before adoption or emendation. There was a time limit on every speaker, but in one day, as I recall, we listened to some sixty-five speeches. The Archbishop presided with decision, wonderful spirit, and great wit. No detail escaped his attention.

The subject upon which there was the greatest difference of opinion had to do with relationships to the newly formed Church of South India involving matters of faith and more particularly of church order. The chairman of the Committee on Church Unity was the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Bell; Henry Hobson was the secretary. Bishop Bell was a remarkable man whose friendship was to prove an inspiration in the years to come. He had been chaplain to Archbishop Davidson, then Dean of Canterbury, before going to Chichester. A striking-looking man with gray hair and a ruddy complexion, he possessed a remarkable combination of Christian gentleness and high courage. He had been of great service to the German pastors oppressed by Hitler and was universally respected and loved at home and abroad. When the carefully worded report on the Church of South India was presented and adopted, on the insistence of the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Kirk, the views of a substantial minority were incorporated in the final draft. This weakened the somewhat complicated formula of relationship to the Church of South India, but progress was made, as will appear later. There are always those who view any proposal of church unity with alarm and tend to talk of a great crisis. Many of these discussions, in the broad light of Christian history and of Christian experience, always seem to me to be overmeticulous. The Conference made progress in other areas, especially in the matter of cooperation among the various branches of the Anglican Communion.

As I have read the account of previous Lambeth Conferences

certain strong personalities like Bishop Charles Gore and Bishop Hensley Henson have stood out, and in the case of Bishop Henson the acidity of his remarks. There were no such outstanding speakers in the Conference of 1948. It was in large measure a group effort in excellent spirit so carefully nurtured by Archbishop Fisher. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Cyril Garbett, was a tall spare man with a great interest in national and international affairs. At times he spoke on such questions with fire and authority.

The Bishop of Chester had asked me to speak at a breakfast following the service of the Holy Communion for a group interested in industrial relations, of which he was the president. The other speaker on this occasion was Sir Stafford Cripps, who read a long, brilliant, closely reasoned paper, a rather heavy diet for so early in the morning. In order to lighten the occasion I ventured to begin by telling a story told me by Mr. Roswell Page, a strong Virginia layman and a brother of Thomas Nelson Page, the distinguished novelist. A man in Virginia was dying and desired to be baptized. A clergyman was sent for who said:

"Before baptizing you, I must ask one question. Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works?"

There was a considerable pause and then the response came, "Look here, Parson, this isn't any time for me to be making any enemies *anywhere*."

It is always a gamble to tell a story in an international gathering, for national senses of humor vary greatly. But for some reason, perhaps due to Sir Stafford Cripps's solemn paper, there was a wave of laughter with stamping of canes and cries of "Hear, hear!" Karl Block, the Bishop of California, was sitting with a British bishop who at this point turned and said, "My word, California, but your Primate is a salty old crock." Karl loved to tell this story about me, and as I write I can hear his infectious roar of laughter.

There were many happy by-products to the hard and confining work of the Conference. The Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher held a garden party at Lambeth. We were given a reception at the

House of Commons; the Lord Mayor of London and his wife entertained us at an evening reception at the Mansion House; and we attended a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. How the members of the Royal Family stood the scrutiny of thousands of people as they individually wended their way through the throng to the royal tent was an amazement. An enjoyable feature was to see Sir Winston Churchill in a gray suit and topper leave the gathering amidst a tremendous ovation. On another afternoon the Fishers invited Barbara and me to be present at Lambeth at tea for Princess Elizabeth, who had come to address a group of young church people.

One of the special events was an audience given to the bishops by the King and Queen in Buckingham Palace. We assembled in a large room on the second story and were divided by a functionary into various provincial groups in order of seniority of age. This official was greatly puzzled by the titles of some American bishops and some of his pronunciations were fearful to hear. After the entrance of the King, Queen, and Princesses, the Archbishop of Canterbury made an address to the King, who responded. Then the Archbishop introduced the bishops of the Province of Canterbury, who shook hands with the King and Queen and passed out of the hall. The Archbishop of York did the same for the bishops of the Province of York, and so it went. When my turn came I was expected to name all our bishops by title, over ninety in number, as they came forward one by one. It was something of a nerve-racking ordeal, for while I knew them all intimately, it was not easy to remember the right diocese for each one as they rapidly passed by. I made one mistake in title and was corrected by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who stood behind me with the complete list. But when I called the next bishop in line correctly, the Archbishop interposed again — and I realized that his list included an absent bishop, whose name I had skipped over. I whispered, "Keep still." Afterward he asked me why I did this, and I explained that with one man absent, every further name on his list as he followed it along would have been wrong.

The great personal reward of the Conference for Barbara and me was our friendship with Geoffrey and Rosamond Fisher. They were hospitality personified in their care and attention to all. He and I discussed matters as the Conference proceeded with the utmost good spirit and frankness. We had a delightful visit at the Old Palace, the Canterbury home of the Archbishop. Under the leadership of Mrs. Fisher there was a several days' conference of the wives of the bishops. I had attended the Archbishop's enthronement as I have related, and we had engaged in lengthy correspondence, but this visit to England sealed a friendship which was to remain a blessing through succeeding years. Barbara and Rosamond Fisher developed an equally close relationship.

The Conference in its official work accomplished helpful results but, as is often the case, the by-products were the most useful and lasting results. It was an opportunity to come into close contact with Christian leaders of many races and backgrounds from all over the world. Inevitably a great deal was learned of the problems and opportunities in many areas. Above all, close friendships were formed. I came away with a deeper sense of the meaning of the words "the company of faithful people." The closing service of the Holy Communion was held at Westminster Abbey with the Archbishop of York as the preacher. As the three hundred and more bishops came forward to receive the Holy Communion it was with a deep sense of thanksgiving to God who had called us into such a fellowship. With new vision and strength we parted company.



# 12

## Travels

IN JUNE of 1949 I went to Edinburgh to receive the great honor of an honorary degree from the University of Edinburgh. It was a most impressive occasion. I was asked to speak at a formal dinner the night before the exercises. I cannot recall now what I said, except a quotation from President Lowell, "Harvard is a center of learning because the freshmen bring in so much and the seniors take out so little." After the awarding of degrees, the entire company went to Saint Giles Cathedral for a moving service of farewell and of blessing. I have never seen elsewhere such a service.

In August we were made very happy by the marriage of our son Ned to Elisabeth Bowker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Bowker of Worcester, Massachusetts.

At this time a routine physical examination revealed the fact that I had a serious intestinal condition, the nature of which was not entirely clear. Dr. Arthur Allen, the brilliant surgeon and a dear friend, was exceedingly doubtful about my attending the convention. To this I said, "I am going." He answered, "Not if I tell you you can't." The only thing I could say was that while I had great respect for his judgment, in this case I was bound to attend my first convention as Presiding Bishop. So I went, though

it was considerable of an ordeal as I suffered acute pain most of the time.

During my term as Presiding Bishop, there were four General Conventions. These were similar in many ways. There would be an opening service, a reception in which thousands of hands would be shaken, and, of course, most important, the sessions of the two Houses which necessarily are forced to deal with much routine but essential business, such as revision of the canons, and the adoption of a budget for the next three years. There were several joint sessions at which the program of the National Council was presented and a closing service at which the pastoral letter of the House of Bishops was read. If there were vacancies, missionary bishops were elected. In addition to the official sessions there were numerous dinners of provinces, departments, seminaries, and other groups. I tried to visit as many of these as possible, sometimes appearing at four in an evening, though they took place in different parts of a large city. The General Division of Women's Work met at the same time, so there were hundreds of official delegates plus thousands of visitors. There has been some objection to the number of activities outside the official business, but as I look back they appear to me as important. General Conventions are a sort of national, even international, old home week. Old and close friendships were renewed as men and women came from many parts of the world. After each of these four conventions, I was conscious of a lift in the spirit of the whole church. It is not my purpose to write a detailed history of them, but to share some of the memories which abide.

At the General Convention of 1949 in San Francisco my close friend Karl Block was the host and it was especially marked by the presence of the Archbishop of York, Dr. Garbett. Before the Convention, the Archbishop with his chaplain, John Kent, spent about a week with us in Greenwich. What went on in his mind I do not know, but we found him a charming, surprisingly humorous guest, far different from the austere person described in his recent biog-

raphy. Every afternoon the Archbishop and his chaplain would appear in heavy shoes, soft shirts, and no ties for a long walk. As it was easy to get lost in our section of Greenwich, I would say, "If you lose your way, telephone us from the nearest house without telling anyone who you are." I could imagine his saying, "I am His Grace, the Archbishop of York, and this is my chaplain." I feared that because of his costume the patrol wagon would be summoned.

One day Barbara, Goldthwaite, and I took him to New Haven. We had lunch with President and Mrs. Seymour. After lunch we went over to the library. Professor Chauncey Tinker, a devout Episcopalian, had us in tow and was much impressed by the Archbishop. He would hurry off and return with a valuable edition of the Book of Common Prayer. The Archbishop would hold the book for a moment and then pass it back. Finally we went into the basement where a collection of Boswell papers had recently arrived and was still in crates. The Archbishop picked up a letter from Boswell to Sir Joshua Reynolds asking him to paint his portrait for nothing. At the bottom of the letter Sir Joshua had written "Conditions accepted." As we started back to Greenwich, the Archbishop was silent for a considerable time, and then said in solemn tones, "You know, I am ashamed to admit that I got a greater thrill from holding that letter of Boswell's than I did from the prayer books."

The Convention opened with an outdoor procession and a great service with thousands present in the municipal auditorium. At this service I tried to present the task and opportunity of the church. Immediately afterward the two Houses of the Convention convened. An amusing incident occurred at the very outset of the session of the House of Bishops. A bishop notable for the length rather than the wisdom of his speeches rose and for some reason said, "Mr. Chairman, would you like me to speak now or would you prefer to wait until later?"

I replied, "Since you give me the choice, I will choose later." He sat down to a roar of laughter. Fearing that his feelings might

have been hurt, I looked him up after adjournment and said, "I am sorry, but even I could not have missed the barn door opened for me."

He answered genially, "That is all right; it is your job."

The spirit of the Convention was excellent. The address of the Archbishop of York was admirable, as were those of the missionary bishops. There was real progress all along the line, and it was an especial joy to have Bishop St. George Tucker present, who sat by my side and was a constant source of strength.

When I reached Greenwich it was clearly evident that I needed medical attention, so, as always when in such difficulty, I set sail for the Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Arthur Allen finally operated, Howard Means and Jason Mixter standing by as ever-devoted friends. It is difficult to express my gratitude to Arthur Allen as surgeon and friend. The operation, though long and complicated, was entirely successful, making my further ministry and life possible. But a long recuperation was essential. Barbara and I went to Boxford for a long stay, and in January had an enjoyable time as guests of Richard and Anita Curtis in a cottage on the beach in Ponte Vedra, Florida. Richard for years had suffered with great courage from a serious malady. I recall this visit with especial poignancy, for he died a year later. He was a brilliant lawyer but even more a fine man and a dear friend.

The General Convention of 1952 met in Boston. This was a happy choice for me as may be imagined. Bishop Nash was the host bishop. I had asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to be an honored guest and to be the speaker at a joint session of the two Houses. Barbara and I had asked the Fishers to spend part of their vacation with us in Boxford before the Convention. We met them at the pier in New York. There was a large group of reporters present armed with microphones, and a severe thunderstorm was in progress. I said a few words of welcome and then the Archbishop took over.

He began shouting into the microphone, "I'm not the Red



Dean." Thunder and lightning. "I repeat," he said, "I am not the Red Dean."

Many people in this country had confused the two very different personalities. Often someone would ask me how I defended the political views of my friend.

We went to Greenwich for a few days' rest and for a reception which was held at Seabury House. Then with Goldthwaite as chauffer we motored to Boxford, first up the Hudson, stopping at West Point and Hyde Park, then through the Berkshires so familiar to me and over the Mohawk Trail. There followed three weeks of great happiness. At the Fishers' request there were no engagements; they read, walked, and rested. We motored about the North Shore and did many things, such as going to a baseball game and eating in shore restaurants, which I dare say no archbishop had ever done before. The only "business" was a press conference held one morning on our lawn. The Archbishop, as always on such occasions in this country, was thoroughly informal and delightful.

There was one brief untoward incident. We had recently acquired a lively red setter puppy, Tony, who became very much a member of our family. Exuberant and affectionate, he had jumped on and, in some cases, knocked over more Episcopal dignitaries than any other dog in the world as new groups came to Seabury House for conferences. In Boxford Goldthwaite discovered Tony occupied with one of the Archbishop's collars and his purple rabat, but fortunately no permanent damage was done.

The Sunday before the Convention opened the Archbishop preached to a large congregation at Christ Church Boston, the Old North Church of Paul Revere fame, and the service was televised nationally. The opening service was held in the Boston Garden with an overflow congregation of at least eighteen thousand. The Convention opened with a tragic event. The Reverend Claude Sprouse, President of the House of Deputies, greatly respected by all, fell dead as he was addressing the House. The

Reverend Canon Theodore Wedel was elected to succeed him, for, of course, this convention had to go on. That evening a reception was held at the Museum of Fine Arts. At eleven o'clock the doors were closed with a large crowd still awaiting to enter. We had shaken hands with thousands of people. This is a physical ordeal of the first order. People would ask, "How is your hand holding out?" But so far as I am concerned the strain is on legs and feet!

The Archbishop was to address the Joint Session in Symphony Hall. As I was about to introduce him, one of my sons put into my hands a printed paper which attacked our distribution of World Relief funds on the ground that considerable amount of money had been given to those outside the Anglican Communion. On the spur of the moment, I held the paper in my hand and said, among other things, "It will be a tragic day for our church when human suffering and tragedy are made an object of ecclesiastical partisanship. It will be a sad day for our church when we stand aside from the main stream of Christian life." This was said with considerable heat. To my surprise and deep gratification the Convention rose in a great and continued burst of applause. Our relief program was safe beyond question for that convention.

The Archbishop gave a masterly presentation of the Anglican Communion in the world today. His tenure as Archbishop had been especially notable for his keen understanding of the necessity of a world church based upon the great traditions of the past but facing a new era with courage and high vision.

The last event of the Fishers' visit was a dinner held in the field house of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There were several speeches, a welcome from Bishop Nash, addresses from two laymen, and the Archbishop with his great wit charmed and held the audience. He has the unusual faculty of combining the ridiculous and the serious. On his visits to this country, he has been the most informal of archbishops, yet all the time he has kept inviolate the dignity of his office and the high seriousness of the church's task. After the dinner Barbara and I put Rosa-

mond and Geoffrey on the sleeper for New York and the four of us thanked God for the deep ties of affection and of a common task which united us.

Again it is not possible to describe the various actions of the Convention, many of which are necessarily routine in character. But one occurrence which had great implications for the future took place. Bishop Quin of Texas, my dear friend from Concord Conference days, invited the Convention of 1955 to meet in Houston. There was much discussion because of the racial problem. Bishop Quin was eager to have the convention in his diocese as the time approached for his retirement after a notable episcopate. He gave moving and sincere assurances that this problem could and would be solved. The Convention then voted, out of the great affection and esteem in which Bishop Quin was held by all, to accept the Texas invitation despite the expressed reluctance of a considerable minority. In this decision I took no part as I felt that this was a matter which the Convention must decide. But I had grave doubts.

Matters progressed in the life of our family. The three boys had decided to enter the ministry, Harry graduating from the Virginia Theological Seminary, and Ned and Goldthwaite from the Episcopal Theological School. When I am asked how all three made this decision, I have had to answer that I can recall but slight conversation on the subject with any of them. They made up their own minds without any family suggestion or pressure. My best answer is that their mother's unconscious influence and character had much to do with the choice. It was a deep experience to ordain all three to the diaconate and to the priesthood. Harry started as an assistant at Christ Church, Grosse Pointe, Michigan; Ned as an assistant to my old friend Gardiner Day at Christ Church, Cambridge.

We had great joy in June of 1953 in the marriage of Goldthwaite to Mary Taylor, the daughter of close friends, Dean and Mrs. Taylor of the Episcopal Theological School. Immediately afterward they started work and life in Dickinson, North Dakota,



where Goldthwaite became Rector of St. John's Church. Certainly Barbara and I have been blessed in our three daughters-in-law, who seem daughters rather than in-laws. Prue at this time, after graduating from the Masters School, Dobbs Ferry, New York, was a student at Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts, where she spent four happy and rewarding years.

Barbara and I had been invited by Bishop Yashiro, the Presiding Bishop of the Church in Japan to visit that church and country. On the way we stopped for a brief visit in Alaska. Bishop Gordon of Alaska had been elected Bishop at the age of twenty-nine and as no bishop can be consecrated until he is thirty, the consecration had to await his increase in age. He is a strong leader, full of determination and energy, who flies his own plane about the district. In Anchorage I preached at the consecration of a beautiful new church, All Saints', which had been partly made possible by an initial grant of twenty-five thousand dollars from the National Council. I was impressed by the opportunity in this rapidly growing section. Then we flew to Fairbanks, where we enjoyed being the guests of Shirley and Bill Gordon. The demands upon a missionary bishop and his wife's hospitality are almost unlimited. Fairbanks being the center, there were many visitors — missionaries and their families coming and going for various purposes. When we were there a considerable group of young people from Southern Ohio who had been doing some work in Alaska literally blew into the rectory and spent the night on couches in the living room and on the floor. I suggested the building of a hostel to relieve some of this pressure. This was later voted by the National Council. While we were in Alaska I thought so often of Bishop Rowe and of John Bentley driving dog teams through the snow to make parochial visitations. It took Bishop Rowe several months to visit Point Hope, our northernmost mission, as he was dependent upon the schedule of the government revenue cutter. The airplane has changed all our lives but in few places is the fact more apparent than in Alaska.

Leaving Anchorage we stopped briefly in the Aleutians for re-



fueling, which reminded me of my visit to the chaplains ten years before. That afternoon we arrived at the Tokyo Airport to be met by Bishop Yashiro, the Honorable Frank and Mrs. Sayre, the Reverend Kenneth Heim, our senior missionary, and scores of members of the church clergy and laity all waving and bowing. It was a most heartening welcome.

Frank Sayre had been a friend of many years. After distinguished service as a professor in the Harvard Law School and in the diplomatic service, notably as Governor General of the Philippines, he had desired to serve the church and had gone to Japan as my personal representative. Both he and his wife, Betty, were untiring in all that they did for us. To be with them was an inspiration in itself, for their devotion to the cause of Christ was contagious.

Kenneth Heim, a professor at the Virginia Seminary, had gone to Japan as an adviser and helper to our younger missionaries and has given himself completely to the work of the Japanese Church.

Bishop Yashiro is a strong and remarkable leader who has the admiration and affection of us all. He is well known in this country as he generally comes to our conventions and has traveled widely throughout the United States on speaking tours. A man of ability, of great courage, he is a bulwark of our church's work in Japan.

The morning after our arrival, I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel of the Theological School with most of the bishops of the Japanese Church present. It was the first time I had conducted a service in my stocking feet. I had no idea how shoes build up your stature and morale.

It is an interesting experience to visit a country where Christians are in such a great minority. One moment this has a depressing effect and then there comes inspiration from the witness and the lives of devoted Christians, some of whom have paid a great price to be Christians. Our church in Japan had become an independent branch of the Anglican Commission just previous to the outbreak of the war. It is entirely self-governing. All of the bishops

are Japanese. We in this country are a major source of financial support, and we have sent a splendid group of young missionaries, as have the Church of England and the Anglican Church in Canada, to serve under the Japanese bishops. We have fine institutions. St. Luke's Hospital, a monument to the life and work of Dr. Teusler, is one of the great hospitals of the Far East. St. Paul's University with its thousands of students is a notable educational institution. Fine secondary schools, such as St. Margaret's in Tokyo and St. Agnes's in Kyoto, are carrying on a splendid work. The more difficult areas are in the rural sections where witness to Christ is more complicated. Yet the great need is for this kind of personal evangelism.

We had little time for sight-seeing as, quite properly, a full schedule of church events had been arranged. In Tokyo I conferred with the bishops, spoke to the American Society at a luncheon, and visited many of the institutions and churches. A reception was given us on the grounds of St. Luke's Hospital. One extremely interesting half-hour Barbara and I had was an audience with the Emperor and Empress which had kindly been arranged by the American Ambassador, Mr. Allison, who accompanied us to the Imperial Palace. We waited in an upstairs chamber for the entrance of the Emperor and Empress, who were accompanied by two remarkable interpreters who were so able and quick that it hardly seemed that they were there. The Emperor was dressed in informal clothes, the Empress in Japanese costume. They were both most cordial. While the Empress and Barbara talked of grandchildren, what gifts we were taking them, and the visit of the Crown Prince to the United States, the Emperor and I engaged in general conversation. The Emperor surprised me by suddenly asking about the health of Mrs. Taft, widow of Senator Taft. Fortunately, as I had known Bob Taft well, for we were members together of the Yale Corporation for many years, I was able to answer the question.

One Sunday I preached in the beautiful chapel of St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo. The chapel is so arranged, with balconies on each floor in addition to seating space on the main floor, that pa-

tients all through the hospital could attend. In the front row sat General William F. Dean, who had just been released from his long captivity in Korea. He was in a dressing gown and looked drawn and pale. I imagine that it was the first time that he had been able to receive the Holy Communion in many months.

We went to Kyoto, the most charming of cities, where we were entertained at a well-attended dinner in an ancient shrine. From Kyoto the Army flew me to Seoul, Korea. As we covered the terrain of Korea, I was impressed by the difficulty our troops must have in a mountainous area with the poorest of roads. It was a joy to be with a number of our chaplains again.

An interview had been arranged with President Rhee. Accompanied by two chaplains I went to the fine presidential residence. At the time, there was some difference in policy between our Army command and the President. As I did not wish to converse on that topic, when the President entered, I said, "Mr. President, I am neither a statesman nor a general, but a bishop, and I am interested in the humanitarian situation."

His sharp little eyes twinkled and he replied, "For that you are all the more welcome." For half an hour in a rapid decisive flow of words, he discussed the economic and moral factors in the housing situation, which was appalling. Thousands of people were walking up and down the streets. Where they could find shelter for the night was a puzzle. On Sunday morning I preached at two Army services, and then returned to Tokyo, arriving in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm.

Frank Sayre and I spent several days in Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan, as the guests of Bishop Ueda. He met us at the airport and we had an interesting trip through the countryside, stopping to visit the Ainu Colony, being entertained at lunch by the mayor of an important industrial city, and spending the night at a popular Japanese spa. We dedicated a plot of ground at one stop, which had been purchased as a site for a new church. A small group of Christians gathered amid tall weeds while passers-by watched with curiosity. A hymn was sung, Bishop Ueda had several prayers, I said a few words of greeting



and pronounced the benediction. This service was symbolic of the situation of the church, particularly in rural areas. It was evident there was a small number of Christians amid a non-Christian community, yet it was inspiring to feel the interest and the devotion of the church people. There were a reality and a simplicity that seemed truly apostolic.

There was an attractive little Japanese boy present with his mother. I put a note of Japanese money in his shirt pocket, but one never gets ahead of the Japanese as regards gifts. When Frank and I were at the airport to leave Hokkaido, the mother and the little boy appeared, bowed, and gave us presents. They had come a considerable distance by bus to do this.

At Sapporo, there was a newly created church student center in the charge of William Eddy, and Beverly Tucker, a nephew of Bishop Tucker, was priest in charge of a church. Bishop Ueda entertained a considerable number at dinner in his home. To a westerner it was an interesting experience as we sat on the floor around a number of braziers on which dinner was prepared.

Returning to Tokyo we had lunch at the new International Christian University which has aroused such great interest both in Japan and in this country. As we returned to our hotel we saw a parade which illustrated the extremes to be met in modern Japan. A group of Japanese young men, almost naked and evidently considerably overcome by saki, were carrying a small shrine on their shoulders accompanied by a crowd of small boys.

The night before we left we were entertained at a dinner attended by the Prince and Princess Mikasa and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Our stay was too short for me to have permanent and decided opinions. It was a joy to realize the service rendered by our splendid group of American missionaries. Again it is impossible to name them all, but I will mention Bill Parsons and his wife Jean, for I had known him since he was a small boy at St. Mark's School.

Our plane for Okinawa was due to leave in the evening. When we reached the crowded airport, again we found a large group of church people headed by Bishop Yashiro. But because



of a broken window in the plane, our departure was delayed until the next morning, when many of our friends again congregated to see us off. It was a rainy morning, but as we rose into the sunshine, there was the most wonderful sight of the peak of Mt. Fujiyama, a fitting conclusion to such interesting and happy days.

Okinawa had been taken by our troops during the war. It was there that General Buckner, whom I had known as Commandant of the Cadet Corps at West Point, had been killed. Ernie Pyle, the well-known correspondent, had lost his life on a nearby island. It is now an important air base, and was especially important during the Korean War. The Church in Japan had asked us to take over their church work in the island, and I had appointed Bishop Harry Kennedy of Honolulu as the bishop in charge. Two of our clergy, Norman Godfrey and William Heffner, had gone there and had already accomplished remarkable results by their understanding and great devotion. Okinawa is a beautiful island with lush vegetation and a lovely seacoast, but is in the path of hurricanes and has severe winters. Our Army had built many fine roads. I was amazed at the number of taxicabs in evidence. I really believe that it would have been an easier task to secure one there than in Copley Square.

While in Okinawa Barbara and I were most hospitably entertained by General and Mrs. David Ogden. He was the Commanding General of the area. Godfrey and Heffner had established a fine church and rectory on the top of a hill overlooking the capital city, Naha, which to my surprise had a population of more than one hundred thousand. On our visit, it was good to see the people moving in and out of the church property entirely at home, and it was a joy to see a number of children sitting about sketching very well indeed. We found the Okinawan people charming, cordial, and full of responsive laughter.

One of the unforgettable experiences was a visit to the leper colony. This had been started by the Japanese years before and had been partially destroyed during the war. A remarkable elderly leper, a lay reader, had faithfully conducted services dur-

ing the war period. It was a great privilege for me to present him with a cross in appreciation of all that he had done. We had the service in a Quonset hut which was crowded to the doors with men, women, and children. The latter were particularly appealing. With all the depressing circumstances, there was evident a spirit of joyous faith as they sang "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus." One afternoon I held a confirmation service in an Okinawan house. The reverence of the people was very moving. It was a great privilege to pray over each one, "Defend, O Lord, this thy Child with thy heavenly grace." The Christian religion has somehow a deeper significance on such a missionary frontier. Too many of us at home take our blessings too much for granted.

From Okinawa Barbara and I flew to Manila where again we were met at the airport by a large group of church people. The Bishop of the Philippines was Norman Binsted, a truly remarkable man in every way. He had formerly been a bishop in Japan and had been transferred to the Philippines when the Church in Japan became independent. Norman and his wife, Willie, were in their personal lives examples of Christian consecration. During the war his health, not too strong at the best, had been seriously undermined as he was interned by the Japanese in company with many of our missionaries. His heroic action at the risk of his life in securing medical supplies for those in prison camps is a remarkable story in itself.

Bishop Binsted had many problems, one of them being the need of a new St. Luke's Hospital. The old hospital was situated where a canal often backed up, flooding the grounds and a part of the hospital which, while performing excellent service, was antiquated and inadequate. When we visited the hospital, I told him jokingly that he had mobilized the termites and all the difficult factors, for the creek had backed up, and we had to wade through mud to reach the hospital. Plans had been made for a new hospital and a considerable amount of money had been secured from various sources. It was a great satisfaction to me

that, later on, I was enabled to secure a gift of five hundred thousand dollars which made possible the completion of the new St. Luke's Hospital.

Near the hospital was St. Stephen's School. When we visited this, the children were having recess. Like children of all races and nations, they were most appealing. As we stood in the yard, they were most curious and would approach cautiously. If we turned suddenly they would scamper away, laughing merrily, to repeat the operation.

The Bishop had secured a magnificent property in Quezon City, and had plans for a theological seminary, a cathedral, the hospital, offices, and residences. Some of the buildings of the seminary had already been completed.

One of Bishop Binsted's greatest accomplishments had been in his relationship to the so-called Independent Church, numbering about two million Filipinos. This church had separated from the Church of Rome under the leadership of a remarkable man, Bishop Aglipay. The present leader of the church, Bishop de los Reyes was notable in his own right. Strong, attractive, wise, he would be a leader in any company. He and Bishop Binsted had become warm friends. As a result, the Independent Church asked our House of Bishops to give them our Ecclesiastical Orders through the consecration of three of their bishops. This was done with the agreement that their theological students would be educated in our seminary. Thus the future clergy of our two churches have been educated living, working, and worshipping together happily. As I write this, proposals will come before our next General Convention to have full intercommunion between the churches. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this whole development which is due so largely to the broad vision of Bishop Binsted and of Bishop de los Reyes. While in Manila I was privileged to have a long conference with these two bishops on this relationship, and the bishops of the Independent Church entertained Barbara and me at dinner marked by unusual hospitality. There was also held a great missionary service at



which I spoke, and I had the pleasure of spending a morning with a large group of Filipino clergy, some of whom had traveled many miles to be present. Manila still gave evidence of the severe damages of the war and we heard many firsthand accounts of suffering and of great heroism. It was a disappointment not to be able to visit other places in the islands, but time would not permit. Again a large group of friends saw us off at the airport.

When we reached Honolulu we were given the typical Hawaiian greeting by a group led by Bishop Harry Kennedy and his wife, Katharine. I had known Harry Kennedy first when he was in Colorado; then he served effectively as an Army chaplain and became Bishop of Hawaii. He brought to this field contagious enthusiasm and wise leadership. In addition to that work he had charge, as I have said, of Okinawa and traveled often to visit our military installations in the Far East. We had the pleasure of visiting the church groups in many of the islands. I addressed a missionary rally in the auditorium of the splendid Iolani School in addition to preaching at the Cathedral. The racial situation in Hawaii is, as everyone knows, unique with groups of every conceivable background living happily together. This was particularly notable in a church where I celebrated the Holy Communion on a Sunday morning followed by a breakfast.

Back again in Greenwich and New York, Barbara and I were grateful for having had the opportunity, fleeting as it was, of seeing so many of our missionaries and their work. How I wish that our people at home might have the same experience. The word "missions" becomes personalized, and one's own faith is strengthened by friendships with those of every race who have found Christ many times at the price of great personal sacrifice. The missionary, long before the businessman, the statesman, or the economist, had known that we are one world. He finds this human unity not in outward facts and circumstances but in Christ who would draw all men unto Himself. In comparison to the task to be accomplished the work is small, but here is a leaven which is at work in many lives.



Shortly after our return, the House of Bishops met in Williamsburg, Virginia, as the guests of Bishop Gunn. One morning we had a brief ceremonial meeting in the House of Burgesses. We were welcomed by Mr. Kenneth Chorley for Colonial Williamsburg. In reply, under the influence of the setting, I made an impromptu statement on a matter of deep concern then as now. "It should hardly be necessary to state that the Christian Church is opposed to communism as a threat not only to individual freedom but indeed to everything for which the Christian religion stands. But it is necessary to make this statement, for there have been broad generalities and accusations, particularly against those churches which have a democratic tradition. The fact is that the Christian churches are the greatest bulwark against the whole philosophy and practice of communism. It is not simply a matter of pronouncement but of all that happens on the parish level — the training of children, the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, the worship of Almighty God. The church is equally opposed to what has been described as "creeping fascism." We know from our brethren of the churches abroad that often fascism came upon them unawares. We are against trial by uninformed public opinion; against accusations of hearsay. We are for fairness and justice as a part both of Christianity and of our democratic way of life. On this moving occasion in this historic place we dedicate our lives to Him who is the Truth and to the God whose service is perfect freedom."

The substance of this was incorporated in the Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops and received wide publicity.

Various clouds began to appear on the horizon. It began to be evident that there was difficulty in Houston in implementing Bishop Quin's desire for an unsegregated convention. Several dioceses and various groups expressed grave concern. For a considerable time I did not feel that this problem was in my hands, for I thought that the decision of the Boston Convention was final. But then a provision of the constitution was pointed out to me. This article read, "The General Convention shall meet on every third year on the Wednesday after the first Sunday in

October, unless a different day be appointed by the preceding convention and at the place designated by such convention; but if there shall appear to the Presiding Bishop of the Church sufficient cause for changing the place so appointed, he may appoint another place for such meeting." So far as I know no occasion had arisen for a Presiding Bishop to act on this provision but there it was, and a responsibility rested upon me. There is no point in recounting now the various conferences which went on during the winter and the spring, but in the latter part of May I was certain that a decision must be made. I telephoned Bishop Quin and asked him to withdraw the Texas invitation. This he declined to do saying, "I have my convictions too." I replied, "Then you must be prepared for me to take the convention away from Houston." I spent a long Memorial Day weekend prayerfully considering the next step. When the Committee on Arrangements for the Convention met early the following week I made the following statement:

Under the provisions of the Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Article 1, section 7, I have decided that the General Convention will not meet in Houston in 1955. This has been the most painful and difficult decision I have ever been called upon to make. I have the greatest affection and admiration for Bishop Quin. I have had grave doubt as to the wisdom of taking this responsibility.

However, in spite of these considerations I am convinced that on both the national and international level the scene has altered radically ever since the General Convention of 1952, indeed within the past month. We live in a time of crisis. In such a time on the evening of the meetings of the Anglican Congress and the World Council of Churches, I am certain that the witness of our Church must be so clear that it need not be explained.

I am aware that this decision will be met by a mixed response. I am thinking, however, not so much of the present as of the future. In this decision I have struggled to consider only the welfare of our church. I ask only that in whatever may be said or written about this question, the spread of the Gospel as this church has received the same be the only consideration.

Plans for a meeting place for the 1955 convention must await further determination.

At once a great furor took place. The newspapers and the news weeklies gave great prominence to the decision, as did, of course, the church press. There was wide editorial comment; letters began to pour in upon me, expressing approval and strong condemnation. I tried to answer all except those filled with vituperation. The writers of the latter, as is always the case, were personally unknown to me. Both support and dissent came at times from the most unexpected quarters. All in all it was an unhappy period for me. Public discussion is not an unmixed blessing. Particularly close friendships were involved, and I felt deeply for Bishop Quin, who had been a leader in the cause of better racial understanding and whose episcopate was indeed notable in every respect. Besides all this we had been friends for many years.

But declining to go to Houston was only one half of the problem. Where to go was equally important and time was pressing. For many reasons it was impossible to go north or south in the continental United States. Then the possibility of the Hawaiian Islands came to me. There were many problems — the long distance, the additional expense, and the fact that the Convention had never met outside of the continental United States. But it seemed to me the best, indeed the only, possible solution. I telephoned Harry Kennedy, getting him out of bed in the middle of the night. He was amazed when I said, "How would Honolulu like to entertain the General Convention?" But he recovered and said that he would need two or three days to consult with key clergy and lay people in his district. At the end of this period I had generous word from him that the District of Honolulu would entertain the Convention. Again the storm broke and many letters pro and con were written to me and to the church press. I quote in part an editorial in the exceedingly independent *Christian Century*, an interdenominational weekly, because the writer had



grasped many of the points I had in mind in making these two difficult decisions:

There is imagination in this dramatic change of base. We need not overemphasize the missionary aspects of this trip to a well-established church in Hawaii's far and pleasant land. But what cannot be possibly overemphasized is the moral witness in this geographical shift. . . . Taking the meeting from Houston was a strong, negative verdict. Where the baptized imagination has entered the situation is in now adding to this implied protest the positive approval of the island society which has integrated so many races so successfully. In Hawaii many people live in fine mutuality and a man's self counts for more than a man's skin. The decision to move the convention was partly, at least, a sequel to the Supreme Court's ruling on segregation in public schools. As is so often the case among the churches, Christian action tagged along just behind the Judicial conscience. But now a church has stepped out to a spot just ahead of the rest of the world, where by the witness of fresh action it points toward new directions and next steps.

In July 1954 the Anglican Congress met in Minneapolis. This Congress was the result of discussion at the Lambeth Conference composed only of bishops. It was felt that an added gathering representing the entire Anglican Communion and including clergy and laity would be helpful. A representative committee had been working in the meantime. Bishop Stephen Keeler was the host, and he, with Bishop Kellogg and his committee, had spared no effort in planning the arrangements for the meeting. As the Presiding Bishop of the host church, by arrangement at the Lambeth Conference, I was the official chairman, but the Archbishop of Canterbury sat on the rostrum with me and was exceedingly active in all the deliberations of the session. The Cathedral was the devotional center; the addresses were given in the Methodist church nearby. A large tent was erected on the grounds of the Cathedral for lunch and afternoon tea and offered a friendly gathering place for much conversation and intercourse between delegates from all over the world. Many of the people of Minneapolis hospitably opened their homes to the



delegates. Mr. and Mrs. Val Wirtle went even further, for they turned over their entire house with staff to the Fishers and ourselves. Goldthwaite and Mary also joined us for a few days, coming from their home in North Dakota. The addresses were, without exception, excellent as the speakers discussed topics similar to those on the agenda at Lambeth. At one period the conference broke up into groups for more informal discussion and to prepare findings to be presented for action by the entire conference. There was a great opening service addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and myself, as well as a well-attended missionary mass meeting in St. Paul. Many services of worship were held in the Cathedral according to the liturgy of the various branches of the Anglican Communion. One afternoon a pilgrimage was made to Faribault, the site of the first Cathedral and the historic spiritual center of the Diocese. One evening the Archbishop and I addressed a dinner of the church people of the Diocese. We had all been greatly amused by an article in a newssheet telling of forthcoming events in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. This began, "We welcome the delegates to the Anglican Congress." Then, following asterisks, the item, "Snooky Fisher and his symphonettes will be here and the citizens of our city will be greatly entertained by his zany antics." The Archbishop, to the intense amusement of the diners, read this with appropriate comments and then added—as I had told of the British bishop's comment at the breakfast in London in 1948 — "The Presiding Bishop and I have spoken together on so many occasions that I am now going to suggest that we be buried in the same tomb with the inscription, 'Snooky and the Salty Old Crock.'"

The serious part of the program was valuable, but as is so often the case, the indirect results were even more so. The opportunity to meet old and to make new friends, the periods available for informal talk, of course the hours spent in common worship, all gave us a new and deeper sense of fellowship as we faced our common task in a distraught world. To Barbara and me the best part was to be with Rosamond and Geoffrey Fisher and to take up again the enduring friendship which neither time nor distance

affect. The conference ended with a sermon by the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Barton, a charming Irishman, who had sat next to me at the Lambeth Conference and whose witty comments in my ear were a constant joy.

I felt under considerable strain from one point of view. It was only a few weeks since I had made the difficult decision in regard to the meeting place of the General Convention. I constantly ran into those who were hurt and who differed from my judgment. On the other hand, it was good to be able to have frank, honest person-to-person discussion. We left Minneapolis with warm gratitude to Bishop Keeler and his associates. Many of us went on to Evanston for the second assembly of the World Council of Churches, but I will defer a description of this to a later chapter.

The next event of general interest was the Convention in Honolulu. Under all the existing circumstances, it was with a considerable trepidation that Barbara and I took the train for the West Coast, although we were to have the pleasure of visiting our children and grandchildren in Dickinson, North Dakota. Most of all I feared the possibility of some accident in transporting several thousand people such a distance. But suffice it to say now that this fear was groundless. Some came by boat, others by plane, but so far as I know there was no untoward event of a serious nature. All were given the traditional Hawaiian welcome, unique in cordiality. Harry Kennedy and his committee had done a remarkable job, making necessary arrangements under great pressure of time. The opening service was held in a large auditorium with several honored guests—Archbishop Mowl, the Primate of the Church of England in Australia; Bishop Yashiro of Japan; and the Primate of the Independent Church of the Philippines, Bishop de los Reyes. For the third time I addressed the Convention at the opening service, one of my recommendations being that the canon be changed so that the Presiding Bishop be no longer the sole judge as to a change in the meeting place of future conventions! The Convention itself met on the fine build-

ings and grounds of the Iolani School. There was a small canal which separated the school from the hotel area, necessitating a considerable trip by taxi. Through the kindness of the Commanding General, the Army built a pontoon bridge across the canal. The opening of this bridge was a colorful ceremony, the General arriving by helicopter — more unusual then than now. I felt with realism that a considerable advance was made in the understanding of our world-wide task. We met for the first time in a growing missionary district with opportunity for the delegates to see at first hand such work being actually carried on. Furthermore, it was helpful to view continental America from the outside, as a more objective point of view was possible. Then, Hawaii is the gateway to the Far East, a stream of visitors passing through from West to East and vice versa. Indeed, when I was in Hawaii on a previous trip, I had been astonished at the amount of entertaining the Kennedys were called upon to do, and I had initiated a hostel similar to the one in Fairbanks, Alaska. It was impossible to be in Hawaii and not see the task of the church in world dimensions and terms. After the Convention was over I received a letter from a young clergyman who wrote that he had opposed the move to Hawaii, but that he was writing now to say that it had given him a new understanding of the church's mission. From Hawaii was issued one of the best of the Pastoral Letters of the House of Bishops defining the mission of the church in a rapidly changing world. All I can say is that looking back when the noise had subsided, I would make the same decisions again.

From Hawaii Barbara and I, at the invitation of Archbishop Mowl, flew to Australia particularly to attend the Synod of the Church of England in Australia. As those who have taken this trip know, it is a long flight with brief stops at Canton Island and the Fiji Islands. But the welcome at Sydney was well worth the journey. Archbishop Mowl was a man of tremendous size with a most considerate disposition. Mrs. Mowl was a woman of great charm and ability.



I preached at the opening service of the Synod. Then we visited various centers, such as Newcastle, Brisbane, Armidale, Melbourne, and Canberra. All were interesting. The schedule was strenuous, for there were not only ecclesiastical but, in many places, civic functions as well. Newcastle was a mining area; Canberra, the new capital, is a fascinating sight as the building continues. We had a pleasant luncheon with the Governor-General, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, and were the guests of the American Ambassador and Mrs. Peaslee. Armidale is a rural diocese and also a considerable educational center. Bishop and Mrs. Moyes were old friends. In both Brisbane and Melbourne we were the guests of friends from Lambeth Conference days, Archbishop Halse and Archbishop and Mrs. Booth. Everywhere we received generous hospitality. Australia, as is well known, has tremendous opportunities of expansion. The situation is not unlike that of the United States a century ago. The church leaders and people seemed interested in the experience and the methods of our church in the United States, particularly in the matter of church support. The next to the last night of our trip we enjoyed being the guests of the Governor of New South Wales in Sydney. The Synod was still in session in the parish hall of the Cathedral. The delegates, as was their custom, were arrayed in academic costume. Barbara was presented with some lovely jewelry set with native stones, and I was given a painting of the Blue Mountains near Sydney. As we left the hall the delegates applauded, rose, and waved their academic capes. It was a most heartwarming farewell. The memory of our visit is especially poignant, for both Archbishop and Mrs. Mowl have died.

There are so many aspects of the world-wide work of a church that it is difficult — and perhaps not important — to attempt to cover everything. In the endeavor to educate our clergy and people, missionary conferences were held frequently at Seabury House with bishops, clergy and laymen and women attending. The staff at Church Missions House visited many of the seminaries of the church to inform future clergy of the work in hand.



In April 1957 Barbara and I accepted the kind invitation of Bishop and Mrs. George Gunn of Southern Virginia and of others to take part in the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Jamestown Expedition at Cape Henry and the settlement of Jamestown. Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher were scheduled to take part, but his temporary illness prevented them from coming. It was an extremely interesting but hectic period. I gave an address at the point of landing where, under a sailcloth, Chaplain Hunt celebrated the Holy Communion. There was a large dinner at which the Governor of Virginia and I spoke. At Jamestown Bishop Gunn and I dedicated a monument over the graves of the original members of the expedition after a service in the Jamestown Church. Following this there was a dinner of leaders in the celebration at the Williamsburg Inn. On that Sunday I preached in the Bruton Parish Church. In the midst of the perplexities and problems of the present it was inspiring to return to an earlier period and to realize again something of the pioneering spirit which has been so characteristic of our history when we were at our best. It was also good to realize again the part that Chaplain Hunt played and to live over again that simple service of Holy Communion at Cape Henry as the members of the expedition thanked God for their safe journey and prayed for God's guidance for the future.

One day John Reinhardt, who had succeeded Robert Jordan, and Douglas Bushy, Director of Public Relations, informed me that "Person to Person" with Mr. Edward R. Murrow desired to visit us. Barbara and I hesitated to do this for obvious reasons, but finally consented so as many of our church people would then have an opportunity to see Seabury House and its environs. The preparations were quite awe-inspiring. A special cable was connected with the electric line and a tower was built taller than Seabury House. A gentleman on Mr. Murrow's staff came to see us to talk over the substance of the broadcast. There was no script, but arrangements for timing had to be made as the broadcast was to begin in our home and then close in the chapel at Seabury House. The day of the broadcast we had a pleasant

luncheon with Mr. Murrow and several members of the production staff. In the morning all kinds of technicians, movers, and so forth moved in. Our kitchen looked like a machine shop and power lines ran through the first floor of the house. We began the broadcast in our hall and living room. Our setter, Tony, had a prominent position and behaved with great decorum. After that first portion Barbara took over while I sprinted for Seabury House a few minutes away for the close. When it was over the technicians moved in again. After one o'clock in the morning when they left, the place was in perfect order as if they had not been there. What we had almost dreaded turned out to be a most interesting and pleasant affair. The response from coast to coast was very gratifying. We heard from friends all over the country. A few days later Lindley Franklin, Jr., our assistant treasurer, and I were flying to Mexico for the consecration of Bishop Saucedo. The attendant on the plane said, "I saw you on television." So it has gone, even to now.

In June 1958 we started for our second Lambeth Conference. Prue went with us. After graduating from Wheaton College at Norton, Massachusetts, she had worked at the Boston Y.W.C.A. Then she completed a course at the School of Social Work at Simmons College and in the fall was to begin her work at the New England Center Hospital. As ten years before, the Hobsons and the Peabodys were on the boat, as was Angus Dun. We missed the Lawrences, but Appie had recently retired. Geoffrey and Rosamond Fisher met us at the boat train in London and took us to our hotel, characteristic of their many kindnesses.

The pattern of all Lambeth Conferences is very much the same. The opening service at Canterbury with an address by the Archbishop and the service at St. Paul's in London with the sermon by the Primate of India were inspiring. Then the Conference got down to weeks of hard work interspersed again by hospitable events as in 1948. At the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace the Fishers had kindly arranged for Barbara, Prue, and me to have tea in the Royal Pavilion. The Queen was ill, but it

was an interesting experience to be presented to the Queen Mother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and others. For a long time we happened to stand near Sir Winston Churchill, who looked very old, as he is, but who brightened up when a welcome friend appeared. There was a dinner of the British Council of Churches at which I was one of the speakers, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, entertained at dinner the Archbishops and the Presiding Bishops who were present at the conference. Again, as in 1948, the bishops were received by the Queen, and again I called off the titles of almost one hundred of our bishops from the United States.

The atmosphere of the Conference was warm and cordial. This was due to Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher's admirable planning and spirit, to the many helpers they had enlisted, and to the fact that there had only been a ten-year interlude between conferences, so while there were many changes, there were even more old friends.

It is not my purpose to discuss the details of the Conference which were made available in print. The report of the Committee on Church Unity received great attention, and there was a strong ecumenical note present in their deliberation. Bishop Stephen Bayne of Olympia was the chairman of the committee on the Family in Contemporary Society. This report received greater public attention perhaps than any other because of an admirable and carefully worded statement on the acute subject of family planning through disciplined birth control. International and race relations received a great deal of attention, as did the missionary cause with great emphasis upon closer cooperation between the various branches of the Anglican Communion. The attitude of the church in the United States toward the problem of remarriage after divorce differs considerably from the more rigid position of the Church of England and most of the other churches comprising our Communion. Due to the leadership of men like Will Scarlett we view the problem as a pastoral one and our bishops have great discretionary powers in this matter. Although



many friends abroad uphold a rigid attitude of no remarriage after divorce in any circumstances, from personal observation and experience I am a firm believer in our approach.

Someone once remarked that a coat of arms appropriate to our times would be a question mark rampant upon a bishop dormant. This is witty but not accurate. Among three hundred bishops, as in any group of that size, there are all sorts of variations in point of view as well as in ability. But take it by and large, the bishops were alert to the pressure and conditions of the times. Some of them were true scholars in every sense of the word. Many of the discussions were realistic and exceedingly able. All of them showed great devotion and consecration to their work, and there was a marked emphasis upon the human values so threatened today. I usually react against my environment, but I came away from the Conference with a warm feeling of respect and admiration for our Episcopal leaders throughout the world. Again, as in 1948, the result came from a group effort. The Archbishop presided in his usual considerate, apt, and decisive manner. The Bishop of Peterborough was an able secretary.

The historic chapel at Lambeth had been destroyed by German bombs but a beautiful new chapel has been built. During the Conference the organ was dedicated. A tablet had been placed on the wall with the following inscription:

To mark the restoration of this chapel and in thankful remembrance of the first Bishops of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia consecrated here 1787-1790 the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States have presented the organ which was dedicated during the Lambeth Conference 1958. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry Sherrill, Presiding Bishop, *socii et amici in Christo*.

As the Archbishop in his address translated the Latin, "Allies and friends in Christ."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has had the authority for centuries to grant degrees. At another service in the chapel he gave the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Primates of Canada, India, Japan, and to me as Presiding Bishop.



At the end of the Conference I presented a gift, as I had ten years previous, to the Archbishop on behalf of all the bishops. I expressed our appreciation and then added, "As I have sat here during the conference I have sometimes wondered what his Grace did before he was a Bishop. Then a flash of insight came to me, he must have been a schoolmaster." The Archbishop in his reply defended schoolmasters humorously. Then as the Conference closed, just before the benediction he announced, "Class dismissed."

The Archbishop had asked me to preach at the closing service of the Holy Communion at Westminster Abbey, which was crowded to the doors. The service and the music were uplifting as was, of course, the Abbey itself. I had decided in my sermon to forego any attempt to summarize the actions of the Conference and to stress the pastoral concern which was the chief work of the church in the care of souls. I closed with the following words:

"Certainly this Lambeth Conference has given us this deep sense of fellowship as we have worshiped, conferred, and at times differed. Pronouncements are only the first step, but we may be certain that an immediate and permanent effect of the Conference is the building of Christian love across differences of race and nationality. All of the great issues of the day in the last analysis have to do with personal relationships. The questions of peace and war, of racial tensions, of the family, of Church Unity, involve human minds and hearts. To those outside the Conference I would say that the Conference has discussed these matters with a deep sense of personal concern, with a passionate longing to reach men and women everywhere with the redeeming love of God in Christ. Behind the printed form of reports and resolutions I ask you to bear this fact in mind.

"Brethren of the Conference, we are the disciples of One who lived, died, and rose again that He might draw all men unto Himself. As we leave for our homes and daily work after the inspiration of these weeks together we may well remind ourselves of the charge given at our consecration, 'Hold up the weak,

heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost.' We are the servants of One who said, "I am the Good Shepherd.'"

As we gathered in the crypt after the service, the Archbishop nearly broke down, unusual for him. He said, "Some of you I shall never see again." With his benediction the Conference ended.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Ramsey were guests of the Fishers at Lambeth. He had attended both the Anglican Congress and the Evanston Assembly of the World Council of Churches, but during this Conference we came to know them better. A scholar, a man of unusual presence and force, he has recently succeeded Geoffrey Fisher as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Barbara, Prue, and I flew to Stockholm for a brief vacation after the strenuous days at the Conference. Then we took the interesting and beautiful trip to Gothenburg through the canal across Sweden to attend the meeting of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in Nyborg, Denmark. At last home via Paris and Le Havre, where we took the boat.

Within a few weeks we assembled as the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Henry Louttit and the Diocese of South Florida for the General Convention of 1958 at Miami Beach. At first sight this seems a strange place to hold a church convention but here there was no racial problem, owing to careful planning and arrangements ahead. Bishop Louttit was an able and gracious host, ably assisted by Bishop Moses. For the last time I spoke at the opening service of the Convention in the new civic auditorium. The Convention followed the familiar pattern of a largely attended reception, sessions of the two Houses. I pay tribute to the great help of Bishop Benjamin Washburn, who through most of my tenure of office served as chairman of the Committee of Dispatch of Business of the House of Bishops. There was a connection too with old days as his wife, Henrietta, had been in my class at Miss Perkins's Kindergarten in Flatbush. One of the happy evenings was a dinner given by Mr. Firestone for the Laymen's Division,

of which Howard Harper had been the able secretary for some years. Mr. Firestone presented me with a power lawn mower to use in my active retirement in Boxford.

Certainly the item of the greatest interest was the choice of my successor as Presiding Bishop. At the election held following the service of the Holy Communion in All Soul's Church, the Bishop of Missouri, Arthur Lichtenberger, was chosen. He had been Dean of our Cathedral in Newark, a professor at the General Theological Seminary, and had been chairman, due to the illness of Bishop Binsted, of the Commission to visit the church in South India.

Ned, Betty, and their family had been for five years in Brazil, where he was the Rector of St. Paul's Church, São Paulo. Bishop Louis Melcher, who had served effectively as Bishop of Central Brazil, building strong foundations for the future, had resigned at this Convention. I had been informed that Ned would be one of the nominees for the vacancy. In the election of a missionary bishop, the bishops meet in closed session when nominations are made, and there is a frank discussion of the entire situation. As I did not wish to be involved as Presiding Bishop in a matter involving one of my sons, I turned the chair over to the vice-chairman of the House, Bishop Burroughs of Ohio, and left the meeting. I was told later that one of the Brazilian bishops said in his remarks, "We don't care what his last name is, we want Ned." He was nominated and later elected.

One of the great events in every General Convention is the service of the Holy Communion at which the United Thank Offering of the women of the church is presented. Thousands of women from all over the world attend. The Presiding Bishop is the celebrant, assisted by the missionary bishops of the Church. It is deeply moving as these thousands of devoted churchwomen come forward to the altar rail. The offering itself is raised by no campaign methods but is given by the women of the church over and above their other gifts in thanksgiving for everyday blessings of life. This offering was the idea of Mrs. Richard H. Soule, a dear friend of ours associated with both Trinity Church and the



Church of Our Saviour, and Miss Julia Emery, at one time executive secretary of the Women's Auxiliary. The offering in 1889 amounted to \$2188. At every General Convention the gift has increased until at Miami Beach \$3,869,985 was given. It is impossible to exaggerate what this offering has made possible for the mission of the church over the years.

We had been told that there was to be a dinner given us, but that was all we knew. A committee composed of Bishop Penick of North Carolina, one of the most influential of our bishops, Bishop Goodwin of Virginia, who had done outstanding work as St. George Tucker's successor, and Henry Hobson were in charge, with the latter the prime mover. This committee unbeknown to us, had brought Prue, the three boys and their wives to Miami Beach. Early that morning Henry Hobson appeared in our room with our youngest grandchild from Brazil in his arms. When we entered the civic auditorium that evening for the dinner, there were more than two thousand people present with nine Sherrills arrayed in order at the long head table. Norman Nash was an admirable toastmaster, witty and to the point. Generous speeches were made by William Crawford for the Seabury Press; Robert Hargreaves for the young people of the church; Mrs. Theodore Wedel for the women; Harvey Firestone for the men; and Roswell Barnes, associate general secretary of the World Council of Churches, for the larger Christian community. Our son Harry made an excellent speech for the family, being surprisingly gentle with his parents. To our great surprise the Archbishop of Canterbury appeared through a television recording which he had managed to make during the hectic weeks of the Lambeth Conference. In characteristic generous and humorous way he described our association through the years in the work of the church and the close friendship of the four of us. He even brought our dog, Tony, into the address. The evening from beginning to end had a joyous note of friendship. One of the highlights was a song written and rendered by Bishop Jo Emrich of Michigan based upon "The Old Chisholm Trail" with the au-



dience joining in the chorus. The general character of the rendition may be gathered from this stanza:

*The P. B.'s chair is an honored spot,  
But O my friends that seat is hot.  
In the House of Bishops you can come to grief.  
It's a tribe in which each man is a chief.*

Barbara was given a beautiful necklace and a sum of money with which to modernize our Boxford kitchen. I was given a bound volume of letters from the bishops of the church and many others in addition to an exceedingly generous sum of money which had come from many people throughout the church. After all this it was difficult for me to reply as I had no preparation for such an occasion. But somehow I managed to express our appreciation and something of my own faith and my hope for the future of the church.

Returning to Greenwich we moved our possessions to Boxford. My last trip was to Cincinnati to consecrate Roger Blanchard as Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Ohio. It was appropriate that this should happen to be so. Roger was a Massachusetts boy to whom I had been devoted for many years and it was Henry Hobson's diocese.

November 14, 1958, was my last day in office. As I left 281 Fourth Avenue to take the five o'clock train for Boston I felt relieved to be free from responsibility, yet there was a deep emotion in leaving friends in Greenwich such as the Meeks, the Bushes, and Betsey Close and the staff in New York, after twelve years of happy companionship in a common task. But it seemed good to be going home to Massachusetts.

# 13

## Yale Revisited

IN NOVEMBER of 1934, on a Saturday, Barbara, the children, and I were spending the day in Boxford when the telephone rang. President James Rowland Angell of Yale was on the line to tell me that I had been elected a "successor" fellow of the Yale Corporation. Thus was to begin a renewal of almost twenty-five years of interesting and happy association with my alma mater.

The Corporation is the governing body of the University. It is composed of the President and sixteen members. Ten are called Successor Trustees who succeed themselves and reach, by mutual agreement, retirement on July first following their sixty-eighth birthday. The first act I took at my first Corporation meeting was at the age of forty-four to sign a letter of resignation to take effect almost a quarter of a century later. Then there are six members elected by the alumni for a six-year term. They are not eligible for re-election until a year has elapsed. The Corporation meets for eight months in the year on the second Friday of the month for dinner and the evening, and then on Saturday for as long as need be to conclude the necessary business. There are a number of standing committees, such as those on Finance, Educational Policy, Architectural Plan, Honorary Degrees, University Development, Galleries and Museums, Budget, as well as

other committees for special purposes. These committees usually meet on the Friday afternoon of the Corporation meeting, but also there are meetings between the sessions on the second Friday of the month, so that many members of the Corporation give considerable time to Yale.

The meetings of the Corporation were usually of great interest and vitality with keen discussion, sometimes friendly opposing opinions expressed with conviction and at times wit. The members in my long service were strong characters, successful in varied fields of law, education, the ministry, and business. I take as an illustration among many the late Judge Thomas Thatcher who had been Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, a Federal judge, Solicitor of the United States. Tom Thatcher was a man of great ability, forcefulness, and unselfishness, devoted to Yale. When he exploded he would pound the table with great seriousness, and then when the matter was concluded, join in the general atmosphere of good feeling. The president found it helpful to discuss with the Corporation problems and opportunities touching the entire life of the University, for in a community as large as Yale, special situations continually arise. Of course finance was a major concern. But the discussions covered a wide field, including academic standards, scholarship aid, future developments, undergraduate morale, museums, in fact everything involving the total life of the academic community situated in a New England city. While the Corporation has final authority, great weight is rightly given to the opinion of the faculty, particularly in regard to appointments. The members of the Corporation were without exception genuinely interested in education and, contrary to popular belief, not unduly concerned as a body with success or failure on the athletic field. In all my years on the Corporation, I can recall only two or three mentions of coaches or of victories and defeats. For me it was an educational experience of rare quality.

The ten original trustees were Congregational clergymen. For the greater part of the history of the University, Congregational ministers were in a majority of the Corporation. At the time of

my election the clerical membership was three. Henry Sloane Coffin of the Class of 1897 was the senior cleric and I am confident that my choice was due to him — another of his gifts to me. In the Corporation he was a leader with his keen judgment, his knowledge of educational affairs, his spiritual power and his sense of humor. Arthur Bradford, pastor of a large Congregational church in Providence, Rhode Island, brought to the Corporation his unusual gifts of balanced judgment, compassion, and Christian character. The three of us became known in the Corporation as “the Clerical Bloc.” It is accurate to say that as clergymen we made a special and not unimportant contribution to the discussion of the state of the University. Of course, this would be true in our special field, but in other situations we had an understanding of the professional point of view. I recall an amusing incident: We had always insisted that at least one Doctor of Divinity be given at every Commencement. One year the committee humorously tried us out by omitting that degree. The Clerical Bloc rallied and before the discussion ended, the Corporation had voted two D.D.’s. Henry Coffin then relented and said, “We will take one this year and one next.” Morgan Noyes, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Montclair, New Jersey, and Gardiner Day, Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, became valuable members of the Corporation upon the retirement of Dr. Coffin and Dr. Bradford.

Since the inauguration of Dr. Angell, Yale had gone through a great transformation, especially with the advent of the residential college plan. In 1925 when I was preaching at Yale, Dr. Angell took me on a tour of inspection saying, “Now we sing, ‘Here’s to good old Yale, tear her down, tear her down.’” I was elected an Honorary Fellow of Timothy Dwight College, which had just been completed. This opened the opportunity for close and enduring friendships with successive masters of the college and their wives. Jim and Cora Rogers, Fred and Anne Godley, Charles and Kitty Sawyer, welcomed me on Corporation weekends as a member of the family; in my last years on the Cor-



poration, Charles Gage, our able treasurer, and his wife, Maggie, gave me the same generous welcome.

The office of president of a great university, I need hardly say, is a position which requires remarkable gifts. The president should be an educator, an administrator, a public speaker, a leader of the academic community, and he also has great responsibilities in the raising and expending of funds. Mr. Angell came to Yale from an unusual educational experience and background, at the University of Chicago and as president of the Rockefeller Foundation. I can see him now sitting at the head of the long Corporation table, giving a clear analysis of a situation with interspersions of his inimitable humor. The fact that he was not a Yale man had disadvantages and advantages. I was aware that he was loath at times to express his own convictions for the reason that there were many on the Corporation who had known the college longer and more intimately than he. On the other hand, he brought an objective point of view to bear on the situation, particularly in regard to the remarkable growth of the graduate schools. The period of his presiding marked the development of Yale from a college of distinction to a great university.

Mr. Angell was a man of great wit. Harvard men still recall his remark on the occasion of the Harvard tercentenary when the rain came in torrents: "This must be Harvard's way of soaking the rich."

Just before his retirement, the Harvard Club of Boston gave him a dinner. Professor Taussig was the toastmaster. I was the first speaker and was followed by Presidents Lowell and Conant. I said that I hoped the fact that my knees were knocking together was not visible to the audience. "It is caused not by addressing Harvard men because for many years I have been trying to make Christians of them, but because of the danger of speaking before President Angell, for I have seen him devastate preceding speakers. I can only hope that my visibility being so small that by the time he speaks he will have forgotten my appearance."

When Mr. Angell rose to speak, he said, "I was greatly inter-

ested in Bishop Sherrill's speech, for I had no idea that any Harvard man ever went to church."

When in 1937 the Corporation was considering the election of a successor to President Angell, I recall a statement of Judge Thatcher to the effect that if Yale had planned to train a President of the University he would have had something of the career of Charles Seymour. A native of New Haven, the son of a distinguished professor, a graduate first of Cambridge University and then of Yale, he had spent his entire teaching career at New Haven, through all the grades to professor, as chairman of the Department of History, as master of a college (Berkeley) and then as provost. Charles Seymour had been on the staff of the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919, which had brought him into close relationship with Colonel House. He had written a number of books having to do with diplomacy, perhaps the best known being the editing of the personal papers of Colonel House.

When I was a freshman Charlie Seymour was a senior. Then, as in later life, he was tall with an exceedingly distinguished bearing, considerate and scholarly. The years of his presidency were in very difficult times. The years of material expansion were over necessarily for a time. First came the period of international tension, then the war, which disrupted all normal collegiate life, followed by years of overcrowding as the veterans returned. The budgetary situation was serious with the depreciation of the value of the dollar and with rising costs. These were head winds of great force. It was fortunate that in such a time we had a wise and experienced hand at the helm. Charles Seymour gave great attention to the matter of appointments. This is a difficult area: the supply of brilliant teachers and scholars is limited. There are those on our own staff to be considered for promotion. The country and the world must be considered and there is keen, if friendly, competition between leading universities. The President's concern in this area meant a great strengthening of the academic standing of the University.

When Charlie Seymour decided to retire in 1950, the Corpo-

ration appointed a committee of three, not to make a nomination, but to survey the field and to report facts discovered to the Corporation. The committee consisted of Irving Olds, Wilmarth Lewis, and myself as chairman. We began by interviewing some fourscore members of the faculty, asking for advice, opinions, and suggestions. Honesty compels me to write that this did not simplify our problem, for there were a great number of conflicting views, not unusual in an academic community. Then we consulted some of the presidents of other universities. I had a unique letter from a man desiring first a personal interview and then the presidency. He wrote that he was eminently fitted for the position, in perfect health, and sixty-five years old! I replied that it was useless for me to see him, for we had a firm retiring age of sixty-eight. Since he was not a Yale man, it would take him three years to learn his way around the campus, and then he would have to retire.

After months of consideration the Corporation decided that we had the right man in our midst in the person of a young professor, A. Whitney Griswold. A graduate of the Hotchkiss School and of Yale in the class of 1928, he had spent his entire teaching career at Yale through the various grades to professor. His field was history and international relations. He had written on the Far Eastern policy of the United States. Of medium height, with abounding energy, both physical and mental, and a youthful spirit of enthusiasm, he had impressed his students by the force of his personality and by his originality, directness, and conviction. He had, among other ways, impressed the Corporation by his imagination in furthering the establishment of a University Council as an advisory body in special fields to the Corporation. As soon as the election had taken place, I, as chairman of the committee, tried to reach Whit on the telephone, only to find that he and his family had departed for the day to New York. However, he had not gone far enough to escape the long arm of the Corporation, and the next day Irving Olds and I (Wilmarth Lewis, unfortunately, being ill) went to New Haven to



notify him formally of his election. I cannot say that by this time the news came to the Griswolds as a shock, for due to the delay in locating him, he had heard the news.

When I returned home to Greenwich after the election, Barbara asked me if there was any choice. I said, "Yes, but I cannot tell you the name of the new President until he has accepted. But I will say this — his wife went to the Masters School and he has a daughter there, the third generation to attend the school."

Barbara, being a devoted graduate of the Dobbs Ferry School, replied, "I do not wish to know any more. I am completely satisfied."

After more than ten years of Whit Griswold's leadership it is clear beyond doubt that the choice was wise and right. He has shown energy, courage, and wisdom. For a man who is as dynamic as he is, he has revealed unusual qualities of patience and understanding. He has never put off difficult decisions or tried to evade crises which in an institution as large as Yale constantly recur. He has faced them with determination and with decision. Whit is a man of wit and of charm, as well as of strong moral fiber. He has stressed trenchantly the necessary freedom of the academic community from outside pressures and has stood for the highest ideals of the academic community as a center of light and of learning.

The Corporation and the officers of the University as a group are strongly united by deep ties of common interest and of affection. We were in a very real sense a brotherhood. It is difficult not to enumerate the talents of them all. I mention two because they occupied prominent positions in the government, and because I have often been asked about them and their service on the Corporation because in public life they seldom agreed. Shortly after my election, Robert Taft and Dean Acheson also became members of the Corporation, and served for many years. After Bob Taft's death, one of his biographers telephoned me to ask how they got along together. My answer was that whatever their political differences, on the Corporation they were



both devoted to the service of Yale. Senator Taft was remarkably regular in his attendance, but on account of his wide national responsibilities did not play an important role in meeting the many and detailed matters with which the Corporation dealt. Bob Taft and I were good, if not intimate, friends. The last time I saw him was in February 1953 a few weeks before the onset of his fatal illness. I asked him how things were going in Washington. His reply has remained in my mind. "I have only one desire now and that is to help President Eisenhower in any way I can." The impression Bob Taft made upon me was illustrative of characteristics shown in his public life — hard-working, with a remarkably retentive mind, tenacious, of strong, even at times explosive, convictions not ameliorated by a sense of humor.

Dean Acheson and I served together on the Corporation for almost a quarter of a century. During these years, despite his long public service, he gave constant attention to the affairs of the University, for he had not only a deep personal interest in Yale, but in education. For years he served on many committees, but especially as chairman of the committee on the budget. He was exceedingly able with an incisive mind and had the gift of presenting complicated matters with directness and simplicity. Tall and distinguished-looking, he gave the impression of being very much the intellectual who did not suffer fools gladly. I found him a close and affectionate friend who carried heavy burdens of great import with uncomplaining fortitude.

One of my close associates on the Corporation was Wilmarth S. Lewis, known to us all as Lefty. I had known him for many years as, singularly enough, he had been a patient at Base Hospital Six in Bordeaux. He has devoted himself to the editing of the letters of Horace Walpole. The many volumes are in reality a compendium of the times in which Walpole lived. At Yale he has had a deep interest in the Library and the various museums and collections, to an extent which has caused momentary despair to the finance committee. Lefty is possessed of vitality, charm and humor, and a unique quality of friendship. In the summer of 1950 Irving Olds, the president of the U.S. Steel Corporation and

an able member of the Corporation, kindly invited Lefty, his wife, Annie Burr, who also possessed great gifts of character and of attractiveness, Barbara, Prue, and me to take a trip on one of the U.S. Steel oreboats from Conneaut, Ohio, to Duluth and back. It was a most enjoyable week. It was fascinating to observe the way in which these long boats were handled.

The captain remarked, "A deep-sea captain is disturbed when he is in sight of land. I am just the opposite." At first the Captain seemed concerned to have a literary man and a bishop on board. But he soon began to enjoy our ways. The Lewises had brought a mammoth picture puzzle at which we periodically worked. One morning the captain remarked, "Early this morning while returning from duty I put in two pieces." It was a happy, even hilarious week. Annie Burr Lewis's death a few years ago was a great loss to us all.

The Yale of today is vastly different from the college of my undergraduate days and in my considered opinion is infinitely stronger and better from an educational standpoint. I have already mentioned the remarkable development of the graduate schools. I believe that there is a comparable increase in the educational atmosphere of the college. With the college plan there is a greater contact between faculty and students, which was almost nonexistent in my day. The alumni are showing much deeper interest in the serious work of the University. That there are many problems ahead for independent education no one can doubt. But it is also true that the independent liberal arts college has an invaluable contribution to make. The disturbing factors in university life are those which give concern in the total life of the nation and of the world. But we cannot expect a university to be totally different from the civilization in which it is placed. I refer to moral and religious standards.

Yale was most fortunate for many years in having as chaplain the Reverend Sidney Lovett, for he was a wise and understanding counselor and friend to countless numbers of undergraduates, including my three sons. He is beloved and respected by both

faculty and students. When upon his retirement he was given the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity the whole audience rose and applauded in spontaneous tribute.

It was a matter of regret that Corporation weekends were so occupied by business that I had little opportunity to see members of the faculty and undergraduates. An exception was the Committee on Educational Policy, of which I was chairman for many years. Before this committee came members of the faculty to present various problems and opportunities.

During my years in New England I have had the happiest relationship with Harvard University. The fact that I was a graduate of Yale never seemed to be held against me! For many years I served as a member of the Board of Preachers of the University, which meant preaching at many Sunday services as well as many weeks of conducting weekday prayers with the holding of office hours afterward in Wadsworth House. I was privileged to take part in the Service of Dedication of the Memorial Chapel and I served on various committees of the Board of Overseers such as the Semitic Museum and Phillips Brooks House. President Lowell I saw often as he never missed a chapel service if he was in town. After his retirement he was a near neighbor and was often in our home, especially when Henry Coffin was with us. He enjoyed comparing the methods of administration at Harvard and Yale and asked many questions as to Yale procedures. President Conant was a good friend who asked in his penetrating way many questions about religion. We were first drawn together due to the close association of the Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital. With President Pusey I have had close association, for he is a devoted communicant of the Episcopal Church and has been a most helpful member of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches.

One of my closest friends at Harvard was Dean Willard Sperry, chairman of the Board of Preachers and Dean of the Divinity



School. He was a man of wide knowledge and of charming personality and an excellent preacher with a fund of apt quotations and illustrations.

So with all these associations and friendships I was made to feel completely at home in the Harvard Yard. Therefore it is a source of gratification that the old feeling of bitterness between Harvard and Yale has changed into healthy competition, even cooperation. Even Bishop Lawrence spoke of Yale with a note of mild disapproval. Once he referred to the new Harvard dormitories as "dignified and simple, not the absurd Gothic of Yale."

My response, I must admit, was in low gear, but I had to say something: "Who paid for those Harvard dormitories?"

He laughed and admitted, "Mr. Harkness of Yale." Today there is frequent consultation as the two universities face the countless common problems which confront higher education. The association with Harvard has added much to my life.

My interest in education included several secondary schools of high standing. The Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts was an official visitor to St. Mark's School, Southboro. Bishops Lawrence and Slattery had both served as chairman of the Board of Trustees. Upon my consecration as Bishop, I was elected to that position and served for sixteen years. The headmaster through most of those years was Dr. Francis Parkman, an able educator who was the first layman to become headmaster. Because of my other responsibilities, I do not believe that I was able to make a significant contribution. I presided at the trustees' meetings, attended Commencement, went once a year for a confirmation service and, perhaps most important, was available for conferences as problems arose. As was the case in so many of my activities in this period we had to contend with the depression, and then the problems connected with the war. Dr. Parkman resigned because of his conviction that he must take part in the war effort and was succeeded by the Reverend William Brewster, who had been the able Rector of All Saints' Church, Belmont. St. Mark's, like all of our church schools, was notable for a splendid faculty and the great devotion of its alumni. Our church schools have



been criticized because all of the graduates have not proved themselves to be later pillars of the church. But again it is impossible to divorce the school from the general environment from which the boys came. I think of many graduates who have lived up to their educational and religious heritage. Certainly one problem has been the narrowness of the possible admissions due to the need for high tuition, but the base is being constantly widened through increased scholarship aid. It was with regret that I was forced to resign these school relationships when I became Presiding Bishop.

Also for a number of years I had a close relationship as a trustee with the Brooks School in North Andover. This school had been founded through the vision of Dr. Endicott Peabody. A young Groton and Yale graduate, Frank Ashburn, was chosen as headmaster. Under his wise and personal leadership the school has grown and prospered remarkably.

Upon Bishop Lawrence's resignation as president of the Groton Board, considerably after his resignation as Bishop, I became a trustee of Groton. The greatest inspiration of my association with Groton was my closer association with Dr. Endicott Peabody. He was a man to whom the word "great" could be unquestionably applied, for he stood in his conviction and strength like a magnificent oak. To him all the graduates of the school were his "boys," no matter what their age. I recall once coming upon him as he was looking at a class picture. He said, "A lot has happened to these boys." I glanced over his shoulder to discover that the picture was of the class of 1886!

It was my privilege to be on the Groton Board when John Crocker was chosen Dr. Peabody's successor. He has carried on the school with remarkable success.

The Peabodys, after his retirement, lived at the school in a house built for them and he often came to my office for long talks. He would have something on his mind. He would say, "Jack is splendid. But he has made a slight change in the chapel service. I do not wish to speak to him about it. But perhaps you will be able to do so." I did not feel that I should interfere but

it was a joy to have Dr. Peabody come. His funeral was a touching and triumphant service which I shall always remember. The chairs had been taken out of the chapel, which was completely filled by alumni, who stood through the service. As we came down the center aisle, I noticed a group of distinguished older alumni who stood with their eyes filled with tears. Outside the boys of the school stood in two rows from the chapel steps to the cortege to take us to the Groton Cemetery. As we came outside, the chapel bells tolled. The transition from the alumni inside to the boys, the atmosphere of sorrow and yet of triumphant faith, was inspiring.

One of the most impressive features of all of these schools was the dedication of many masters who gave their lives to the development and education of other people's children. I use as an illustration Malcolm Strachan of Groton. After years of teaching he wished to be ordained and was given a year's leave of absence from the school to continue his theological studies. Outwardly shy and reserved, he possessed spiritual depths of faith and of understanding which proved of immeasurable help to the boys he taught and to whom he ministered as chaplain. The tributes to him when he died — still a young man — testified to the significance of his influence.

The last interest beyond the ministry I shall mention was the Massachusetts General Hospital. In 1928 I became a trustee and from 1934 to 1946 was chairman of the Board, which met every other Friday morning with various committee meetings in between. For me to return in an official capacity was like a homecoming. The hospital has a unique effect upon almost all who have ever been associated with it. Once a member of the family, you always remain so. When I became a trustee, my former commanding officer, Dr. Washburn, was still Director. I used to come into his office and say, "This room needs cleaning."

He would laugh and say, "I wasn't as bad as that."

Among other associates, Howard Means was chief of the Medical Service. Paul White was chief of Cardiology. Some of our Base Hospital nurses were on duty on the wards. Sam Bonac-

corso, an enlisted man in France, was the hospital barber. So at every turn there were old friends.

The hospital needs no eulogy from me, for its reputation is deservedly world-wide. The number of firsts is unusual and constantly increasing, the most dramatic being the first public use of ether, the first appendicitis operation, and the first department of social service, inspired by Dr. Richard Cabot. Shortly after I became a trustee in 1930 the Baker Memorial Hospital for people of moderate means was built, opened, and served as a pioneer. It is striking to recall in the light of the rise of medical costs that the original rates were \$6.50 for a single room and \$4.00 a day in a four-bed ward. This included everything but the doctor's fee.

My period as a trustee again included the depression, war and postwar years with rising costs, and a scarcity of doctors and nurses, particularly during the war period. Through my years as chairman, I had a great deal to do with Dr. Nathaniel Faxon who had become Director. A man of wide experience, excellent judgment, patience, and compassion, he administered the hospital admirably during these difficult years.

Mrs. Endicott Peabody felt the need of a chapel. She spoke to me about it and ultimately Bishop Lawrence was consulted. One day he telephoned me in high spirits: "I think that I would like to undertake the raising of fifty to sixty thousand dollars for a chapel at the M.G.H. It would be a fine way to celebrate my ninetieth year." That was the way we came to have a chapel.

One of the sad events was the Coconut Grove disaster, which taxed the staff and the facilities of all our hospitals.

This is not the place to record the history of the hospital, nor have I the competence to do so. But I would pay tribute to the ability, the character, and the competence of the unusual staff from the various chiefs to the most pedestrian worker. The hospital with all the essential research has kept an unusual interest in the care of the patient and I write not as a former trustee but as a former patient. The hospital has never been bricks and mortar, an institution, but in a very real sense a family.

The trustees are twelve in number, four appointed by the

governor from an old arrangement, and eight chosen by the hospital corporation. Many men and women distinguished in many fields in the life of greater Boston have given of themselves untiringly in this service. I would gladly describe these friends, but as this is impossible, I mention a trustee of unusual gifts: Dr. Hans Zinsser was a brilliant medical scientist, an author, a poet, and a musician. I think a similar sense of humor first drew us together. Hans had a feeling that as a scientist he should be something of an agnostic and that it was not quite right to be the friend of a bishop. He sent me once an article he had written for the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "Untheological Reflections." In this he had written:

Christ is reborn in every little child — and that which we revere in him is but something in ourselves which answers to his voice. His spirit, urged by some instinctive yearning — uncomprehended, often slumbering, never completely crucified by life — holds us erect to face the universe helpless and wondering and soon to disappear, but conscious of the dignity of living. Voices of singing children carry it, and it pervades the tender whisperings of women who hold desired children to their hearts, rejoices with young men who smile at death for some vague aspiration; it speaks to those who know that love is giving; guides hands that seek the shoulder of a friend; and sits in empty rooms with him who grieves.

When I expressed appreciation of the article, he was embarrassed and said, "I do not know that I believe it now."

One day after a trustees' meeting he said that he wished to talk with me and then told me that he had an incurable disease and could live only a short time. He spoke of a new feeling of intensity in his love of nature and of life. In our later meetings there was no attempt to dodge the stern reality, but he kept on with his work and his interests until the end came.

When I left Boston and was forced to resign in November of 1946, it was a difficult break, but I was happy in the choice of Francis C. Gray as my successor.



## The Ecumenical Movement

MY BACKGROUND and education had accustomed me to warm relationships with members of other churches. At both Hotchkiss and Yale I had heard many preachers and had come to appreciate the deep religious experience of many who were not Episcopalians. The Student Conference in Kansas City under the leadership of Dr. Mott had made a deep impression. The atmosphere of both the Episcopal Theological School and Trinity Church was ecumenical before there was any organized movement. Service as a chaplain had brought me into contact with clergymen of many churches. In Brookline the group of clergy were a united group. I had become active in the Greater Boston Federation of Churches and had at one time served as president. But my first contact on a national scale with church cooperation came through the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains. Later I was chairman of a commission of the then Federal Council of Churches which dealt with recruiting of men who had served in the war for the ministry.

The Ecumenical Movement is, of course, one of the most significant religious phenomena of our times. This movement had developed as the Faith and Order Studies, the missionary advance, and the practical problems of the world in which we live

had forced many of the leaders of the churches to realize anew the tragedy of disunity, the depth of Christian experience in every tradition, and the necessity of a united approach to the tasks of the church throughout the world. Above all there was the theological and Biblical background, which made them eager to express what seemed to them the will of God. Many of these ecumenical pioneers I knew to some degree, and of Bishop Brent, Archbishop Temple, and Dr. Mott I have written. Once I had the privilege of attending a luncheon given by Bishop Lawrence in honor of Archbishop Soderblom of Sweden. I was deeply impressed by his dynamic energy and enthusiasm. In these characteristics he made me think of Theodore Roosevelt. Bishop Azariah of India had been a guest in our home. Dr. William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary, who had made great contributions to the movement, I had known and had succeeded as a member of the Yale Corporation. Mr. Robert Gardiner had been a parishioner of mine at Trinity. The last time I saw Bishop Brent was when we officiated together at Mr. Gardiner's funeral in Trinity Church shortly before Bishop Brent's own death. Mr. Gardiner's services to the Faith and Order Movement cannot be overemphasized and on the whole are not sufficiently recognized today. A layman, he carried on an extensive correspondence with leaders of churches throughout the world in a time when this was most unusual. Patient, able, and persistent, he made possible to a large extent Bishop Brent's impact. In addition, he was most generous in his financial support of the work.

It is not my intention to attempt a history of the Ecumenical Movement. That has been done already. Suffice it to say that after years of consultation and planning and as a result of a number of conferences with a world-wide membership, the first General Assembly of the World Council of Churches met in Amsterdam in September 1948. Barbara and I had gone there immediately following the Lambeth Conference of the same year.

The spirit of the opening service with the delegates in procession warms me today as I recall the occasion — the great hymns

and prayers, the product of various traditions, made us conscious of a unity which already existed. Dr. Mott spoke of some of the leaders, such as William Temple, who had not lived to see this fruition of their vision and labors. David Niles of Ceylon preached the sermon. A young man of deep Christian conviction, realistic in facing the problems of the church in the world today, strong and dynamic in his enthusiasm, he was to prove an able leader in the years ahead.

The business sessions of the Assembly were held in the great concert hall of Amsterdam. Mr. Thomas Watson, president of the International Business Machines Company, had made possible the use of earphones with simultaneous translations in German, French, and English. It was a momentous morning with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair when the final action establishing the World Council of Churches was taken. There were continuing general sessions with notable addresses and discussions. For a period the conference broke up into smaller sections for study and the preparation of reports, and there were a great number of meetings of special committees.

The nominating committee had a particularly complicated task, for there had to be nominations of presidents for the ensuing six years and the nomination of some ninety members of the central committee, which had the authority of administration between sessions of the General Assembly. This necessitated conferences with the leaders of scores of churches before an ultimate decision could be made. I was appointed a member of this committee and as we worked long hours, I missed many sessions as well as the social events, which included among other hospitable gatherings a tour of the canals with special illumination.

Barbara and I were happy that Theodore P. Ferris was a delegate and stayed in our hotel. Ted Ferris had become Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, in 1942. A graduate of Harvard and of the General Theological Seminary, he had been an assistant at Grace Church, New York, and Rector of Emmanuel Church at Baltimore. He is a man with remarkable gifts of spiritual depth

and understanding, and he has drawn to Trinity great numbers of people who have been greatly helped by his sermons, which, when printed, have reached a congregation far beyond the confines of the Episcopal Church.

During the sessions of the nominating committee a delegation from the Far East came to us with the request that one of the presidents be chosen from that part of the world. A man and a woman were suggested. As one of these was an Anglican, I said that before voting I would like to consult the Anglican bishop who was a delegate from China. Dr. Visser't Hooft suggested that the Archbishop of Sweden, the chairman of the committee, and he and I go in his car to consult Bishop Tsu. We started rather late at night, could not find the Bishop at the concert hall, had the wrong address, and wandered about Amsterdam. The Archbishop was a very serious man, and I was surprised when he suddenly turned to me and said, "This is like a detective story: a Swede, a Dutchman, and an American pursuing a Chinaman all over Amsterdam in the middle of the night."

We finally found the Bishop on the third floor of a rooming house. I said that I would like to talk to him alone. So I went up the three flights and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

When I replied and was admitted, the Bishop bowed with great politeness and said, "It is so good of you to call."

I replied, "I am not here at this hour for a social call, but on a matter of important business." So we sat on his cot and I described the situation.

He said instantly, "The man would be my choice."

I asked, "Is this because you are an antifeminist?"

"No, I am not an antifeminist, but if the Council wishes a woman president, why begin with the Far East? Why not elect Mrs. Roosevelt in place of Bishop Oxnam?" I reported to the committee and the gentleman was chosen.

There was great rejoicing through the Christian world at the successful launching of the Council, but of course this assembly was but the beginning; hard work and many problems lay



ahead. The Council was most fortunate in the choice of a secretary. Dr. Visser't Hooft, a Dutchman, had, like many of the Ecumenical leaders, at one time been active in the Student Christian Movement. He had carried responsibility in the work of the provisional committee which planned the Assembly and laid the foundation of the Council. He is a man of great intellectual ability, wide knowledge of the present church situation, unusual vision, and apparently tireless energy. The World Council owes an immeasurable debt to him.

One of the problems confronting the Council was that of financial support. At the time of the Amsterdam assembly, so soon after the war, the great European churches were not able to carry a large financial burden. If this Council were to undertake a considerable program, it was evident that the churches in the United States must bear the major part of the load. Some Europeans felt that as a result the Americans would attempt to dominate the policy and so they argued for a smaller venture with the finances equally shared. The Council decided against this view. As I write this thirteen years later, I can honestly state that I have not known an instance of an American using financial arguments in support of his point of view. Among the first six presidents chosen were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Oxnam. One of the most appealing of the new presidents was the Reverend Marc Boegner of France. He is a man who even now at an advanced age retains his great enthusiasm, his warm personality, and his deep interest in the cause. I have over the years enjoyed his friendship, especially as he knows well my friends the du Viviers and others of the Bordeaux days.

Soon after my return from Amsterdam I became involved to some degree in the work preparatory to the formation of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America, to use the full official title. For many years there had been a number of interchurch agencies operating in various fields. The Federal Council of Churches was the best-known of these to the general public. The International Council of Religious Education and the Foreign Missions Conference of North

America are two such organizations with a long and useful history. The women of the American churches had formed a strong group called the United Council of Church Women and the co-operative work of the churches in the fields of relief, reconstruction, and interchurch aid was carried on through Church World Service. It was rightly felt that the time had come to unite all these various important agencies in a more inclusive organization. A planning committee, of which Dr. Luther Weigle, Dean of the Yale Divinity School, was the chairman, and Dr. Hermann Morse of the Presbyterian Church was the secretary, had been working effectively for years in the furthering of such a program.

My part in this was a small and insignificant one as we met to go over the details of the proposed constitution and bylaws and other problems. It was therefore a great surprise when Dr. Morse, who had made such great contributions to the movement, came to see me one day and on behalf of the committee asked if I would accept the nomination as president of the new organization. All my life I have been surprised by the turn of events and this was no exception. How it came about I have no idea. But I said that if elected I would be happy to serve not only as an unsought duty, but because it seemed to be an exciting opportunity.

The Constituting Convention met in the midst of a heavy snowstorm in Cleveland early in December of 1950. It was a great moment when the final action was taken in forming the new organization. Frank Fry was in the chair presiding in his usual effective manner. The representatives of twenty-nine churches and eight organizations signed the constituting documents. I do not intend to describe the details of the convention with its great quota of business, addresses, and, of course, devotional services. It was a support to have Henry Hobson there as a delegate, and during the height of the storm he came to the hotel and roomed with me.

I was elected president with an imposing list of vice-presidents and of other officials. At the close there was a great service of installation of the new officers and of rededication. The preacher

at this service was Dr. Eugene Blake, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Pasadena, California. This was the first time I had met Gene Blake, who was to be a close friend and fellow worker in the years ahead.

I was expected to make a brief presidential address. I quote excerpts from this, not from pride of authorship, but because it expressed some of the convictions I held and which proved to be germane to the next years of the Council's history:

This week an historic event in the life of the church has taken place. The formation of this National Council of Churches in a time of confusion and discord is a promise of high hope for the future. . . . For these days we have met, old friendships have been renewed, new ones made. We have adopted a constitution and bylaws; officers have been elected; such is the universal and necessary pattern of all conventions of every kind and in every field of endeavor. But on this occasion a further question must be asked. Is there a deeper meaning and purpose in a gathering of the representatives of the Christian Churches? Can we penetrate beneath the matters of procedure and of organization and find the inner life of the spirit? We talk justifiably of the many millions of church people associated in this Council. We rightly speak of more efficient organization; we wisely use modern methods of publicity and of promotion. But we must be certain that there is more than organization, promotion and activity to the National Council of Churches. For without a deep reality of the spirit all our plans and methods are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. . . . My friends, a nation or a world, or a church under God rests upon dedicated men and women. If we here and our brethren in the churches we represent can at this time experience the gift of God's grace, then we can make the words of another our own, "We shall this day light a candle by God's grace that I trust shall never be put out." Together we shall move forward with renewed resolve and great hope in the building of a Christian America in a Christian world.

The new Council was most fortunate in its general secretary. Samuel Cavert had for many years been secretary of the Federal Council of Churches. He had served as a consultant in the organization of the World Council and had suggested its name. No



man in the country more completely personified the Ecumenical Movement. Informed, wise, deeply Christian in his outlook, patient with peculiarities of churches and of men, his service was invaluable. The associate general secretary was the Reverend Roy Ross, who had been secretary of the International Council of Religious Education, which had developed greatly under his administration. Sharing Dr. Cavert's spirit, he brought his own great special gifts to the work. Of a large and able staff I can only mention two others: The Reverend Roswell Barnes, who had been associated with Dr. Cavert in the Federal Council, in addition to his acquaintance with the church situation in the United States had a deep understanding of the relationship of the Gospel and of the churches to the state and the community. Clear-headed, precise, he is a Christian statesman. The Reverend Quinter Miller saw me often in regard to many details of the work, particularly in relationship to state and local councils. These men were characteristic of the fine and consecrated staff with which the Council began life.

The Council was governed by an assembly, meeting at first every two years, now every three. In between sessions, there was a general board, which met four times a year, made up of representatives chosen by the member churches and by the various cooperating groups. For a large part of my term as president I met Thursday mornings with Drs. Ross and Cavert. There were many problems of personnel and of policy to be considered and I recall today with warmth the spirit of those weekly meetings.

As this does not pretend to be a history of the National Council I can only touch upon some of the major problems which came before us in these early years. One of these had to do with the Advisory Committee of Laymen, which had been created by the planning committee before the Constituting Assembly of the Council. Many of the members of the committee were nominal in their relationship with the work. But there was a group which took their responsibility very seriously, particularly in one direction. In general they were ultraconservatives on



political and social questions, to the right of the National Association of Manufacturers and of the view of the late Senator Taft, who some of them felt was not conservative enough. They were men, again in general, who were successful in their business life, and of large means. So far as the church was concerned, in its history, in the study of the Bible, in its wide outreach throughout the world, they were not well informed. They saw the task of the church as the inspiring of individuals who as Christians would influence public affairs. The crux of the situation was that they objected to statements of the general board on matters of social and public policy. That they did not agree with the content of many of the statements made by the board was secondary, I believe, to the general position they held. A number of equally prominent and successful laymen in the work of the Council disagreed with them.

From my point of view the issue was clear and I could not agree with the opinions of the conservative laymen: "There can be," as I said in my address at Cleveland, "no artificial division between the sacred and the secular. The churches if they are the expressions of the purpose and the will of God cannot be limited, as some would declare, to special fields of worship. . . . Once we have the conviction that there is a saving Gospel, then that Gospel must be extended and applied to every aspect of life. The Gospel has to do with international relations, with peace or war, with the atom bomb, with economic conditions, with family life, for nothing human can be alien to the love of God in Christ. The church cannot be simply a reflection of the prejudices, opinions, and standards of contemporary society. For the church has the task of being the light of the world and must view life in so far as this is possible within the limits of humanity from the point of view of the eternal."

The National Association of Manufacturers, the Chambers of Commerce, the labor unions, the American Bar Association, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Pope express opinions on matters of public concern. Apparently in the mind of some only the National Council should remain silent. This

point of view would cause the churches of the United States to lose their prophetic function and to approximate the situation of the churches in Russia where public worship is allowed, but where no expression of opinion is allowed unless it coincides with that of the State.

A great deal has been and is made that the statements of the General Board do not represent the views of all the members of the constituent churches. They never claimed to do so. Such is an impossibility, for I am sure that someone would contest the statement that two and two make four. These statements, which are made after careful study and preparation, give the views of the majority of the General Board made up of representatives chosen by the member churches. Here I am not discussing the content of any of the statements, but only the necessity of the voice of Christians being heard on matters of contemporary concern. That many of these run counter to the prejudices and the opinions of some church members is a price which must be paid for the exercise of a prophetic duty. The cry which has been and is still being heard that the National Council of Churches is communistic in its point of view is too nonsensical to be worth a long answer. The National Council of Churches is composed of deeply convinced followers of Jesus Christ. They have nothing in common with the materialism and the atheistic philosophy of communism.

With the conservative group of laymen long conferences were held in addition to a lengthy correspondence. The General Board spent hours in considering the matter of statements with proper safeguards. But despite all these efforts there was a fundamental difference of point of view. Ultimately the position and the authority of the General Board were at stake. In the end after my term had ended these men resigned their connection with the Council.

A second problem which confronted us was the determination of President Truman to appoint an official ambassador to the Vatican. The National Council of Churches was opposed to this, as were a number of churches outside the membership of the

Council. In a pluralistic situation such as exists in the United States we felt that such a step would give undue status to one church, for undoubtedly there would also be an ambassador to the United States from the Vatican who could possibly become dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington. The fact that the Vatican was recognized by many countries as a state could not change the equal fact that the Vatican was also a church acting powerfully in this country. The oft-repeated arguments as to the advantage of our having an ambassador to the Vatican in Rome accessible to sources of information did not seem to us to outweigh the disadvantages. Any important information would reach our government anyway and we had an ambassador in Rome to the government of Italy. President Roosevelt had met this problem in his own way by appointing Mr. Myron Taylor, former president of the United States Steel Corporation as his personal envoy to the Vatican. President Truman had continued Mr. Taylor as his personal representative, but now he proposed an ambassador who required Senate confirmation. The General Board of the National Council of Churches by resolution opposed this proposal as did many others. A considerable controversy in the public and church press broke out and there were strong expressions of opinion on both sides, Roman Catholic and Protestant. I was involved not only because of my own conviction, but of course as president of the Council. In the midst of this public debate Dr. Roswell Barnes was in the White House talking with his friend of long standing Mr. William D. Hassett, one of the secretaries to the President and a Roman Catholic. The subject of the Vatican appointment came up, and it was agreed that it was too bad that the President and a representative of the National Council had not discussed this personally. As Mr. Hassett was a Roman Catholic there was no possible ecclesiastical subterfuge involved.

Accordingly, after a telephone call from the White House I went to Washington to talk with the President. At the time he was living at Blair House, which was roped off in all directions, as only a few days before there had been the attempt on the Presi-



dent's life. I was ushered through the lines and into a small office. The President impressed me by his cordiality, his alertness and his willingness to have the frankest sort of conversation. I began by saying that the National Council disassociated itself from any personal attacks upon the President. (There had been those who had asserted that his proposal was made purely from political motives.)

The President replied, "I appreciate this fact, otherwise I would not have wished to see you."

I said, "I think that we may be able to defeat this in the Senate."

To which he replied, "Perhaps you can."

But I continued, "We do not wish to defeat anyone, you or the Roman Catholic Church. We are sorry that the matter has come up at all." We then went into a frank discussion of the whole matter, the President explaining the reasons which had led him to act. At the end I said, "Mr. President, would you like me to say what I wish you would do?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, I wish you would say that you had made a mistake. If that is not possible, I wish that without saying anything you would let the matter drop."

He laughed and saw me cordially to the door. I am by no means even suggesting that my interview affected the situation at all. As a matter of fact, the proposal came to naught.

This is not the occasion to give an exhaustive account of the work of the National Council, for such a description would entail a volume in itself. Suffice it to say that the affairs of the National Council covered a wide area with, among others, decisions as to home and foreign missions, Christian education, life and work, as well as matters of public relations such as the use of television, films, and radio. On the whole in these formative years all went surprisingly well, considering the differing traditions of the constituting churches and the long independent history of the various organizations which had united within the Council. Of course, there were minor differences and tensions.



It was inevitable that in such a far-flung organization, with so many on the staff and with so great an amount of literature involved, certain statements were more applicable to one group within the Council than to another. But despite certain tensions there was a remarkable determination to stay together. A committee on planning and strategy was set up under the authority of the General Board, a group which could frankly discuss differences which arose and at the same time devise a broad program of advance. There was no provision in these first years for a unit in the field of Faith and Order. I felt strongly with others that we should have the opportunity to know one another and to learn to work together on agreed common causes before we began discussions of church unity, which, sometimes at least, generate more heat than light. But now I am happy that such a unit has been formed.

The Second Assembly of the National Council of Churches met in Denver in the fall of 1952. At a dinner during the Assembly I gave an address on our experience to date. In this I stressed certain points which seemed to me important for the future. The first was the fact that the National Council is wholly representative of the member churches not only in the General Assembly and the General Board, but in every aspect of the work. "It cannot be stated too often that this is not a merger of churches, but is just what our name implies, a *council* of churches."

The second point had to do with the importance of the words in the constitution, "to manifest oneness in Jesus Christ as Divine Lord and Saviour." In that fact is the heart of our cooperative effort. In regard to the complex matters of statements, "I believe that in an organization of the size, the character and the comprehensiveness of the National Council there should be no attempt at regimentation or of suppression. I myself would have a greater fear of this than of conflicting opinions within the various units of the Council. In no sense should we conceive ourselves as an authoritarian body. My emphasis would be upon weighty declarations of the board at not too frequent intervals, pronouncements of such character that they would be of influence within

and without the churches, and at the same time a considerable freedom of expression on the part of smaller units in the Council even though at times this may reveal differences and may result in misinterpretation."

After warning of the dangers arising from too great an emphasis upon organization and from a limited membership not reaching the entire constituency of the churches, I closed with a quotation from Archbishop Temple, spoken at the time of his becoming Bishop of Manchester, for, as I said, his words expressed the spirit which should govern all our manifold relationships and activities. "I come," he said, "with one burning desire; it is that in all our activities, sacred and secular, ecclesiastical and social, we should help each other to fix our eyes on Jesus, making Him our only guide. Pray for me, I ask you not chiefly that I may be wise and strong or any such thing, though for these I need your prayers. But pray for me chiefly that I may never let go of the unseen hand of the Lord Jesus and may live in daily fellowship with Him. So shall we go forward together, not without stumbling, not without weariness, but always toward the loving welcome that awaits us in our Father's home, where the conflicts which now beset the earth will have vanished, where self-seeking cannot find entrance, where misery gives place to joy and quarreling to peace, because self is either sacrificed or forgotten in the realization of the love of God."

I have quoted at considerable length from my address rather than attempt to paraphrase because these were my convictions at the time and now after almost a decade as I write in the quiet of Boxford far removed from the heat and burden of the day. Further, as I sit in the bleachers and view the present activities on the playing field, they still seem to me germane to the perennial problems which confront the National Council and the churches.

One of the encouraging aspects of the Ecumenical Movement has been the increasing contact between the churches of the West and the Orthodox Churches of the East. For centuries there had been little contact, but at the present time many of the

Orthodox Churches play an important part in both the World and National Councils of Churches. Particularly is this true of the Greek Orthodox Church. At Denver this great church became a constituent member of the Council. The head of the church in North and South America was Archbishop Michael, who had succeeded Archbishop Athenagoras, now Ecumenical Patriarch living in Istanbul, Turkey, who had been a friend of long standing. When Archbishop Michael came to this country, as was natural, he was cautious and reserved, evidently feeling his way. As time went on he became increasingly warm and friendly. He was an impressive figure, tall and commanding, with a flowing beard and with piercing eyes which betrayed every emotion.

In Denver my term of office expired and Bishop William C. Martin of the Methodist Church was chosen the new president. He is a most generous and kindly man. As he lived in Dallas, Texas, far removed from the New York headquarters of the Council, he asked me to become co-chairman with him of the committee on policy and strategy. He and I worked together in complete harmony, so for two more years I remained in close touch with the affairs and with the staff of the Council.

A problem which engaged the National Council had to do with the activities of Senator McCarthy and the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities. Many of our leaders and people felt that a real threat to religious freedom was involved. Many of us had been shocked by the gruelling interrogation to which Bishop Oxnam had been subjected and there were innumerable insinuations made about many of our religious leaders. Though I had never personally had any communication from the Committee, I had letters from all over the country asking me to explain why I was on their list. The only reason I can give, if I was on their list, was that during the war I had been asked to sponsor an exhibition of Russian art in Boston held under the auspices of the Committee on Soviet-American Friendship. The list of sponsors was printed on a letterhead. Among these, as I recall it, were Senator Saltonstall and Secretary of State Cordell Hull. I did not even go to the exhibit.



The General Board was concerned by the situation and issued several carefully worded statements questioning the activities of the Senator from Wisconsin and the Committee on Un-American Activities. The adoption of these statements was overwhelmingly adopted by the General Board though some of the ultra-conservative laymen in the Council objected.

A committee on religious liberty was set up later, after my term of office as president had expired, and for several years I was the chairman of this group. In connection with the statements of the General Board, we had a letter asking representatives of the National Council along with those of the Roman Catholic and Jewish faiths to meet with the Un-American Activities Committee at a dinner in a Washington hotel. Mr. Charles Parlin, a distinguished New York lawyer and a most able and devoted Methodist layman, and I were chosen to attend this dinner as representatives of the National Council. There were also present a Roman Catholic monsignor and two Jews. At dinner the atmosphere was rather tense. Then the chairman of the Committee made a speech stating that he was not interested in politics, publicity, ecclesiastical affairs — nothing but the service of the country. Various members of the Committee repeated this same theme.

Finally one of them said, "We have asked these gentlemen to advise us and we are doing all the talking."

The chairman then turned to me. "Bishop Sherrill, have you any comment?"

I said, "I did have before I came here. But I have never been in such an idealistic atmosphere. Here is a group not interested in politics, ecclesiastical affairs, publicity, but only in the service of the nation. I hesitate to intrude the mundane remarks I had prepared to make."

For a moment there was a tense silence, and then a roar of laughter. So I began, "Now about your files . . ." All participated in a discussion of considerable length in a friendly but utterly frank exchange.

At the end of the evening one of the committee members of-



ferred to obtain a drink for Charles Parlin and myself. Mr. Parlin said, "I am a Methodist and the Bishop does not drink." So the gentleman insisted on seeing us in a taxi to the railroad station.

The association with the Council was interesting, even exciting, but above everything else there was the joy of associating with splendid men and women of faith and of vision.

The Second General Assembly of the World Council took place in Evanston, Illinois, on the grounds of Northwestern University. In addition to the official delegations there was a great outpouring of interested church people. Barbara and I had gone to Evanston directly from the meeting of the Anglican Congress in Minneapolis. The Fishers were situated in the same dormitory with us and it was a joy to be with them and the Bells again for an extended period.

During the past six years the World Council had made remarkable progress. Indeed, if there had not been a Council, one would have to have been formed to meet the pressing needs of the times. In the assistance of churches suffering from the results of the war, in the resettlement of refugees, in study programs, in bringing Christian witness to bear upon the international situation, in working toward a better understanding between churches, a great deal had been accomplished. But this is not a history of the Assembly. I touch upon several matters with which I was personally concerned.

At a meeting of our House of Bishops in Williamsburg, Virginia, the matter of the service of the Holy Communion at Ecumenical gatherings had been discussed. A resolution was adopted, as I recall it—unanimously, authorizing the holding of such a service to which Christians of other churches would be invited. There has been for a long time a difference of opinion in our church as to who should be admitted to the Holy Communion, some holding that the rubric requiring confirmation applied to all, others maintaining that the direction was for our own church people as a discipline within the family. The action of the House of Bishops was a modest approach to my own position and prac-

tice. At Trinity, certainly, since the days of Phillips Brooks there had always been a welcome to all, not especially expressed, but covered in the words of the prayer book, "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours . . . Draw near with faith, and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort." I have not felt in my ministry that it was my duty to keep people away from the Holy Communion. Accordingly, under the terms of the resolution of the House of Bishops I approached Bishop Burrill of Chicago, the Bishop of the Diocese. He heartily assented and said that he and Bishop Street, the Suffragan Bishop, would take part and read the Gospel and Epistle. Accordingly the service was arranged at St. Mark's Church with a welcome from the rector. At once a noisy protest was raised by a certain group within the church. I was somewhat ashamed that certain misguided laymen appeared outside and distributed streamers of protest to the worshippers. But the service was inspiring as delegates from many churches received the Holy Communion. I make no claim that this solved the still remaining problem of intercommunion but to have been able to conduct the service meant a great deal to me, as I am sure that it did to others.

The General Assembly voted that the principal of rotation be applied to the presidium, which meant that six new presidents must be chosen. The nominating committee reported the names: the Reverend Dr. John Baillie of the Church of Scotland, Bishop Otto Dibelius of the Evangelical Church of Germany, Mar Toma Juhanon of the Mar Toma Syrian Church of India, Archbishop Michael of the Greek Orthodox Church, Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri, Methodist Bishop in South America, and myself. To the great happiness of all, Bishop Bell was nominated as honorary president. These officers were elected by the assembly. The presidium of six fills a ceremonial function in presiding at certain meetings, in issuing an annual statement to the churches and in other ways. But the presidents are members of the Central and Executive committees, the former meeting annually and the latter twice a year. Various presidents have served the council as

chairmen of important committees. The most important position from an administrative point of view outside of the staff is that of chairman of the Central Committee. Bishop Bell was the first chairman, making the great imprint of his own unusual character and spirit. Since 1954 Frank Fry has been chairman. A remarkable presiding officer, of vision, with great knowledge of the work and the staff, in his statesmanship, mixed with humor and wisdom, he has made an invaluable contribution to the work of the Council. The Evanston Assembly marked real progress in the life of the World Council.

The National Council of Churches had been invited by the Russian Orthodox Church to send a delegation to visit Moscow. After considerable thought it was decided in the light of the world situation to accept. A delegation was appointed with the Reverend Dr. Eugene Blake as the chairman. Dr. Blake, Stated Clerk of the then Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., had succeeded Bishop Martin as president of the National Council. Dr. Blake is a man of great energy and ability who always exerts strong leadership. He is one of a small group of friends who have worked together for a long period of time in both the World and National Councils. Other members of the delegation were Franklin Fry, Roswell Barnes, Charles Parlin, Paul Anderson of the Y.M.C.A., who had been associated with the Orthodox for years in many countries, Walter Van Kirk of the staff of the National Council, an experienced and keen student of international relations, Herbert Gezork, president of the Newton Theological Seminary, F. Ward Nichols, Bishop of the African Methodist Church, Donald Bolles of the Public Relations staff of the National Council of Churches and myself.

In March 1956 we flew to Prague where we were welcomed by church groups. It was my first experience behind the Iron Curtain, and I found the atmosphere depressing with a sense of repression and of uncertainty. The following morning we left Prague in a rather dilapidated Russian plane and traveled all day across those great uninhabited stretches of country. It was easy to realize the difficulties that Napoleon and the Germans



faced in their attempts at invasion. Arriving in Moscow late in the afternoon, we were met by a group headed by Metropolitan Nicolai of Moscow. Metropolitan Nicolai was a striking-looking man with silver hair and beard and a ruddy complexion. He was a man of force and of great astuteness. Certainly everything was done by the Orthodox Church in the way of hospitality. In the Sovietski Hotel each of us had a double bedroom, bath, sitting room and study with television and at the end of the hall a private dining room and a large conference room especially useful for press conferences. The next morning we were cordially received by the Patriarch of the Church, Alexei, in his residence. He is a man of great charm and evident ability, greatly revered by his church people.

We had not come to Moscow for a theological conference *per se*. We had come to discuss world peace, freedom of religion, church literature, and communication. It had been understood that sight-seeing was secondary so, of the large cities, we visited only Moscow and Leningrad. Of course, we did have some opportunity to sight-see. We went to the magnificent ballet twice, to an art museum, and of course to the Kremlin. The major part of our time was spent in conference with the most frank expression of opinion on both sides. Metropolitan Nicolai and Eugene Blake took turns at presiding as we sat at a long table, having been joined by representatives of the Armenian, Latvian, Estonian, and Baptist Churches. We spent one day at Zagorsk, a great spiritual center of the Orthodox Church, where they have a theological seminary. On another day we visited the Metropolitan of Leningrad and the seminary there. The only Sunday we were in Russia our delegation visited a rural parish where a very large number of babies were baptized. I did not do this, for I conducted a service for the American, British, and Canadian embassies and had a delightful luncheon with our able representatives, Ambassador and Mrs. Charles Bohlen. We had two long conferences with the government official in charge of religious affairs, who one evening gave a dinner in our honor.

Some general observations are in order, though conditions



change so rapidly that opinions five years old may well be out of date. There can be no question that there are in Russia thousands of devoted Christians. We attended several services on Ash Wednesday. The churches were crowded and the atmosphere was deeply moving. One evening we worshiped with the Baptists with a great congregation crowded into a comparatively small church. Evangelical fervor was clearly evident. Of course there are many, many fewer churches than before, which doubtless accounts in some measure for the large congregation. I have been often asked as to the age of the worshipers. Most of them unquestionably were beyond middle age, but the same observation might be made of our churches in the United States on Ash Wednesday.

It was evident that there was no state interference with public worship, but it was also clear that the opposition to religion had not relaxed, but was carried on in more subtle and dangerous ways. There was no opportunity for the religious education for the people except in a public sermon or in a private pastoral call in the home. As someone expressed it, "The battle is between the mothers and the state." I suppose the theory of the government is that without education of youth, religion will die on the vine.

The discussions, as I have said, were utterly frank but at times difficult. The situation was similar to that in Germany after the war. The Russians have been cut off for a long time from world opinion except what was allowed by the state to percolate through. The church leaders were faced with the problem of simple survival. This practically involved compromise and it seemed that this was true particularly in the field of Soviet foreign policy. It was easy to be critical, but Herbert Gezork, who had left Hitler's Germany, said several times, "Don't be too hard on these people. You do not know what it means to try to live under a totalitarian regime." On the other hand, there seemed to be a complete confidence in the survival of the church. Several times the statement was made, "Make no mistake, gentlemen, the Russian church will outlive all other institutions."

Language was a difficulty, for the Russian interpreters were ignorant of theological terminology. Here Paul Anderson was of immeasurable help. One amusing illustration of a language misunderstanding came when, in our discussion, reference was made to the National Council's committee on policy and strategy. At once a Russian interjected, "So you have a committee on politics and war!"

The Russian Church seems to be well off financially due largely to the sale of small candles which are lighted and passed forward to the chancel by the worshippers. The church pays the salaries of the clergy. At the time we visited the seminaries in Leningrad and Zagorsk there was a full enrollment of good-looking young men. We left Russia with cordial sentiments of farewell from the Patriarch and, at the airport, from Metropolitan Nicolai. Later on, a visit was made to the United States by a delegation headed by Metropolitan Nicolai. They went as far as the Middle West. Discussions were held in New York and at Seabury House which the Russians seemed especially to enjoy. I have been asked if we were allowed to go anywhere we wished in Moscow and Leningrad. The question never came up. Our schedule was carefully arranged and was tight with many engagements. As a matter of fact the same situation existed when the Russians visited the United States. The itinerary was planned full, though of course there would have been no objection to their going anywhere they wished in New York, for example. There was no opportunity and there was both in Russia and in the United States the language difficulty. All in all I felt that the interchange of visits was distinctly worth while. As I have said, the discussions were completely frank on both sides. The Christian Church is a fellowship which recognizes no barriers. Recently as a result of long negotiations the Russian Orthodox Church has applied for membership in the World Council of Churches. That this will cause certain tensions, particularly in the field of international relations, is beyond doubt true. It is difficult for some of us to understand completely the acceptance by the Russian churches of the Soviet position, even to the situation

in Hungary. But again we must try to realize the difficulties under which they are forced to live. There are millions of devout Christians in Russia today despite all the powerful efforts of the state against the churches. It is important and in the long run will prove valuable to have these people represented in the World Council where differences can be debated, contributions of thought and expression given and received in the context of the fellowship of the Christian Church.

Since Evanston the meetings of the Executive and Central committees have covered a large part of the world. I have not found it possible to attend all the meetings of the Executive Committee, but have been present at two in Geneva and have attended all of the Central Committee meetings in Evanston, Switzerland, Hungary, New Haven, Denmark, Greece, and Scotland. The gathering of the Central Committee in Hungary in 1956 was an interesting but disturbing experience, for it was held but a few weeks before the revolution. We met in a former hotel about seventy miles from Budapest. The Executive Committee had held a meeting in Vienna several days previously. We traveled all day by buses across Hungary. The contrast between Hungary and Austria was immediately noticeable not only in outward appearance but in spirit. Evidences of the war were still apparent, particularly in Budapest. While the revolution came as a surprise to most of us, the atmosphere was clearly tense and repressive. On a Sunday Gene Blake and I had the privilege of preaching in the great Calvin Church in Budapest to an immense congregation reaching out into the street and evidently greatly moved by hearing from representatives of the churches in the West. The fine theological professor who acted as an interpreter had asked me to write out my brief address so that he could make a translation. The pulpit was so large that we were able to stand side by side. As I knew that few understood English I read a few sentences quietly. Then my Hungarian friend would take over with gestures and with fire. It was the most oratorical effort I had ever made and by proxy. As we came out of the church, crowds pressed about us. One woman thrust a letter in



my hand which was addressed to someone in South America and which I mailed upon my return home.

Barbara, Prue, and I had gone to Denmark from the Lambeth Conference in 1958. The Committee met in Nyborg in a hotel on the shore. Bishop and Mrs. Bell were there. He had evidently begun to fail in health, although he made a fine address at a great service. As we left to return home the Bells saw us off into our taxi. As they stood waving farewell I felt that I should never see him again. This proved to be true. A great Christian had made his impress upon us all.

The meeting in Greece on the Island of Rhodes was especially significant as it marked a more intimate contact between the East and the West. The Executive Committee met first in a suburb of Athens. Outside the meetings there were two happy experiences. On the Sunday David Creighton of the Y.M.C.A. had kindly driven me to Corinth. It was a deep experience to stand amid the ruins of the city in which St. Paul had lived and taught, and I marveled again at the miracle of the spread of the Gospel throughout the world from such simple beginnings. In Athens Ambassador and Mrs. Briggs, whom we had known in Rio de Janeiro, were most cordial. One night after dinner at the Embassy, Mrs. Briggs suggested that we visit the Parthenon. It was an unforgettable experience to stand there in full moonlight. We went to Rhodes by boat and returned the same way, stopping at Patmos and visiting the ancient monastery.

In general it may be said that on these trips there is little time for sight-seeing, for the meetings of the Council are marked by long hours of hard work. There are many reports to hear on Faith and Order, Interchurch Aid, and the Refugee Program, areas of special study, the international situation and, of course, finance, to mention only a few. Then there are special problems, such as our relations with the Russian Church and the racial problem in South Africa. Of recent years the Committee has been greatly engaged in the proposed merger of the World Council and the International Missionary Council. If this is accomplished at the next General Assembly, it will bring the mis-



sionary cause into the heart of the life and work of the World Council.

Many books have been written about the World Council and more will undoubtedly follow. This book is about friends, and again I am embarrassed by the multitude of riches. It was a constant joy, until his retirement, to sit next to John Baillie, principal of the College of Theology of Edinburgh University and a former moderator of the Church of Scotland. I had known him for many years as for a considerable time he was professor in Union Theological Seminary in New York. A theologian of international note, he possessed great knowledge and keen insight with a delightful sense of humor and he exerted a strong influence in the meetings of the Committee. When we launched an appeal for two million and a half dollars for a new group of buildings, Dr. Baillie called out, "The Scotchman is ready," and held up a shilling. The most active Episcopalians in the work of the Central Committee were Angus Dun, whose balanced judgment and long experience in the Faith and Order Movement were a great help; President Nathan Pusey of Harvard University, whose presence, interest, and ability have made a great contribution; and Charles Taft, enthusiastic, forthright, and helpful in many ways and directions. Time and space fail me to mention the many friends on the staff. But it can be said that they are a remarkable group of able and devoted men and women. Among them are scholars, linguists, administrators. They are of many nationalities and races. They travel incessantly and they receive far too meager salaries for the important work they carry on and for the unusual qualities they possess.

The same evidence of interest is shown by a majority of the members of the Central Committee. Again for the same reason, I cannot enumerate the long list of friends. One of the great features of the Council has been the influence of representatives of the so-called younger churches. In this connection I think of the Reverend Peter Dagadu of Ghana. It always moved me greatly when he spoke of his faith in Christ and led us in prayer. We all mourned his recent untimely death. Those at a distance

from the world office think of it in terms of statements and of actions. These are important, but I think of the Council in terms of people. There are, of course, at times sharp differences of opinion, but in a real sense we are a Christian brotherhood and all questions are met in the realization of the fellowship of the church.

The deepest experience is, of course, in common worship. We have had Bible study periods, meditation, and services under many varying circumstances in many parts of the world. I think of meditations given at Nyborg, Denmark, by Bishop Leslie Newbegin, formerly of the Church of South India and now of the International Missionary Council, who brought us the great gifts of his unusual experience and spirit. A service in the church in Davos, Switzerland, remains in my mind because it was a village church in which we joined the local members and choir. Professor d'Espine of Switzerland conducted the service in French, Bishop Dibelius preached in German, I in English and we joined in the Lord's Prayer each in his own tongue. It is this experience in work, in friendship, and in worship which I long to see shared in by the wider constituency of our churches.

Dr. Visser't Hooft has often said that we must not be so satisfied with the important degree of cooperation achieved that we forget the ultimate goal—nothing less than the unity of the church.

Beyond question there has been great progress made in recent years. The number of unions completed and under study is impressive. I have written of the better understanding between the churches of the East and the West. As I write, there is a warmer feeling between the Roman Catholic Church and other churches. It is safe to assert that not since the Reformation has there been such wholehearted cooperation between churches as there is today. It is spotty, at times shallow and oversentimental, but nevertheless it is also deep, real, and often goes much further than purely organizational matters. I am not one who can easily minimize the differences which involve very strong convictions, but the convictions which unite us are infinitely greater than

those which divide us. In a day when the forces of materialism show increasing strength, we believe in God the Father, who made us, God the Son who redeems us, and in the Holy Spirit who sanctifies us. The overwhelming majority of Christians in the world accept the Apostles' Creed as a basic statement of faith. Although interpretations vary we look to the Old and New Testaments as the Word of God. Prayer is a part of our universal profession and practice. The teaching of Christ bears on our lives. In general, we have the same ethical outlook, again with varying emphasis. Most of us lay stress upon the sacramental life, the fellowship of Christian people, and as those who have been convinced of the validity of the Revelation of God in Christ look to the redeeming power of the cross, the joy of the Resurrection, and the life of the world to come. These are tremendous areas of agreement.

But the task of reunion is formidable, for there are matters of importance upon which Christians differ. Divisions have been caused by many factors, historical events of long ago, racial origins, social and economic conditions, not to forget deep personal conviction as well as human perversity. John Baillie told me the story of a visitor to a small Scottish town who asked how many churches there were in the community. The answer was, "We had two. Then there was a church unity movement. Now there are four." Perhaps the chief difference has to do with the character of the Apostolic Church and the resulting spiritual and historical basis for the Episcopate and, incidentally, for the Papacy.

I cannot believe that the present conditions represent the mind of God. There are diversities of gifts, of course, but the purpose of Christ cannot embrace contradictory, even competing, ideas and aims. Truth may have many manifestations, but essentially truth is one. There is a unity in the mind of God. Our present unity, such as it is, stands only as a symbol of what can and should be. Every little while we get a foretaste. It may be in the singing of a great hymn, the product of one tradition, yet true to universal Christian experience. It may come to us in the joy



of common effort and achievement. It may appear in the depth of personal friendship through shared faith and prayer. When we try to express these moments of high insight in words or in organization the difficulties pile up. The fact to remember is that unity is here as the gift of God.

Of one thing we may be certain, there is no magic formula evolved by conferences of church leaders and of theologians which will give us a complete solution of this problem. As has been stated, there is so much more involved, age-long loyalties and convictions, and of course human limitations and failures. There must be, also, a deep searching of mind and of heart not only on the part of the few, but of the entire constituency of our churches. I venture to suggest some of the considerations we must keep in mind.

First, there must be a sterner and more exacting devotion to truth. In a mistaken loyalty to our own tradition most of us are apt to claim too much and to take a party line for which the Apostolic Church is always the proof of our opinions, no matter how diverse they may be. Again and again I hear sweeping claims given as if they were unquestioned proven historic fact and I ask myself, "Are they true?" In the advocacy of our own causes there must be the complete honesty which prevents us from confusing propaganda and truth, for it is only the truth which is of God. Only upon such a foundation can we build a Catholic Church as willed by God.

The Christian Church is rooted and grounded in history. The books of the Bible are historical documents. Whatever is history comes within the purview of critical study. I realize that here is a difficult area. But I am certain that Christianity must not consist of "believing things we know aren't so." Nothing in the long life of the church has so alienated lovers of the truth. Christianity demands a daring venture of faith, for the eternal verities can never be proven as can a problem in mathematics. But we can only appreciate the reality of the unseen as we are scrupulously honest in our study and statement of the seen. Truth possesses majesty, demands reverence because it is of God. Nowhere do



we need this austere quality more than in facing the problem of a divided church.

Second, there must be deep humility. Words which occur to me often are: "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. . . . For now we see through a glass, darkly . . ." There is mystery in the Gospel. We are all limited in this world of space and of time, and we can never properly lose the consciousness of limitation. No one of us, no group of us, no matter what may be claimed, has the wholeness of God's truth. I owe everything most worth while in life to my own communion. Her sacramental life, her liturgy, her fellowship have been at the center. But as in the Ecumenical Movement I have come into contact with other churches. I have felt humbled by the deep sense of worship, by the social vision, by the missionary enthusiasm of a variety of other churches. As we seek the will of God, the truly devout and sincere believer will have the grace of true humility.

Finally, there will be evidenced in every relationship the quality of Christian love which is not sentimentality and weakness but strength. Ecclesiastical wrangling and bitterness cut at the very heart of the Gospel. However, given even these qualities, Christian unity will only come as the act of God. It is essential that we confer and work together, but no man-made unity is possible or will suffice. Too often unity conferences look only to the past — what happened in some other day and age. But we worship not a dead but a living God who has promised to lead us into all truth as we face the problems and the opportunities of the present and the future.

The Ecumenical Movement came into being because certain Christian leaders realized to the depths of their being the tragedy of a divided church, and they had a passion for unity. These facts stirred them to action. Only such convictions on the part of Christians of every name can move us toward the goal of a united church.

# 15

## Good to Be Home

THERE ARE constant warnings about the dangers inherent in retirement. Certain mental readjustments must be made in disengaging oneself from tasks which have demanded all of one's attention. But new interests arise.

All my life I have longed to live in the country during the four seasons. In the spring and summer I enjoy raising vegetables and berries. I defy anyone to thin and weed a row of carrots and to think of anything else. In the fall and winter there is work to be done in the woods. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mortimer, close neighbors, are of great help. I am no good at keeping machines in order; in this respect I still live in the horse era. Ernie Mortimer does this for me, as grease cups, nuts, bolts, and spark plugs are a complete enigma to me. Together we operate a power saw. What a test of character it is when in zero weather the saw refuses to operate. Some time ago I procured bees by mail from the South. Ernie and I have been undergoing an educational experience in handling them. But we are learning and have recently taken some forty pounds of honey. When you open a hive of bees, all else is forgotten. I have chickens, and raise them in the old-fashioned way of setting a hen. Tony, our setter, is a constant companion except where the bees are concerned. The first day they arrived, he attempted to

assist and was stung twice. Since then he watches with great dignity but at a safe distance. On my seventieth birthday my family gave me a small greenhouse. Through trial and error I hope to be more proficient in that area. I have learned that growing indoors is very different from outdoors. Heat and moisture must be constantly regulated, but I had moderate success with lettuce and in starting tomato plants. The days are not long enough to take care of all these great responsibilities.

Shortly after we moved permanently to Boxford our friends in the Diocese of Massachusetts gave us a wonderful welcome-home dinner. It was just before Thanksgiving and the climax came when a fifer appeared walking before four clergy carrying a crate containing a live turkey which was placed before me on the table. Present were over a thousand people who were from the Church of Our Saviour, Trinity, and other parishes of the Diocese, men and women whom Barbara and I had known for years and a considerable portion of whom I had baptized, married, confirmed, or ordained. It is pleasant to be on the sidelines and to watch the progress of the Diocese under the leadership of the Bishop, Anson Stokes, whose father was secretary of Yale University, and of Fred Lawrence, Suffragan Bishop, Bishop William Lawrence's younger son. Both are dear friends of many years' standing. It is an inspiration to observe the splendid ministry of Ted Ferris at Trinity Church and to know that the old parish is an increasing spiritual force in the community. Old friends are near at hand. Henry Washburn, whose friendship has been a sustaining force through the years, lives in Cambridge in his ninety-second year. Keen and alert as ever, at the age of eighty-five he took up the cello. At a family gathering on his ninetieth birthday, he played "Fair Harvard" and then, for my benefit, "Boola Boola." Recently I was privileged to pay tribute to him on the occasion of the dedication of Washburn Hall at the School, a building which commemorates his service for twenty years as Dean and his friendship for every graduate. Henry Hobson is chairman of the board of Phillips Academy at Andover near us, so we have reunions with Henry and

Monie. We keep in touch with Will and Leah Scarlett in Maine as she carries on bravely with a long illness. Occasionally there comes a heart-warming letter from Beverly and Eleanor Tucker. He is a brother of St. George and had a notable record as Bishop of Ohio. As Presiding Bishop I depended greatly upon his support. Appie and Hannah Lawrence, Malcolm and Mary Peabody, Norman and Marion Nash and Margaret Addison are near. Friends from all over the world write or come to see us. We keep in close touch with the Fishers. He is now retired and is Lord Fisher of Lambeth. I can sum all this up in a few words, "It is good to be home."

As I have related, Ned had been elected Bishop of Central Brazil at the Miami Beach Convention. Through the thoughtfulness of the Presiding Bishop, Arthur Lichtenburger, I was appointed consecrator. Barbara, Harry, Goldthwaite, and I flew to Rio de Janeiro where on January 25, 1959, I had the unusual privilege of consecrating him with Bishops Krische and Simoes as co-consecrators, and with his two brothers as attending presbyters. The whole service with the exception of my part was in the Portuguese language.

I still have varied interests with the World Council of Churches, the Massachusetts General Hospital in the celebration of its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and with Yale University. Then there are always special occasions and services. Through the kindness of President Louis Hirshson of Hobart and William Smith colleges, I laid the cornerstone of a new dormitory, Sherrill Hall. At Commencement in 1959 Yale gave me the degree of Doctor of Laws. This meant a great deal coming from friends with whom I had been associated for over a quarter of a century. So with outdoor activities, many continued interests, a considerable correspondence and no secretary, retirement means a busy life.

Goldthwaite is rector of a nearby parish in Ipswich. He, Mary, and their three children are often here. Harry, Patty, and their three children spend the summer in Gloucester not far away. Ned, Betty, and their four children were home on furlough from



Brazil last winter. On January 2, 1960, we were happy in the marriage of Prue to Mason Wilson, Jr. Rector of the Church of the Messiah in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Now that they have moved to Framingham they are even closer at hand. Barbara's sister, Dorothy Stevens, lives only a few miles away, her brother Jose is in Boston, and the Dexters and Montgomerys' the families of her other sisters we see from time to time.

The fact that I am nearing the age of seventy-one comes to me as a surprise, but everything which has happened to me has been in that category. The changes which have occurred in my lifetime have been beyond belief. In my boyhood the automobile as a popular means of transport was unheard of. Then when it came, it was an object of curiosity. As an auto huffed and puffed alongside of horses, trucks, and carriages, small boys would shout derisively, "Get a horse." The telephone was a luxury. Moving pictures were in their infancy. The first ones I saw with great excitement were of the famous New York Central train, the Empire State Express. The train appeared, rushed by, and disappeared. That was the complete scenario. The second show was a pillow fight among children. The gramophone was a squeaky affair which had a large horn and had to be constantly rewound. Speed was unknown. We would drive along a country road and my mother would call out, "Stop, boys. I see a four-leaf clover." Electricity in homes or on street lights was a rarity. Diphtheria was a constant threat to the lives of children. To go to a hospital meant, in the general view, a sentence of death. Government played a small part in our lives. The income tax had not been adopted and there were small numbers of government employees. City slums, as is too often the case today, were a blot on our civilization. Political corruption is always with us. In New York City, Tammany Hall was in its prime and it was the era of the "muckraker," popular magazine articles revealing much of the evil in political and business life. In international affairs Europe and Asia were far removed. As boys we rooted for the Boers against Great Britain and for the Japanese over the Russians. We were for the underdog. The Civil War

seemed near as we saw constantly many veterans. Indeed the Revolution was still a matter of popular interest, and Fourth of July orators would invariably flay the British. In business a man making five thousand dollars a year was an unqualified success. It seems strange today that there was a twelve-hour or more working day in many industries and great exploitation of child workers. It seems not so strange that when many church people protested, there arose the now familiar cry that the churches should stress worship and not express opinions upon current society.

The emphasis upon education, especially upon science as we know it today, was unknown. A college education was the exception rather than the rule. Church life was simple. There were a few great institutional parishes like St. George's, New York, but in general the church was a placid place for worship on Sundays. There was an emphasis upon great preachers. The memory of Henry Ward Beecher was still fresh and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman was at the height of his power. The social Gospel in the application of Christianity to the problems of everyday affairs and especially to corporate life was beginning to have a great effect but at that time touched chiefly the younger clergy and seminary students. There being no radio or television the newspapers were vital to the spread of news and I can hear the cry at night, "Extry, extry," as newsboys invaded even the quietest residential districts.

The present situation needs no description with its greatly increased population, the complex industrial organizations, the distraught international situation, nuclear power, the space age, the movement of people with the loosening of family ties and the growth of juvenile delinquency. Sometimes I have a nostalgic longing for the quiet and simplicity of those days. Then an emergency arises and I am grateful for the telephone, the car, the modern hospital, and the conveniences of today. One thing is certain, we must face life as it is and not as it was or as we wish that it might be. Age at least gives a sense of perspective. In all of life there is an ebb and flow. In the church, for example, the

social Gospel rises, wanes, and then from necessity is reborn. There is a cry for more organization and then a protest against organization. There are fashions in theological discussion and in forms of public worship. Bishop Lawrence used to say that he had seen many things arise in his lifetime which are now credited to the twelve apostles.

It does seem strange to have a certain limited expectancy of life. When I read predictions of what will happen in fifteen or twenty years, a period which seems so short in retrospect, I can have a detached reaction. This is not a source of regret. My father's death early in my life made me deeply conscious of the truth that we have here no continuing city. I have no desire to be young again or to live over any portion of my life. As Christians we should look forward to the future in faith and in hope. I cannot believe that this is mere "wishful thinking" as some psychiatrists have defined religion. Of course this charge is true in all too many cases. But Christianity at its best in daily living is the facing triumphantly of hard tasks and duties. It was not wishful thinking which led St. Paul to be beaten with rods and imprisoned. "Necessity is laid upon me if I preach not the Gospel." A desire for ease did not drive Martin Luther. "God helping me I can do no other." Christianity does not dodge the realities of life and death. There is in the Gospel none of the false sentimentality with which contemporary society attempts to sugar-coat these realities. The Christian faces them in the faith that neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord.

My greatest obstacle to faith has come not from this new knowledge of the intricacies of human personality or from the discoveries of science, but from the question of human suffering, which is today more widespread than ever — the millions of displaced persons, the starvation of whole populations, the great disparity in living standards and in conditions of life, the resulting degradation of human personality. The question persists, Why? Of course there is one answer to much suffering, namely human failure and sin. My mother used to tell the story of my brother's



learning to walk as she was quietly sewing. He would totter a few steps, fall, and then invariably turn and say accusingly, "See what you made me do." That is often the plaint of man. The plague was considered an act of God, but in reality better sanitation was the remedy. Today we are fearful of total destruction. Christians have never believed that the material world was eternal or that the existence of God was predicated upon the continued life of man upon earth. The tragedy of the present is not so much the threatened end of the world but that if it comes, it will be suicide caused by the lust for power and the stupidity of man. Here at hand are gifts of God that can be used for human betterment and we turn them into weapons of destruction. We cannot place our failures at God's doorstep. But there is an area of human suffering which is a mystery with no glib stereotyped answers. We are forced to take life as it is with faith that someday, freed from partial vision, we may be able to see more clearly.

This disparity in life touches me personally. Why in the midst of so much want and pain have I received such manifold blessings? Certainly this is nothing I have earned. Jesus asked his disciples, "Are ye able to drink of the cup of which I drink?" They answered confidently, "We are able." But how far short most of us who are disciples have fallen from the sacrifice which he demanded. I think of the suffering and pain in the world and of the heroic service of many who have given themselves to overcome these things, often in lonely places and with no prospect of any visible reward. As I recall the demands of the Gospel and then my own fortunate years, there are countless happy memories and causes for gratitude, but there can be no deep sense of accomplishment. The prayer most often in my heart is from the service of the Holy Communion, "We do not presume to come to this thy table . . . trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies."

Christianity is a combination of simplicity and of complexity. From apostolic times to the present theologians have wrestled with the deep truths of Christianity to the benefit of us all.



My personal faith more and more centers on simple realities. In this I am comforted by the thought that Christianity must be expressed in terms understood by all. That was why the common people heard Jesus gladly. At Base Hospital Six you could not minister to a dying patient with a philosophical discussion. It was the sight of the Cross which brought its own message. There is a basic common sense in many ordinary people which leads them to the root of the matter. Pascal said truly, "There are reasons of the heart which reason cannot comprehend." I am not inveighing against theology, which means thinking about God. In general too much of our American Christianity lacks the roots of theological thought. But it is also true that there are simple facts to be understood by all and an experience open and available to all.

In the first verses of St. John's Gospel this depth and simplicity are to be found. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth." The real meaning of life has to do not with things but with personal relationships and at the heart of these is love. Feeling for family and friends, indeed for all mankind, is based not upon statistics or generalities but upon personal experience. So I do not find it strange to believe that if love is the center, God should enter this life as an expression of His love. As I read the New Testament I am moved by the teaching of Jesus. Some of the sayings attributed to Him I do not wholly understand, but here is presented a way which if even approximated would revolutionize every segment of our society, as against our struggle for power, for position. "He that is greatest among you shall be the servant of all." This cuts to the very heart of our own selfishness. But it was not alone what He taught but the life He lived. The Cross is rightly the symbol of our faith. For at Calvary is to be found not merely the death of a brave man, but the meeting place of God and man, God's love and man's sin not in a local but in a cosmic setting. Jesus spoke of God and of the life of the spirit as naturally as He did of the lilies of the field. We live in what Baron Von Hugel de-

scribed as "clock time." With God there is eternal life not past or future, but here and now. This *is* life eternal. It was that life of the spirit which Jesus revealed so clearly. I dare not claim too much for myself, for I write from no mountain peak, but in my own stumbling way I have had sufficient experience of this life of the spirit to give me conviction and a solid rock upon which to place one's feet. In the story of the Resurrection, I find no difficulty of faith. Whatever the actual details given Jesus through His constant communion with God, it seems logical to me that He should not have been held by death, and I believe the testimony of the disciples who heroically proclaimed their Living Lord. I cannot believe that their dedication to the point of persecution and of death was the result of supposition or of wishful thinking or of anything other than fact. Admitting freely all my inadequacies of discipleship I find in Christ the center. In Him is to be found the meaning and purpose of life with hope for the life to come. Without Him all seems illogical and despairing. I constantly wonder at some of my contemporaries who try to face exigencies without Him. I am not attempting to preach a sermon but to state some of the convictions by which I try to live day by day.

The church means to me not only a great organization concerned with meticulous details, but the company of faithful people to whom God has given the promise of His spirit and a task to perform. It is through the church that we have received the Gospel. I hear people say casually, "I find God in the woods or in reading a book or in doing good," as if the latter were easy. I am frank to confess that I need the objectivity and the discipline of the church apart from my transitory moods. I need the testimony of others to keep bright my own torch of faith. I am aware of the plainly visible failures and shortcomings of the church in history and today. If I did not already know this in my own experience, I could not escape the innumerable books and articles which describe the manifold shortcomings of the church and of church people. I am not referring to attacks from without, but from within. This is an essential function, but

it can be overdone. In the light of these denunciations I wonder why anyone outside the church would wish to belong. Admittedly there is much that is shallow, superficial, even sinful in church life. I have no defense for this. But there is another and greater aspect: the great number of devoted men and women of every race and nation who find in Christ the Lord of life. It is a constant miracle that Christ, who trod the roads of Palestine so many centuries ago, lives today in the minds and hearts of so many. No apologia is needed for the Christian life. In a world of cruelty, suffering, and evil, Christian men and women, some of whom I have described, stand as light in darkness.

As I anticipate the inevitability of death, it is not without some personal questions. God's ways are not our ways and He has reason for judgment of us all. But in the light of Christ's message of forgiveness and of love, in the hope of the Cross and of the Resurrection, in the fellowship of loved ones who have gone on before, without attempting to imagine any details or circumstances, I look forward to the life of the world to come.





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